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ROLLING STONE®

What's Deaf, Dumb & Blind and Costs $3½ Million?

Tommy

Peter Bogdanovich and Cybill Shepherd Paint It White

Belfast, City of Sorrows by Gloria Emerson

A Big Hand for Little Feat

Rolling Stone Interview: Seymour Hersh, Toughest Reporter in America by Joe Eszterhas

The Secret Foreign Policy of Standard Oil: A Slippery Tale of Double Agents, Forgers and Arab Kings

Is it live or is it Memorex? Who knows?

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Offices
625 Third St., San Francisco, CA 94107
Tel (415) 362-4730
78 East 56th St., New York, NY 10022
Tel (212) 486-9560
6606 West Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90028
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1700 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W.
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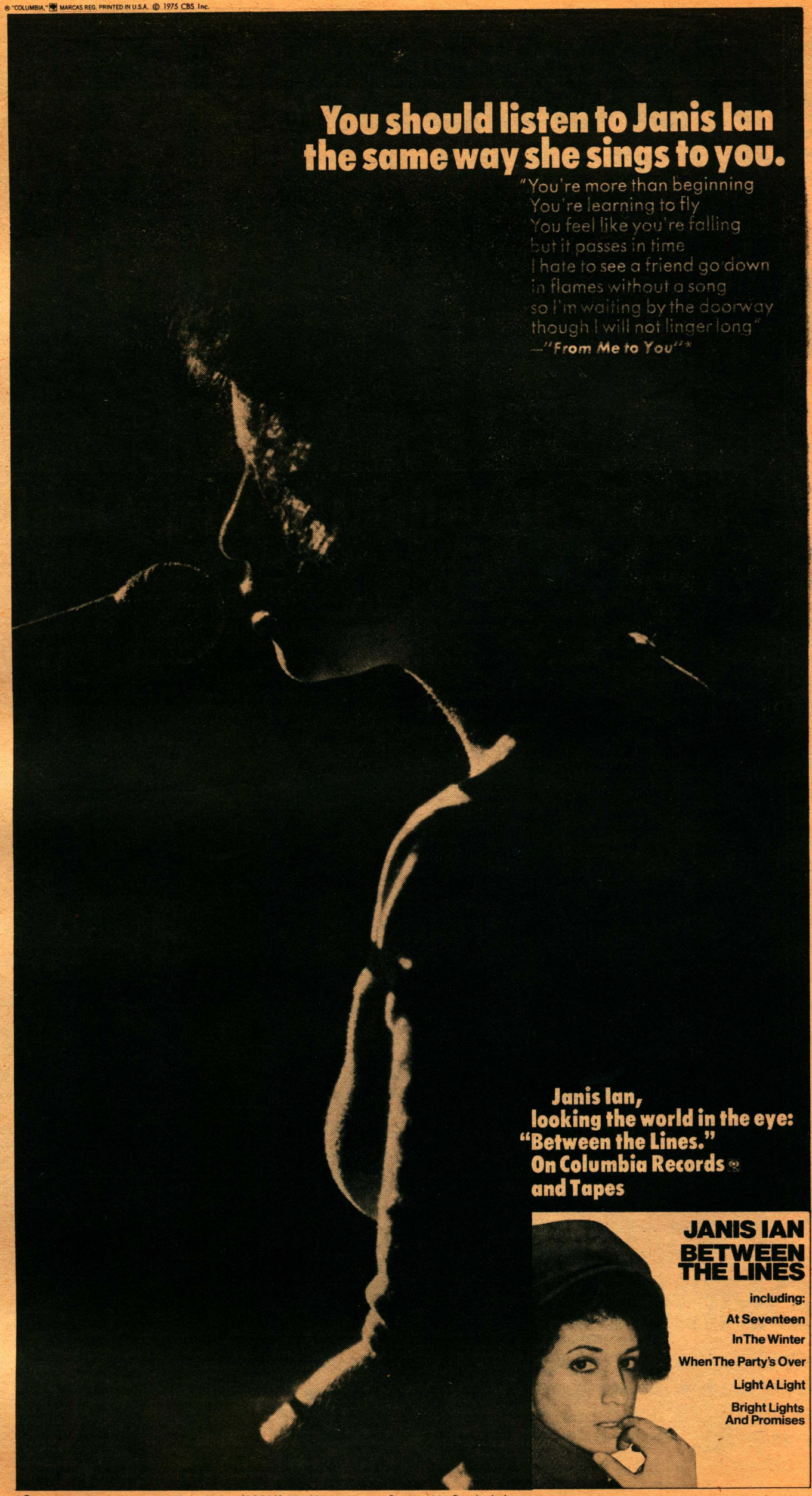

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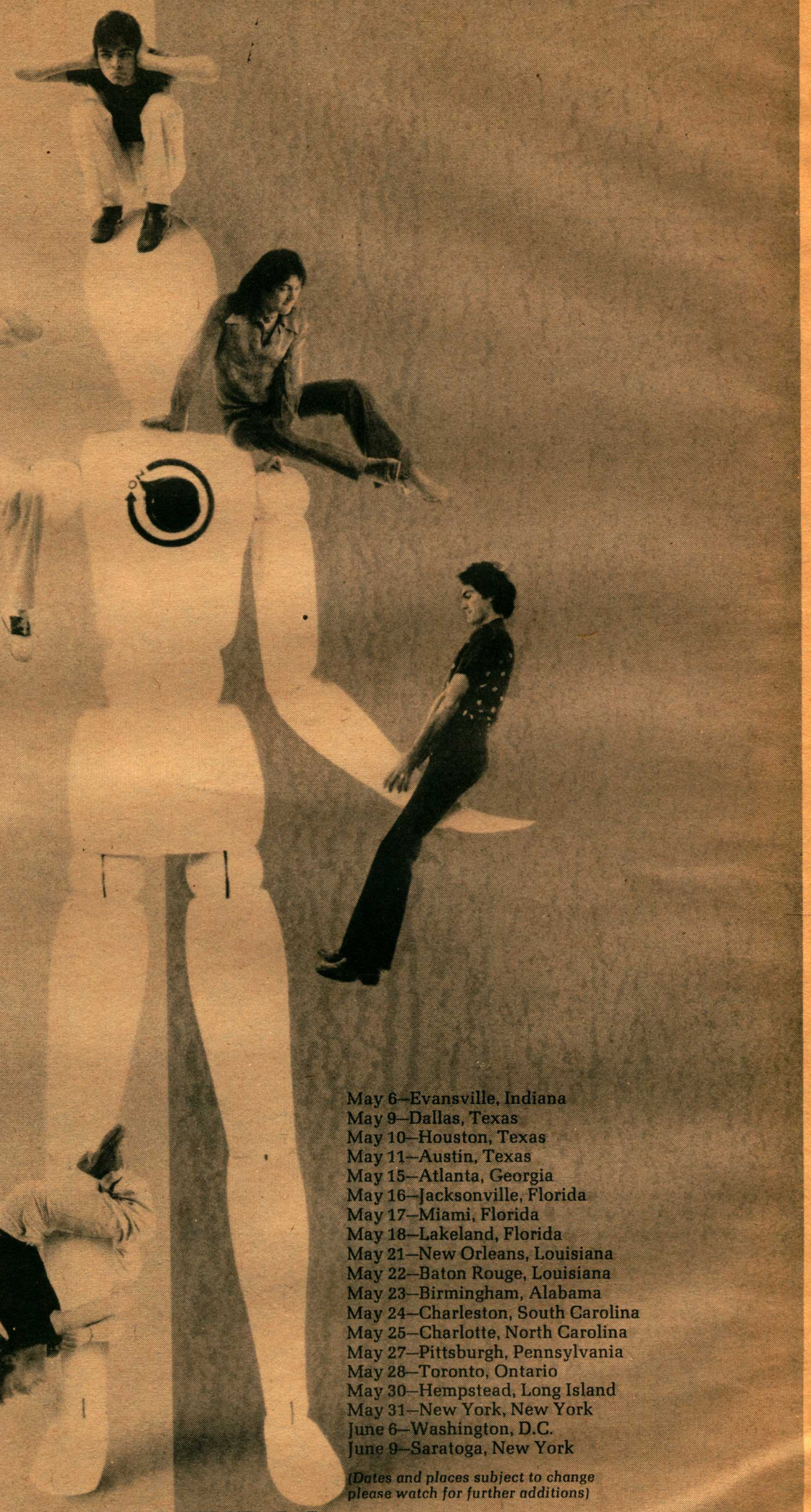
GOLDEN EARRING



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April 4—Boston, Massachusetts
April 5—Cleveland, Ohio
April 7—Detroit, Michigan
April 8—Columbus, Ohio
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April 11—Chicago, Illinois
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April 15—Denver, Colorado
April 17—Spokane, Washington
April 18—Portland, Oregon
April 19—Seattle, Washington
April 21—Salt Lake City, Utah
April 23—Phoenix, Arizona
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April 27—Los Angeles, California
April 30—Cincinnati, Ohio
May 1—St. Louis, Missouri
May 4—St. Paul, Minnesota
May 6—Evansville, Indiana
May 9—Dallas, Texas
May 10—Houston, Texas
May 11—Austin, Texas
May 15—Atlanta, Georgia
May 16—Jacksonville, Florida
May 17—Miami, Florida
May 18—Lakeland, Florida
May 21—New Orleans, Louisiana
May 22—Baton Rouge, Louisiana
May 23—Birmingham, Alabama
May 24—Charleston, South Carolina
May 25—Charlotte, North Carolina
May 27—Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
May 28—Toronto, Ontario
May 30—Hempstead, Long Island
May 31—New York, New York
June 6—Washington, D.C.
June 9—Saratoga, New York

(Dates and places subject to change please watch for further additions)

SWITCH

A new album, a new single "Ce Soir," a new North American tour.
Album: MCA-2139 Single: MCA-40369

TRACK

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"All the News that Fits"

IN THIS ISSUE

Rolling Stone Interview with Seymour Hersh • by Joe Eszterhas 48

Joe Eszterhas first became acquainted with Sy Hersh in 1969 when Hersh, then a freelancer, broke the My Lai story and a few weeks later Eszterhas, then working for a daily, found the photographer who took pictures of the massacre. "Hersh got the Pulitzer for his efforts," Eszterhas says, "and I got a lot of crank calls. I tried to compete with him on the story but every time I tried to catch up, Hersh was miles ahead of me. He really pissed me off. I've admired him since."

Seymour M. Hersh, now an investigative reporter for the *New York Times*' Washington bureau, is currently at work exposing the CIA's domestic spying activities.

Sy Hersh is a "crackerjack reporter, a Clark Kent superhero, the clearinghouse for every tipster in America." Though the description is his own, he is not comfortable in that role. Reporters, he says, "should be looked upon as maybe super schlemiels . . . The Nixon administration policy over Vietnam, for example, didn't fool many people. But it was the criminal element that we missed . . . We missed the major crime, so we're not folk heroes."

In this two-part ROLLING STONE interview, Sy Hersh describes the psychic tensions of battling presidential administrations and government agencies like the CIA. He breaks out in rashes sometimes and imagines that somewhere some CIA bureaucrat is compiling a white paper of every error of every story he ever wrote. "I don't think about my phones being tapped," he says. "Let them tap me. It would probably take three months to transcribe it anyway. If they tried to rip me off, they'd probably go into the wrong house . . . That's why I can assure you they didn't knock down the plane Dorothy Hunt was flying on, because they would probably have gotten the wrong airline."

What's Deaf, Dumb & Blind and Cost $3½ Million? 44

First came the Who's record, then an all-star album featuring the likes of Ringo Starr. Now Ken Russell has taken *Tommy* to the screen with Roger Daltrey in the title role, Tina Turner as the Acid Queen and Elton John shooting pinball in three-foot-high platforms.

At Long Last Love • by Julia Cameron 53

"I am making this movie," Peter Bogdanovich says, "because I had fantasies of starring in a musical when I was a child." That is a statement not to be taken lightly. When Bogdanovich the inveterate moviegoer became Bogdanovich the director, almost every one of his films would evoke a *cinematic* past. His latest, *At Long Last Love*, is no exception; everyone dressed to the nines, tap-tapping down (marble) staircases, rushing off to Cartier's . . . Cole would have been proud. Or certainly Ernst Lubitsch.

Musical News 11

There's no such thing as an "overnight sensation." Ask Little Feat: Their recent European conquest came after five years' and four albums' worth of hard work. Ask Phil May, whose Pretty Things are seeking American recognition a decade after challenging the Stones for the British R&B crown. But don't ask Deep Purple's Ritchie Blackmore—he's been "sensational" long enough to throw a steak at you and get away with it.

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CORRESPONDENCE LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

Led Zeppelin Goes Over

The intelligent interview with Page and Plant (RS 182) brings forth once and for all the facts and not the critics' speculative bullcrap about the Zep, by leaving the interviewer in the background and letting the boys in the band voice their own story. Most would agree that British groups differ typically from American groups in their togetherness headwise, the precision of their music and the originality of their lyrics. Led Zeppelin, of all English groups, has been chided too long for being just another ear-slamming megalomania trip and it's righteous to see this image washed away. Zep's beauty is that however complicated, melodic and harmonic ("Stairway") their songs may be, the music remains the ballsiest thing to cross the Atlantic in many a year. One cannot deny that the guts and bones of their songs come honestly from within their disciplined, reverent heads and hands, come off as purely their *own* and still make your socks roll up and down when you hear them live. Pulling this off in concert, with only Plant's vocals and bass, lead and drums, they achieve victory upon victory—where other bands need all sorts of theatrical hoopla and bespeckled glitter pants to attract attention.

Dennis Lopez
New York, New York

Speaking straight from the soul, your "Conversation with Jimmy Page and Robert Plant" (RS 182) brought a smile to the face of a reader who believes the article to have been long overdue.

Not only was the true and often painfully unrecognized form of Zep's talent reaching for understanding in the article, but it also maintained a closeness with two sensitively beautiful people as well as very fine musicians.

As for Page's attitude toward the group's work as "genius," how does "incomparable" strike you?

Sue Gisi
Charlottesville, Virginia

Reading your article on Led Zeppelin I am even more thoroughly convinced that Jimmy Page is the coolest person alive.

Michael Young
Dearborn Heights, Michigan

Take THC & See

My compliments to Michael Rogers for an excellent review of the many claims of potential harm for marijuana use in the March 13th Rolling Stone entitled "The Perils of Pot? A THC Molecule Speaks for Itself."

Over the past year, several new claims of potential harm from marijuana use have unfortunately received widespread media exposure, often far greater than the substance of the study warranted. Because of inadequate controls, excessive dosage levels, the known bias of the researchers or for other reasons, the claims often fall flat under close objective examination. Unfortunately, the public is left only with the original unfounded impression.

After a detailed critique of all recent medical claims, the editors of *Consumer Reports* concluded in March of this year, as did Michael Rogers, that marijuana has not yet been shown to be a particularly dangerous drug.

No drug is totally harmless, but one thing is for certain. The imposition of criminal penalties to the more than 400,000 mostly otherwise law-abiding young people who were arrested for marijuana in this country last year did far more harm to the individuals than the marijuana itself.

Michael Rogers did a creative and effective critique which should serve to clear away much of the misinformation about marijuana. He and Rolling Stone certainly have our appreciation.

R. Keith Stroup
Director, NORML
Washington D.C.

In his amusing yet informative interview with our old acquaintance Delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol Michael Rogers fairly presents and analyzes the recent, highly publicized "scare" reports concerning potential medical dangers facing marijuana smokers. Certainly those individuals who do use marijuana—and there are now some 13 million regular consumers—deserve to know the impact, if any, such use may eventually have on their health. Without doubt, therefore, continued research in the field is to be encouraged.

For the moment, however, two points must be emphasized. First, when evaluating negative assertions dealing with marijuana use and male sex hormone levels, the body's immune response and changes in fundamental cell metabolism one should recall the conclusion drawn by Dr. Robert L. Dupont, director of the National Institute for Drug Abuse (NIDA), in the 1974 Department of Health, Education and Welfare Report to Congress on Marijuana: "The implications of these *preliminary studies* are, at this point, *speculative*." (Emphasis mine.)

Second, and most importantly, we must not allow conflicting medical claims and ongoing scientific research to block efforts to decriminalize the private use and possession of marijuana.

Frank R. Fioramonti
Legislative Counsel, NORML
Washington D.C.

Re: "The Perils of Pot? A THC Molecule Speaks for Itself." I seem to have grown up never wanting to try the stuff. For whatever it means, my basic reaction has been that pot smells bad. So I almost did not read the article, until the red THC and nifty artwork by Robert Grossman made me stop and try the first few lines.

And so I can say I have read the most splendid piece of humor (for want of a better description) that I have come across in a helluva long time. It is for surprises such as this that I read Rolling Stone in the first place.

Martin Fass
Rochester, New York

Biting the Ballot

My vote for McGovern in '72 wasn't vindicated by the mere removal of the Nixon tumor; but it has been now. McGovern's "State of the Union" definitely makes common cents in a marketplace of scarcity.

In fact, I feel so proud I'm going to dig out an old "McGovern for President" bumpersticker and paste it on my obsolete Ford, Chief Executive model, that someone gave me.

There's one thing he said, however, that I disagree with. He says the arms industry is parasitic because it returns nothing to the economy. We shouldn't bite the hand that feeds us. After all, we're eating the bullet, aren't we?

Look out! The 3M company of Militarism, Monopoly and Maldistribution of wealth better prepare itself. Like George says, the stockholders are growing restless and looking for new chairmen to head the board.

Gee, for the first time I'm beginning to feel excited about the Bicentennial Celebration for the Revolution?

Ralf Walters
Carbondale, Illinois

Eric Redman's article on Nixon was really incredible. I don't see how Nixon made it as far as he did. I suppose the "uninformed silent majority" can finally, a little late perhaps, open their eyes and ears to what's really happening.

Joel N. Weinstein
Gaithersburg, Maryland

Blood Letters

When I received my Rolling Stone #182 and began to leaf through it, I came upon the *Blood on the Tracks* reviews and read every word twice. Each and every critic in his own way was incredible in his write-up; it gave me rushes to read all the reviews. But, as so many others have tried feebly to do, in analyzing Dylan as a man, poet, singer and songwriter, they distort what is really going down. Being a Dylan freak I can only repeat what he has said before . . . Don't try to hang no signs on me, man.

Getting back to your reviews, each is intelligently written by very good writers and critics. But I must admit I am inclined to lean heavily toward the articles by Gleason, Cott, Nelson, Rockwell and Williams. Bravo. Their writings in particular will make this issue, RS 182, one of my prized possessions among my Dylan collection.

Robert N. Bangs
Pennsauken, New Jersey

I would like to thank both Jonathan Cott and Jon Landau for their fine coverage of Bob Dylan's newest album. I have seldom, if ever, agreed so wholeheartedly with any two critics' appraisals of an album.

The most striking comment of the two reviews was Mr. Landau's statement that many felt "a sigh of relief that he's [Dylan] shaken off the role of contentment." Although I found this statement to be true, I breathed a weighted sigh of relief for yet another reason when I first heard the album. It was a relief because finally, after so many complete misses and hairline misses, Dylan has done "it" again, it being utilizing his perception and vast talents to their utmost. Not since his masterful *Blonde on Blonde* album has Dylan captured such a total feeling for his craft and demonstrated so clearly that mysterious insight which has been lacking for so many albums. In short, if *Blood on the Tracks* was Dylan's final album, I would be totally satisfied with the knowledge that all the years of waiting had finally paid off.

Who knows, *Blood on the Tracks* could well turn out to be just a stepping stone for even greater feats. But win or lose next time around, thank you Mr. Dylan, for renewing the flames which have crept within so many of us once again.

James Porteous
Toronto, Canada

The lengthy, though pointless, reviews of *Blood on the Tracks* reflect why rock criticism is the most unsatisfactory type being written today. None of the reviews even touched the album, certainly not with the intensity seen in other fields of criticism. Instead, the authors succumbed to the easy path and spent the bulk of their reviews relating to us for the umpteenth time Dylan's role in the Sixties, his past records and his relation with great poets, including the obligatory references to Rimbaud. The album was related to sociology, to poetry, to history—in effect to everything but the music contained within. Doesn't it seem obvious that we've read all this dozens of times already? Though some lyrics were quoted (naturally) there was virtually no discussion of the music itself. These reviews may have convinced some readers they were profoundly written (after all they did quote Rimbaud) but as pieces of critique they were deplorable.

Jim Lilliefors
Iowa City, Iowa

I honestly do not consider myself a lowbrow and I may even agree with the contentions of some that Dylan is indeed Jesus Christ, H.L. Mencken and James Dean all rolled up into one; but after reading Jonathan Cott's review of *Blood on the Tracks*, I find myself longing for the days when a record reviewer might have said:

"I like the beat, I can dance to it, I like the words, I'd buy it. Give it a 95."

Tom Lederer
Huntington Station, New York

Granted, Dylan's new album, *Blood on the Tracks*, is as good, if not better than your array of critics has acclaimed it to be. But Bob Dylan was a flag for the movement of the Sixties. The kids of the Seventies read his lyrics as a historian would read chronicles of the past. As the epitome of well-written nostalgia, he provides no torch for us to carry. The 20-year-olds of today regard Dylan as a great poet but, unfortunately, the spirit, the feeling is no longer with us. From now on we can only buy Dylan's albums, listen sadly to his words and wish that times were different and he were relevant. It's very frustrating.

Mary Kathryn McKeithen
Tallahassee, Florida

I don't have anything to say about Bob Dylan.

Don Kosar
Chicago, Illinois

PROFESSIONALS TALK ABOUT THE MARANTZ IMPERIAL 8 FLOOR-STANDING SPEAKER SYSTEM

"A Marantz Imperial 8 speaker can handle 125 watts of integrated program material, but reproduces full realism with a fraction of that."

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"When you consider that no two rooms are exactly the same, the more adjustments you have within a speaker the better the sound is going to be. Imperial 8 Floor-Standing Speakers have more flexibility, more control, more variables to compensate for differences in room configurations."

The Marantz Imperial 8 Speaker System is just one of two exciting Marantz floor-standing speaker models. The step-up model Imperial 9 with two 10" woofers is designed for higher power handling capabilities as well as high efficiency and mirror imaging. Both models reflect the kind of technical expertise and engineering excellence that has made Marantz the choice of professionals world-wide. Stop by your local Marantz dealer and see the complete line of floor-standing and bookshelf speaker systems starting as low as $59.95. Each features an exclusive five year guarantee** on parts and labor.

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*SPECIAL OFFER TO ROLLING STONE READERS. SEE BELOW.

"How much do you really have to spend for a stereo system you won't have to apologize for?"

Ken Kanzler, President and Wizard of Atlantis Sound

$250? $500? $1000? A fair question that deserves a fair answer.

For $250, you can buy a stereo system (2 speakers, stereo receiver, turntable and cartridge) that you'd be proud to show your choosiest friends.

And for $500, you can buy another system that you wouldn't wish on your enemies.

The point is, there are more great, good and mediocre products on the market now than ever before. In every price range. So for most people below the Wizard level of audio expertise, picking the best system for your money has become harder than ever. And riskier than ever.

External Ear, or Pinna.

1, helix; 2, fossa of antihelix, or fossa triangularis; 3, fossa of helix, or fossa scaphoidea; 4, antihelix; 5, 5, concha; 6, antitragus; 7, lobule; 8, tragus.

You either have to put in a month of hours learning what's what.

Or throw yourself at the mercy of a salesman who may know even less about stereo equipment than you do.

I plan to change that. So I've done this — picking the $299 system I'd buy if I were spending the $299, the $371 system and so on.

Undoubtedly, my choices will upset the hi-fi manufacturers I haven't picked. But I don't care.

Because my choices will also save you, the stereo buyer both time and money. And they'll guarantee you the best system possible for your hi-fi dollar.

And nobody has to apologize for that.

"How I selected these systems."

First, I used the very sophisticated Atlantis Electronic Evaluation Program to choose the A-rated products in each price range.

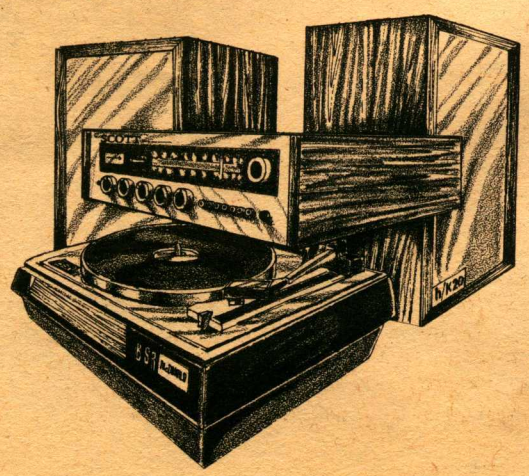
Then, I carefully matched up these various components — speakers, receivers, turntables and cartridges — until I found the best-value system in every case.

What's more, each system is backed by the Atlantis Sound Consumer Protection Plan — a combination of the strongest warranty and the most generous services in the industry.

So not only do you get the best possible equipment for your money, you also get the best protection. It may sound trite, but there's simply no way you can make a mistake buying from us.

"If I had $299 to spend, this is the stereo system I'd buy."

The Scott R31, a pair of Harman Kardon 20 speakers and the BSR 2260 AX turntable. There are no private label or house brand products in this system — all A-rated brand name components. The Harman Kardon 20's use an 8" woofer complete with a 2" tweeter and have the deepest bass available from any speaker in this price range. The Scott R31 is a full powered, full featured receiver, with 15 watts RMS per channel at 8 ohm loads, at any frequency from 20 Hz to 20 KHz with maximum total harmonic distortion of 0.5%. Separate bass and treble controls, tape monitoring, FM muting and a stylish walnut cabinet. The entire system with the Atlantis Consumer Protection Plan is only $299. For $50 more you can step up to more power with the Scott 33AS.



"If I had $371 to spend, this is the stereo system I'd buy."

The Scott R31, a pair of small Advent speakers, and a BSR 2260 AX turntable. The Scott R31 has many features only found on more expensive units. Speaker selection, tape monitoring, separate bass and treble controls, even FM muting (handy for blocking out unwanted noise) and a handsome walnut cabinet to enhance the overall beauty of the receiver at no additional cost. All these features with plenty of power to drive the small Advents. The system, complete with our Consumer Protection Plan is only $371. And the sound is comparable to systems costing several hundred dollars more.

"If I had $593 to spend, this is the stereo system I'd buy."

This is the optimum amount of money to spend to get the best value in components. The equipment: the Pioneer 434 receiver, a pair of EPI 110 loudspeakers, and a PE 3044 turntable with an Empire 999 AE/xII cartridge.

The EPI 110 is the vinyl-clad version of the highly acclaimed 150. With its famous inverted one-inch dome tweeter, it offers better angular dispersion than all the other speakers available, and its transient response is fantastic: you find yourself looking around the room for the tympani player. It's so good it will expose anything, so you've got to match it with nothing less than the new Pioneer SX-434.

It's one of Pioneer's newest receivers, with solid state circuitry, 44 semiconductors, and outstanding versatility. The SX-434 delivers continuous power output of 15 watts per channel minimum at 8 ohm loads, from 40 to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.8% total harmonic distortion — has excellent RM sensitivity of 1.9 uV, and has very low

distortion for a receiver of its power and price range. Pioneer, EPI, PE, Empire, and Atlantis, all top quality name brands at a special price of $593, a 30% discount off the list price of the individual components.

"If I had $822 to spend, this is the stereo system I'd buy."

Spending this much money, you've now got a system that can deliver clarity, definition, and concert hall realism. That is, two ESS AMT-5v's powered by the Pioneer 636 and the newly engineered PE 3046 turntable with an Empire 1000 AEx-Type phono cartridge.

The AMT-5v is the latest and least expensive loudspeaker in the ESS Air Motion Transfer line. Invented by noted physicist Dr. Oskar Heil, the AMT uses a plastic diaphragm instead of a cone, and steel metal coil instead of a voice coil. The AMT-5 is the first bookshelf speaker from ESS using the Heil tweeter, and it's vinyl-clad (there's a walnut version for an extra $20 each). The

Pioneer 636 receiver has continuous power output of 25 watts per channel minimum RMS at 8 ohm loads, from 20 to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion – the perfect compliment to these magnificent speakers. The Wizard's also impressed with the Pioneer 636's FM sensitivity of 2.0 uV and the receiver's great versatility: provisions for two turntables, two tape monitors, up to three pairs of speakers, and a microphone input. Normally you find all this on much more expensive receivers, yet we can offer the entire system – receiver, speakers, turntable, dustcover, base and cartridge for $822.

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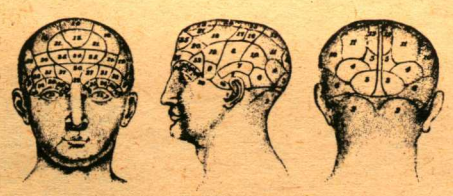

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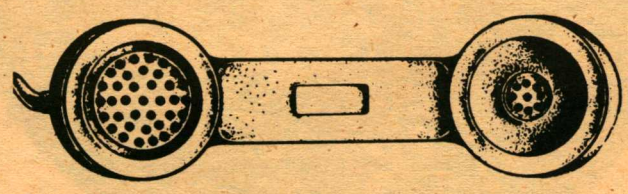

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MUSIC

Little Feat: (seated) Lowell George; (from left) Paul Barrere, Richie Hayward, Sam Clayton, Bill Payne and Ken Gradney

Emerson-Loew

Little Feat: Giant Steps across the Sea

BY DAVID RENSIN

LOS ANGELES — Jackson Browne said that their founder was "the Orson Welles of rock & roll" and Jimmy Page has called them his "favorite American group." Yet, lunching in a noisy Sunset Strip restaurant on a crystal-clear January day, Lowell George, originator/guitarist/vocalist/front man of the unique Little Feat, found himself and his partners at an important crossroads. After four frustrating years of being regularly labeled "the best unknown band in America," Little Feat had shed its cloak of invisibility. Six months of grueling roadwork had helped sell 200,000 copies of their latest album, *Feats Don't Fail Me Now* (far surpassing the total of their acclaimed but overlooked *Little Feat, Sailin' Shoes* and *Dixie Chicken*) and a three-night homecoming at the Troubadour had proved a triumph. Now George was ready to discuss the next step.

"Now we're a third-rate *known* band, maybe even second-rate," he offered above the din of clattering dishes. "And I think now's the right time to go to Europe."

He couldn't have made a more accurate prediction. Pretour press releases had narrowed Little Feat's Continental appeal to Holland, yet the vocal audience response at the second stop on the nine-city, 18-concert Warner Brothers Music Show tour—London's Rainbow Theatre—made it clear that Little Feat was on its way to stealing the tour. George, finding it all hard to believe, expressed his amazement to the Rainbow crowd: "You people are crazy. It's Sunday afternoon. Why aren't you home in bed?"

A tumultuous outcry extending three or four songs into the Doobie Brothers' set more than answered the question. Warner president Joe Smith recalled the occasion: "It was a Little Feat show from the beginning. Like Dylan's last L.A. appearance, the people stood and just kept screaming."

The excitement persisted throughout the caravan. In Amsterdam, a high spot was dinner and conversation with the likes of Billy Preston, producer Glyn Johns and the Rolling Stones. "The Stones were swell guys," George later reminisced. "From what I understand, it was the first time in four years they'd appeared together in public to see any band. I used to think it was all hype and jive—the Stones being our fans—but it was the real thing." So real, evidently, that the Stones even offered to jam onstage in Amsterdam, a proposal that George respectfully declined because "I couldn't really see us all up there playing 'Mona.' " By the Parisian finale, the European press was touting Little Feat as one of the best bands to come out of the States in a long time.

Back in L.A., George took a break from preparing for a short tour with Allen Toussaint and recording both the group's new, as yet unnamed album and a solo single, "Spanish Moon" (from *Feats Don't Fail Me Now*) to recount some of the tour's highlights. "It was such a gloss job to get up there and have an audience really care about us. I didn't realize we had such splendiferous fans, ripping the seats out and everything. A few of the pop stars who came to see us—no names, please—were sort of amazed that all we did was play and sing. I mean, we're not fantastic performers. We don't have any kind of riff going on and I think it surprised them because they expected something—anything. You know, lamé pants and glitter jackets."

Feat pianist Bill Payne viewed the tour as a much needed shot in the arm. "It reestablished that we had something going after the American tour. We'd been on shaky ground for so long, but now we knew we could continue. We could go home and kick ass."

The band needed this reassurance. Despite a unique sound—a juxtaposition of everything from Smoky Mountain country to Chicago blues to general balladeering and the inevitable trucker's tale—and a stage act good for dancing or listening, the last six years have been a drama with George as the main character and both Little Feat and Warner Bros. in supportive roles. Depicted by one rock writer as a "breath of fresh air in an age of stylish, serpentine lead guitar players," the 29-year-old George likes to bill himself as merely "a fat kid from Hollywood." Yet, though eloquent and relaxed in public, this seething cauldron of motivation has often had a difficult time communicating his thoughts, concepts and desires to producers, record company executives and even his own band.

The Little Feat story began when, after an abortive four weeks as a replacement lead singer for the Standells ("Dirty Water") and one album (*Weasels Ripped My Flesh*) with the Mothers, George and Mothers' bassist Roy Estrada, Santa Barbara pianist Bill Payne and former Fraternity of Man drummer Richard Hayward formed the original Little Feat in 1969. Signed to Warners on the strength of George's songwriting talent (he wrote the oft covered "Willin' "), their first album in 1971 was marred by production cutbacks and flopped. A second effort, *Sailin' Shoes*, is considered by many to be Little Feat's finest hour, though in retrospect, George called the album "too diversified to be digested properly." Warner Bros. A&R staff producer Ted Templeman, currently in charge of the Doobie Brothers, remembered his experiences on the album.

"Lowell always wanted to be more of a writer/producer than a band member. He wanted to make it so bad with *Sailin' Shoes*; we all did, but he wanted the Great Record. As father of the band, Lowell ended up wearing all the hats and it was driving him crazy. It

Frequent contributor David Rensin last appeared in these pages with a profile of Dan Fogelberg.

was a case of the 'overthinks,' but I must say he continued believing in Little Feat when no one else did; not even the band."

Estrada left after *Sailin' Shoes* to join Captain Beefheart, and the band soon expanded to its present lineup, adding Kenny Gradney on bass, Paul Barrere on guitar and vocals and Sam Clayton (Merry's brother) on congas.

With Templeman occupied by the Doobies, George grabbed the opportunity to produce the third album, *Dixie Chicken*. Originally conceived as an "action painting" with the help of Van Dyke Parks, it was George's and the band's first real chance to translate their concepts directly onto tape without a middleman. But mania and an inability to concentrate properly while recording in L.A. made the project a very difficult one. "The album took five years off my life," George said, shuddering. "After mixing the final tune I just walked out of the studio and threw up. It was a real birth experience."

True to what was unfortunately becoming tradition, *Dixie Chicken* failed to sell substantially. Besides recording conditions, George blamed not having a major tour to support the release for its failure. Payne provided additional reasons. "There were all these rumors that we'd broken up and it didn't help the group any in the company's eyes. Things got weird and people were pulling us in different directions. No one was sure from one month to the next whether we'd be together."

Little Feat did, in fact, disband briefly following *Dixie Chicken*. "It happened because we had begun to turn on each other creatively," Payne continued. "It was just one obstacle after another. Lowell and I hadn't written together since the first two records. We just told each other to get screwed."

George went off to work with Allen Toussaint and tried producing both Bonnie Raitt and Linda Ronstadt with little success. "Emotion clouded concept and communication," he explained. "And would you believe both those girls thought they couldn't sing?! All I could do was nod in disbelief and try to reassure them." Meanwhile Payne played on record and on the road with the Doobie Brothers and Bonnie Raitt, but refused an offer to permanently join the Doobies because of their "excessive" touring schedule.

"I just told the cats in Little Feat that I'd be working for a while," he recalled. "They didn't mind. We all had our own projects. Johnny Nash had Kenny, Paul and Sam play on his album with the possible thing of getting them in a group."

But the split didn't last for long. Little Feat's manager, Bob Cavallo (he also handles John Sebastian), called George in New Orleans with news of a Maryland studio available "24 hours a day." Having taken a rest from each other, the band decided to give it a try. "We got back together because we were friends and because we'd managed to lay bottled up gripes on the line," said Payne. "We'd left the possibility of reformation open, provided there was sufficient interest from the record company to warrant pushing the band."

The album, *Feats Don't Fail Me Now*, was recorded under near ideal conditions, according to the band. In conjunction with a well-planned tour and George's production, it proved to be a turning point. "Since we got back together," Payne continued, "the record company is finding out there's more than one person in the band. They know now that as a group we're real solid where we never were before. Lowell was always the one out front while we hung back. We didn't know what to do and we were hoping he did. He did and I still encourage that. It doesn't even bother me now that the other albums didn't sell. I'm quite content with the way things are because, in a way, all this stalling—for whatever reasons—has added to the mystique and special type of hype that's starting to take place for us."

Considering the recent turn of events, both Little Feat and Warner Bros. are putting more stock into one another's declarations of faith. But to guard against sustaining too great a loss should something unexpected shake the band's foundations, George has been signed as a solo artist as well. Unfazed, George, Payne and Barrere have been busy writing and arranging material for the group's next record, to be done in L.A. due to the unfortunate destruction of the Maryland studio. "The property owner didn't want any long-haired hippies hanging around the parking lot, so he bulldozed it," George shrugged helplessly. "So anywhere our engineer thinks is good, we'll record. I think we can handle L.A. now."

George hinted the record would contain a little bit of everything. "We'll make it and if it sounds good we'll put it out. I can't get formula about this nonsense because it's really nonsense and there's nothing formula about it. I would like to try a cockamamie horn section though."

Following the album's release, Little Feat plan an American tour before returning to Europe, hopefully with Bonnie Raitt. "Every place we played wanted us back," George beamed proudly. "It's going to be a lot of fun because I've really changed my attitude onstage. I'm no longer trying to control everything. I've become more of a singer/musician than a performer and I'm learning each day that the less I care about how untogether things are, the more fun we have. The more fun we have, the more we want to do it and so it negates the difficulties involved."

"I think we're now in a better position psychologically to accept success," Payne postulated. "The music takes care of itself by virtue of the years we've been together. Lowell and I have been able to live with each other again. Onstage and off, he's a much nicer person; much more like the guy I knew when I first moved here. We all went through the pressure cooker together and got a little crazy, but now we can accept each other's trip.

One place Little Feat's new togetherness is particularly evident is onstage. Payne explained: "Everybody in the group, to their own riff, has a high regard for themselves and rightly so. That's what we're all about and what makes it sound interesting. It's such a jumbled mixture of influences and rhythmic interplay that we *have* to push ourselves or not be heard. We get off on an interband competition trip and we *need* each other to do it. Paul and Lowell no longer push me uncreatively when I'm doing a solo thing. Actually, it's just pure fuck you-ism, which is what this band thrives on."

"Right," concluded George, "and if that Jimmy Page said we were his favorite American band . . . hell, we might even make a buck!"

Warner's Tour: Sell Train

BY BARBARA CHARONE

LONDON—Company-sponsored tours are not unusual, but the scale of the cross-European caravan from which Little Feat emerged as a leading act helped make it something of an experiment in promotion.

The publicists themselves were impressed. "What we did was hefty," artists relations man Carl Scott said of the $275,000 Warner Bros. Music Show, which sent Little Feat, Tower of Power, Graham Central Station, Montrose, Bonaroo, the Doobie Brothers, a slew of executives and support troops and an avalanche of advertising material across the waters from January 12th to February 6th. "There has been an incredible amount of promotion, but all these groups will walk away with more fame than they'd get from a normal European tour."

The higher-ups were guardedly optimistic. "It will be a long time before we see this back in royalties," Warners president Joe Smith admitted. "But I wanted to see if it was possible to generate European interest as a result of live appearances and press flak."

And the bands liked it. "There's no way we could open foreign doors by ourselves," Larry Graham said here. "This tour is bringing us more publicity than any group could hope to get."

Warners invested its money and the groups donated their time in the hope of netting long-term profits through future album sales and subsequent headline tours. It was a risky proposition. "Judging by the amount of records we sell in Holland," said Constant Meyers, a journalist with *Muziekkrant Oor*, the Netherlands' most popular music magazine, "it would be almost impossible for them to get back what they've spent here." And in Germany, where sales are greater, Warners could influence only the 30% of the market devoted to purchases of non-German records.

The non-English-speaking appearances provided a key insight into the tour. Speaking while seated on a train whizzing the 105-member entourage through Germany, Smith noted that "the package is valid for its visual appeal. You can't put James Taylor on in Germany. But groups like Tower of Power or Graham Central Station have no language barrier."

Little Feat's Lowell George explained the same thing in another way. "The soul quotient in Germany is different," he said. "Folks there have been robbed of their soul potential because of their past. German youth is just starting over. Naturally, unless there's a visual display, it's difficult for these audiences to get involved." Statements like this, heard at almost every date, explained why a "soft package" of lyricists like Maria Muldaur, Bonnie Raitt and Jesse Colin Young had been left behind while the raw sexuality of Larry Graham and vocalist Chocolate was brought along to inspire Continental audiences.

Appearing on consecutive nights in each city, the groups were presented in two uneven packages. Having toured Europe several times before, the Doobie Brothers, ably supported by Graham Central Station and newcomers Bonaroo, were the obvious headliners for the "Red Tour." The seemingly less attractive "Blue Tour," featuring Montrose over Little Feat and Tower of Power, was bolstered by two-for-one ticket offers. Both billings had unexpected repercussions.

"At the time we planned the tour, the Doobie Brothers were the main strength," publicist Scott recalled. But from the first British concerts, Little Feat was treated to adulation usually reserved for visiting superstars. In London, where they supported the Doobie Brothers, a near riot ensued when fans screamed for them throughout the first few Doobie songs and several hundred Feat fanatics walked out. Capitalizing on the unexpected, Warners vice-president Bob Regehr had sprung into action, ordering aides to place posters in stores, speaking with George about remixing "Dixie Chicken" as a European single and calling ahead to make sure that the record stores in Munich were well stocked with Little Feat favorites.

Though upstaged, the Doobies held their own. Aided by enough dry ice to clean a hockey rink and enough fireworks for a bang-up Fourth of July, the Doobies succeeded in reaching the visually oriented audiences. But Montrose, put in the impossible position of following both Tower of Power and Little Feat, held the stage only in those few cities with a penchant for heavy metal. Upon returning to Los Angeles, Ronnie Montrose fired vocalist Sam Hager. "I don't want to be termed a crotch-rock band forever," he said. "As soon as they see you, you're prejudged as being semiintelligent."

The Music Show's long-term gains are impossible to immediately assess, but Little Feat, Tower of Power and Graham Central Station have received tour offers and a Warners sampler album is listed on the British charts. Yet there has been negative feedback. A Munich daily ran a story headlined "Warners Go Home," claiming that the company was taking German money out of the country. And gadflies like Constant Meyers offered more aesthetic criticisms. "The magnitude of the whole thing has nothing to do with music," the Dutch writer complained. "In Holland we consider it a commercial venture good only for bringing us Little Feat, who are an underground legend." Yet Meyers added that he was putting the band on the cover of his magazine. The tour was working.

Doobies, Feats, Grahams, Towers and Bonaroos rehearse a Music Show jam

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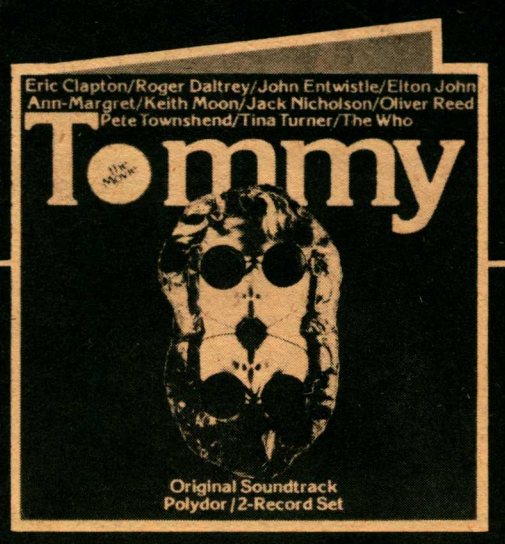

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David, Art, Paul, Yoko,
John & Roberta: center ring at the circus.

Dagmar

Grammys: Hard Rock's Soft Underbelly

BY CHET FLIPPO

NEW YORK — The slender street kid with the tattered denims and the gold earring took up the cry first. "It's Stevie!" he exclaimed with a joyous shout that was immediately echoed by dozens more of the ragtag army pressed against the plate glass windows of the Uris Theatre, where the 17th Annual Grammy Awards ceremony was winding down and where Stevie Wonder had just copped four Grammys (to tie with Oscar award-winner Marvin Hamlisch).

"It's Stevie *Wonder*!" Two hundred waiting members of the army began trampling each other, racing across the concrete to where Wonder's big Cadillac limousine was trying to pull away down 51st Street. The limo was inundated with human flesh and the bigger kids were hurling themselves against the human wall like fullbacks hitting the line. They all wanted to touch the car and peer into the back seat, where the occupants' fear was visible on their faces. Girls were screaming and the hysteria spread. The limo crept away, dripping bodies that slid slowly off and then turned to the next target: "David Bowie, it's *Bowie*!"—and then another stampede to the next black limo that was trying to inch away from the curb.

It began to get ugly out on the street as the tinsel and glamour from inside had to deal—if only briefly—with the real world outside. Even venerable old Kate Smith narrowly escaped with her makeup intact and it's doubtful that your average New York street kid identifies with her.

In this year of bread and circuses, pop music is becoming *the* circus and not only for the street people. A prime example of this is the proliferation of music-awards shows, which seem to be multiplying like coat hangers in a dark closet. When everyone in the country—from oil-filter companies sponsoring trucker music awards to stereo manufacturers holding their own presentations—starts putting on ceremonies, one suspects that a trend is underway.

The Grammy affair, however, is the granddaddy of them all and the one that commands the most respect within the music industry itself. Newer events like Dick Clark's American Music Awards and the A.C. Nielsen pollsters' People's Choice prizegiver are ballyhooed as reflecting popular taste, but the Grammys are where those who create public taste make their choices. Sponsored by the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, a nonprofit organization whose primary function is to give awards, provide scholarships and hold lecture series, Grammy winners are chosen annually by some 4000 NARAS voting members, each of whom must have been creatively associated with the release of six commercial sides or one-half of an album in order to register a valid ballot. According to *The Grammy Awards Book*, "Their criteria for judging is based on artistic and technical excellence." Yet, while this year's awards were not subject to charges of bloc voting by employees of various record companies, recent ceremonies have not always reflected the best or even the most popular music of the preceding year.

Nobody could argue with Wonder's four awards (one less than last year). He won for best R&B song ("Living for the City") and best R&B vocal performance (for "Boogie On Reggae Woman"), and his album, *Fulfillingness' First Finale*, earned him best pop male vocal performance and album of the year citations. He was also nominated for best producer, but that honor went to Philadelphia Sound's Thom Bell, who'd charted the most Top 100 singles (11) of 1974. Yet when Stevie sang "You Haven't Done Nothin'," even Marvin Hamlisch (cocomposer of "The Way We Were") was seen to nod along with a rhythmic audience which included Gladys Knight and her swaying Pips and a finger-popping Aretha Franklin.

Hamlisch was one recipient whose numerous awards seemed likely to spark dissension. Naming him best new artist of the year over such contenders as Phoebe Snow and Bad Company drew disapproving grumbles from those among the 2000 people assembled in the Uris who felt that the industry old guard was trying to play it safe. Hamlisch also won for best song and best soundtrack (both for "The Way We Were"), as well as for best pop instrumental performance ("The Entertainer"). At least he had the courtesy to acknowledge Scott Joplin.

One performer who was not acknowledged at all, amazingly, was the late Duke Ellington. Finally, Stevie Wonder, in a gallant gesture, asked that his Grammy for vocal performance be given to the Duke's son, "since Mr. Ellington contributed more music than I ever could in a thousand years."

The only other note of dignity during the evening was not seen by television viewers. In the pretelecast award ceremony, the late Charlie Parker was finally named the winner of a best jazz performance by a soloist Grammy for the album *First Recordings*. This was the first year he had even been nominated (an indication of the Academy's attitude toward jazz) and his daughter Kim delivered a short but emotional acceptance speech that drew a few gasps. "This is *very* weird," she said. "Bird's still getting awards and somebody else is still getting his money."

In recent years, the Academy has been criticized for excluding R&B performers, but that criticism has now shifted to other areas. The "new" jazz practitioners—the Keith Jarretts and Herbie Hancocks and Chick Coreas—are consistently passed over in favor of the traditionalists, with Woody Herman and Oscar Peterson winning this year. Country music awards, on the other hand, are criticized for ignoring the traditionalists. Current winners—Anne Murray, Ronnie Milsap and the Pointer Sisters — are still considered outsiders in Nashville.

There were also glaring omissions in the nominating lists themselves, the most obvious of which was the complete exclusion of Latin music, a very large part of the music industry. Jackson Browne and Bruce Springsteen continued to go unnoticed. Eric Clapton was not considered this year, nor was Billy Swann ("I Can Help"). Randy Newman's *Good Old Boys* and Bob Dylan's *Planet Waves* were also missing.

Other rock favorites had mixed luck. Aretha Franklin retained her hold on the best R&B female singer award (ten wins in ten years) while Paul McCartney and Wings won the pop group vocal and best-engineered recording awards for *Band on the Run*. But last year's two most prominent performers, Joni Mitchell and Elton John, won a total of one Grammy between them—and that was Mitchell's, which she shared with Tom Scott for their arrangement of "Down to You." Maria Muldaur was nominated in the best record category, but lost to Olivia Newton-John and "I Honestly Love You," which also won her the best female pop vocalist Grammy. And, in a strange twist, Elvis Presley won in the "inspirational" category with a song ("How Great Thou Art") for which he'd won a Grammy in 1967.

Few hard rockers made award presentations—the host was Andy Williams and presenters included Kate Smith, Burl Ives (who repeatedly referred to Ronnie Milsap as "Mislap"), Rudy Vallee, Andre Kostalanetz and Ann-Margret—and those pop stars who did participate only reinforced the circus-like atmosphere. David Bowie, stern looking in a tight tuxedo, affected a Noel Coward stance, presented the female R&B award—or, as he put it: "I salute *cette premiere femme*." John Lennon and Paul Simon allowed themselves to self-destruct in a cue card exchange with Williams before pronouncing Olivia a winner; accepting for her was none other than Art Garfunkel, stylish in one of those T-shirts designed to look like a tuxedo. He delivered his thanks in a straightforward manner and ignored Lennon's invitation to stick around the podium for more fun. Finally, Bette Midler skittered out in a hotsy-totsy dress, wearing a 45-rpm record as her hat. "It's 'Come Go with Me' by the Dell-Vikings," she laughed. "It was a great record but it's a better *hat*." Her dress, she said, was one of Cher's. "I didn't get a solo spot, but I got her dress." Midler alluded to her relative inactivity this past year. "A year ago," she reminisced, dreamy eyed, "Miss Karen Carpenter crowned me best new artist. And if that ain't the kiss of death, I don't know what is." Finally, she presented her award—album of the year—to Stevie Wonder, who for the first time in two years of Grammys eschewed serio-religio-humble remarks. Instead, he hugged Midler and told her, "I've been listening to your records for some time, and I've been trying to figure out how to get to you." Then he swept her off the stage.

Barnum & Bailey never had it so good.

In Concert: Rockin' Out?

BY JUDITH SIMS

LOS ANGELES—ABC's *In Concert*, the first of the late-night network rock & roll programs, is on the verge of being canceled after two years on the air. The unofficial but generally accepted reason: low ratings.

Bob Shanks, ABC's vice-president in charge of late-night programming, asserted that there was some chance the show might remain on the air. "I honestly don't know if it's being canceled," he said. "I haven't decided yet." But a few moments later Shanks admitted that "it probably will be canceled."

An anonymous ABC employee made a more blunt assessment. "The ratings of *In Concert* have been so poor that it was pulling down the overall ratings of Friday night. The average outcome of our ratings was terrible." According to this source, the show, aired every other Friday from 11:30 p.m. to 1:00 a.m., has taped its final four concerts in Nashville and will leave the air in April.

Shanks said that the program "would still be on as an occasional special" even if it was canceled as a regular series. "There's nothing planned as a replacement," he continued, "just an extension of the two things we're already doing—*Wide World Mystery* and various special shows."

In Concert debuted in November 1972 with ratings higher than *Dick Cavett* and other late-night programs. Last spring ABC staged a huge outdoor "California Jam," which was shown in four installments. Since then, NBC's *Midnight Special* (Fridays from 1:00-2:30 a.m.) has outdrawn *In Concert*, and *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert* (syndicated at various times) has reportedly done well.

Dick Clark, who produced several *In Concert* after Kirshner's initial work with the show, was outspoken about the forthcoming cancellation. "I predicted the demise of the show about 18 months ago. I pleaded with ABC to take remedial steps, but we were discharged." (The show was subsequently handled by ABC production staffers, most recently Jorn Winther.) In Clark's opinion, removing the show from independent (e.g., Clark's) production put it under the control of people insensitive to the music and those who listened to it. Or, as Clark put it, "The corporate greed took over the show's sensibility.

"I think they are going to put it to rest and probably come back with some contemporary fare for contemporary people," Clark continued. "They need that audience." Clark added that his own proposal for such a program is "in moth balls."

Burt Sugarman, producer of The *Midnight Special*, attributed *In Concert*'s problem to its time slot. "The kids who watch shows are generally not home yet at 11:30 at night. They come home around 12:30 or 1:30, so we pick them up."

Some industry people think that Kirshner's *Rock Concert* may also be in trouble. But Kirshner denied having any problems as his show goes midway into its second year. He told of rumors that *In Concert*'s demise was due to format changes in late-night programming rather than ratings. "It may be cheaper for ABC to do comedies or horror shows."

A portent of good health has to do with *Soundstage*, the Public Broadcasting System's music show, which will likely be renewed for a second season. Produced on a low budget and run twice each season by participating stations, the program (which is free of commercial interruptions) has been nominated for the International TV Festival Award, and may appear this fall on several European networks.

In Concert's burial probably won't have any far-reaching effects on televised rock & roll, at least not while the music industry believes that TV helps record sales. "I've had many letters and calls from acts and record companies telling us they could feel the impact of a *Midnight Special* on sales," Sugarman said. "We hit cities and small towns that will never see the act, never know what they look like. It's almost unfair for an act not to do a show like ours."

New Pretty Things Get a Led Zep Airlift

BY STEVE TURNER

LONDON—The Pretty Things were there at the beginning. Phil May, the band's lead singer and only original member, followed Keith Richard out of England's Kent Art School a year after Richard formed the Rolling Stones. With original Stones guitarist Dick (not Mick) Taylor, the Pretty Things' raunchy R&B sound made them one of Britain's top mid-Sixties bands before various problems turned the last 11 years into a struggle for recognition. Now, after more than a decade of laboring and changes, the Prettys, who have just released a more metallic *Silk Torpedo* for Led Zeppelin's Swan Song label and begun a tour in the States, may finally be climbing up from the depths.

"Depths" was the proper image last Halloween, when Swan Song celebrated the album's European release with a rave in a cave. Guests traveled the dozen or so miles from London via special coaches to enjoy five hours of music, wine and a spontaneous jelly fight at the normally touristy Chiselhurst Caves. Odder entertainment was also presented, in the form of an escapologist, a fire-eater and some naked models.

Almost anonymous among the crowd assembled to celebrate his good fortune, a velvet-suited May noted that the last time he'd been down in the caves was back in the early Sixties, when they were being used as a nightclub and he was performing. Less anonymous was Zeppelin's Robert Plant, who'd personally brought the Pretty Things onto Swan Song.

"I saw Phil May in a club one night," Plant recalled. "I told him how great I thought his band's albums were. He was quite amazed that I'd heard of them."

What had impressed Plant so deeply were the three albums recorded by the Pretty Things between 1968 and 1973, all of them received with considerable critical warmth, all of them commercial failures. *S.F. Sorrow*, released in '68, was an authentic forerunner of what later became known as "rock opera." It was the tale of a soldier, based on a short story by May. The album was recorded 18 months before the Who's *Tommy* was released, but appeared in the U.S. three months after *Tommy*. The Pretty Things were accused of trend jumping, a circumstance which May described as "a bit of pain in the arse."

Parachute (a ROLLING STONE "album of the year") was released a year later. It too failed to break commercially. May blamed this misfortune on a lack of promotion.

"We got great reviews," May said, "but the company put quarter-inch ads on the back pages of the music papers for about two weeks and that was their total contribution."

Suffering from inertia, the Pretty Things went through 14 personnel changes since first recording in 1964. And when the release of *Freeway Madness* and a brief 1973 tour of the U.S. failed to build the band's support, the group took a vacation upon returning.

"I think people have at times lost the feeling that there'd ever be a breakthrough," he explained. "People will work only so long as they feel there's some justification for it. It's really funny: Almost everyone who's been in the group and then quit stopped playing altogether.

"If you're in a band, you work very hard and you get wrapped up in it, so that if you feel you're possibly getting an elbow from the record-buying public, then it's very hard to carry on. You know I sometimes expect to wake up one morning and think: 'Well, that's it!' But I enjoy it still and I'll do it until I stop enjoying it."

It was Plant who kept the spark alive. "So I said to Phil," he recounted, " 'Listen, one day I'd love to come to you and make you an offer and help you move it along a bit.' I only smiled when he looked at me quizzically because I knew that we [Led Zeppelin] were only tossing around the idea of starting a record label at that time. What we *didn't* want to do was form a label with all the right intentions, have some successes, but have no one to carry them through. I didn't want it to end up as Led Zeppelin's label with *only* Led Zeppelin on it."

Plant's reluctance evaporated when the first new band they signed, Bad Company, gave them a million-seller debut album. But another difficulty may remain. "The Pretty Things conjure up something from the past to people my age," Plant continued. "And yet, they're certainly not a nostalgia trip or anything like that. Most of the time when you don't hear of anyone for ten years it's the Neil Sedaka thing — you know, the Sha-la-la days are back! But the Pretty Things have got this tomorrow's just-around-the-corner feel about what they do."

For once, May himself has high hopes. "At least America is fresh for us. In England it's such hard work to prove that this is a new band and that what we're playing now is something from now. I don't say we have more chance of breaking through this time. But we've got more opportunity."

The Pretty Things: Phil May (vocals), Gordon Edwards (guitar), Jack Greene (vocals), Pete Tolson (lead guitar), John Povery (keyboards) [illegible] Alan (drums)

Wendi Lombardi

WITH EACH NEW ALBUM, IT WAS A DIFFERENT DYLAN. AND THE QUESTION WAS ALWAYS POSED: WHICH IS THE REAL ONE? BUT OF COURSE THEY ALL WERE REAL. THEY WERE FILLED WITH THE TRUTH. BUT WHO WAS THE MAN WHO MADE THEM?

WE STUDIED HIS ENIGMATIC PHOTOGRAPHS, BUT THERE WERE NO CLUES IN THAT BRITTLE STARE. IN HIS INTERVIEWS, HE PUT US ON. IN HIS FILM, HE PUT US DOWN. HE WAS KING OF BAD BOYS, AND HE WAS ALWAYS IN IMPERIAL SECLUSION.

EVERY SO OFTEN HE'D COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS IN SOME BOLD NEW INCARNATION: WOODY G. DYLAN, COWBOY BOB, WOODSTOCK BOB, THE LEGEND-KILLER, THE LEGEND. AND THEN HE'D DISAPPEAR AGAIN.

NOW, SUDDENLY, HERE'S THIS STARTLINGLY *EXPOSED* FIGURE STANDING IN THE SUNLIGHT. COULD THIS BE "THE REAL BOB DYLAN"? WE STILL CAN'T KNOW.

BUT WE DO KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING PROFOUNDLY DIFFERENT ABOUT THIS ALBUM.

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT CHANGE HAS COME ABOUT IN DYLAN'S LIFE. MAYBE EVEN HE DOESN'T. IN ANY CASE, HE ISN'T SAYING.

BUT THERE'S EVIDENCE. AND YOU CAN JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

ON COLUMBIA RECORDS AND TAPES

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Ritchie Blackmore . . . Shallow Purple

BY CAMERON CROWE

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA — Ritchie Blackmore's face fell into a tortured grimace. "Fucking *hell*," he growled through a mouthful of steak. "This tastes like burnt rubber!" Fuming, he sank a fork into the meat and flung it across the dining room of the high-rent restaurant. The maitre d' hustled up to the Deep Purple guitarist.

"Is something wrong with your steak, sir?"

Blackmore looked down at his now meatless plate. "What steak?"

"The steak you've just thrown across the room."

"Oh yes, of course." Blackmore smiled innocently. "The steak was fine. It's the baked potato that's a bit . . . well, overcooked."

"Very well, sir. I'll find you a new one."

"No, no. Don't worry about it." Blackmore picked up the potato and chucked it into the kitchen door. "Could I have my check please?"

Later that evening, tuning his guitar backstage at the Jacksonville Coliseum, Blackmore explained himself: "I love this business," he said. "I can do exactly *what* I want with *who* I want. I don't have to be nice to anyone. I don't like people anyway, they're too suspicious. To me, they're guilty before proven innocent. I wear black all the time, and people stay away from me. It's all part of this dark, moody image I've got.

"I'm happy, I'm contented, I just don't go around laughing my ass off like a drunken Irishman. When I'm relaxed, I look miserable. That's the way it is. The only thing that makes me laugh is a good practical joke. Like tonight. I love setting people up for them. Destruction is also very funny to me. Maybe I'll look back in ten years and say I was a bit naughty then, but fuck it. I'm having a great time as a moody bastard."

The guiding hand behind Deep Purple, Ritchie Blackmore, 29, can count among his peers English guitarists Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck, Peter Green and Eric Clapton. Blackmore began his professional career at 17 as lead guitarist and arranger for Screaming Lord Sutch, and he recalled being the whiz-kid sensation of London. "All the big groups knew and raved about me. We played with the Stones once and Mick Jagger said in an interview that I was the best guitarist he'd ever seen. The next week I slagged the Stones in print and that was the end of that friendship. Still, I was well respected, from top to bottom."

After quitting Sutch's band, Blackmore took a look around at the budding British pop scene and fled in horror. "Everywhere you looked, all you could see were these pretty faces—the Hollies, the Beatles. . . . I moved to Hamburg, Germany, for a few years. Meanwhile, I practiced five hours a day. Finally, Hendrix hit it big in England. I figured it was safe again, so I moved back and got together a band [Deep Purple] of my own."

Deep Purple's lineup has yet to be constant for any long stretch of time. The original members, Jon Lord (organ), Ian Paice (drums) and Blackmore, could easily be likened to Traffic, where musicians outside the basic core are highly impermanent. "I have a short attention span," Blackmore said.

One wonders why Blackmore has spent most of his career outside the spotlight, content to call the shots from the dark side of the stage. "I haven't taken steps toward becoming a guitar star simply because I don't fit the mold. That's best left to people like Jimmy Page, who look the part. I always get embarrassed when I start flaunting myself. I could be very sexy onstage, but all that business is rather silly. I know I'm a great guitarist. I know I can blow any other guitarist off any stage. I'm totally satisfied with myself. Combing my hair doesn't make me a better artist. I get knocked by other musicians for guitar bashing, but then they're all starving and they wonder why."

Fin Costello

And while he groaned over his sizable alimony payments covering two ex-wives ("I can't resist temptation") and a son, Blackmore is certainly not a starving man. Throughout Europe, the Far East, Scandinavia and Australia, Purple's relentless power riffing has held a massive following ever since their first 1968 hit, "Hush." In America, where the band soared to supergroup status two years ago with the success of "Smoke on the Water," their newest album — *Stormbringer* — is already a gold addition to their nine-LP catalog on Warner Bros. According to a company spokesman, no one, not even Elton John, the Allman Brothers Band or Led Zeppelin, sells more records worldwide. A forthcoming European tour and a new double album showcasing bassist Glenn Hughes can only increase their totals. After a turbulent seven-year existence, Deep Purple have made their home at the top of the heavy-metal heap.

Blackmore takes issue with that categorization. "Nothing's worse than hearing someone say, 'Deep Purple? Wow, man. They're just like Blaaaaack Saaaaabath, knocking out all the riffs.' If people can't comprehend the certain subtleties that we put into the music, I'm afraid I haven't the patience to explain them. I have no tolerance for fools. Nobody tells me what to do."

Case in point: last April's California Jam. Purple, lured by the $400,000 headliner's fee, signed up for the ABC-bankrolled festival, taped for television. The band's only contractual demand was that they be the first band to go on after sunset. But the jam ran an hour and a half ahead of schedule and when it came to the group's position in the show, the sun was bright.

"The show's producer — I won't name him — came into my dressing room and demanded that we go on immediately," Blackmore said. "I had just gotten there. I just ignored him. The guy kept standing there and said we'd be off the show if I wasn't onstage by the time he counted to 30. I sat there, tuned my guitar and listened to him count out loud. He hadn't reached 15 when I had him thrown out. Forget the money we stood to lose, it was a matter of principle. Even Jon Lord came to me in the end and said, 'Look, will you go on . . . for the band?' I told him absolutely not and was ready to quit the band right then and there."

Blackmore "had a few drinks" and remained in his dressing room until sundown. "Somebody else from ABC came in and asked me politely if I'd go onstage. I was angry, but because he was nice about it, I went on." Asked about his onstage smashing of an ABC television camera, he issued a snickering laugh. "Actually I hadn't planned to go for the camera. I was out to kill this guy who gave me the countdown. I thought he'd be onstage. If he had been, you would have seen more than a smashed camera. I don't like violence, but I was raving that night. He talked to us like we were absolute shit. Anyway, I couldn't spot him so I had a go at the camera.

"Listen, we get the brunt of a lot of disrespect. People get pissed off that 'those fucking long-haired hippies' are making so much money. The tax people have gone berserk over us. They're really trying to skim us. We've all moved out of England. I live in Oxnard. Glenn Hughes [bass and vocals], David [Coverdale, the band's lead singer], Jon and Ian live in Los Angeles now. I'm sure they're trying to make an example out of us."

If Ritchie Blackmore gets defensive —sometimes violently so—over those who run his band down, it could be because he wants to do the honors himself. "Selling the amount of records that we do is no big deal," he said. "I guess it's nice to know you're being appreciated, but to me Deep Purple is best onstage. On record, we're pretty average. And that includes myself. Sometimes I cringe when I hear our records, they're so flat. You can never excel yourself on record. It's hopeless. I have to be turned on by an audience. I like to show off, that's what makes for great guitar playing. But when I go in the studio, who am I playing to? An engineer and a few other people. It doesn't do anything for me.

"We hardly ever rehearse together, except for a tour. When someone says we have to get an LP together, that's when we start pulling together songs. We're all very lazy, but professional enough to churn the songs out just in time. Deep Purple isn't too dedicated a band. I think we'd all rather sleep."

Two nights before, on an off night, Blackmore had given up some of that sleep to complete a long promised solo project—a single—at a Tampa studio. His backup includes Ronnie Dio and Gary Driscoll (the vocalist and drummer, respectively, of Elf) and cellist Hugh McDowall (of Electric Light Orchestra). This "weekly toy" impressed Blackmore enough for him to plan an entire solo album with the Elf musicians. Tentatively entitled *Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow*, the record is scheduled for production in a German studio at the conclusion of the Deep Purple tour.

"Nobody knows I'm up to this," he confided. "I just want to prove a point to myself that I can do it on my own. I don't want to do a big solo thing. There will never be a Ritchie Blackmore Band. Everybody knows who's leading a group, you don't have to mention his name in the title. Besides, I couldn't handle the responsibility. For now this is my weekly toy, but who knows what'll happen if it takes off."

He began to elaborate, then decided against it. "Sometimes I speak a bit too frankly in interviews. The fans don't really want to hear the truth." Ritchie Blackmore grinned sardonically, as if to hint that Deep Purple, his jaded outlook, the moody black image and his mondo-destructo guitar style are all part of one big practical joke he's been working on for the last 29 years. "After all," he said, "honesty does not pay."

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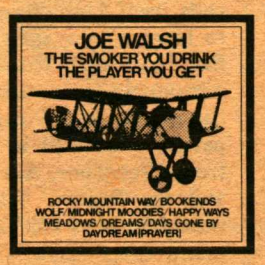

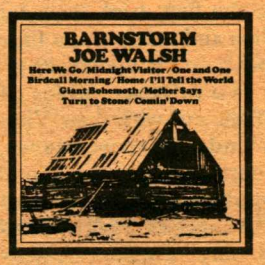
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Folk Stars at 'Sing Out!' 25th

By Marshall Rosenthal

CHICAGO—Most of the 800 folks who hummed, stomped and sang along with Pete Seeger and friends during two shows at the Quiet Knight here could not be expected to remember *Sing Out!*'s first issue in May 1950. Yet they lined up near the elevated train tracks on a cold Sunday afternoon to celebrate the folk-song magazine's 25th anniversary, and plunked down more than $3000 at the door to help finance its future.

Twenty-five years ago "If I Had a Hammer" came forth as a bold, pre-Beatles call to stand atop the mountain and proclaim "love among my brothers and my sisters all over the world." And though the radical labor movement had been slain by Cold War hysteria, singers and writers like Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie, Paul Robeson and Alan Lomax thought that the world was ready for a radical magazine which would combine songs and criticisms of "people's" music. With the first 16-page issue, nascent folkies were treated to the words, music and chords of the Lee Hays-Pete Seeger "Hammer Song" (it was on the cover), Les Rice's "Banks of Marble" and Leadbelly's "It's Almost Done." This mixed bag of protest and personal liberation set to music has followed the issues over the years from unionism to sexism, Dixie to Chile.

Fred Holstein, the benefit co-emcee who has somehow made a living for the past ten years while remaining Chicago's most dedicated folk performer, came across *Sing Out!* early in his career. During the mid-Sixties, when Doc Watson and Jean Ritchie were the good guys and baddies like the New Christie Minstrels sold their folk music to TV's *Hootenanny*, Fred stayed in touch with the *real* folk community through the magazine's pages. It was there that "Blowin' in the Wind" was printed, along with Bob Dylan's own notes on the song: "June 1962—There ain't too much I can say about this song except that the answer is blowing in the wind. It ain't in no book . . . I'm only 21 years old and I know that there's been too many wars . . . You people over 21 should know better."

There too, Fred could find Phil Ochs, Mississippi John Hurt, Big Bill Broonzy, Tom Paxton, Barbara Dane, Joe Hill, Carl Sandburg, Elizabeth Cotten—and, of course, Seeger, Guthrie (Woody, not Arlo), Negro spirituals and Spanish Civil War songs. All that was missing was a record so those unable to read music could hear Merle Travis's pickin'. Nowadays, *Sing Out!* (available for six dollars a year from 106 W. 28th Street, N.Y. 10001) accompanies its interviews, reviews, instrument repair tips, folk festival news and how to play washboard bass articles with a record bound into alternate 50-page bimonthly issues.

Sing Out!'s songs and spirit have sustained its readers from summer camp bonfires to long winter demonstrations. As with other anniversary concerts being held across the country, friends of the magazine gathered here to express their thanks and sing out just for the hell of it. That's what Holstein did with "The Days of '49." Corky Siegel of the late Siegel-Schwall Blues Band, backed by James Lee Stanley and a 42-pound lighter ("I gave up cognac") Steve "City of New Orleans" Goodman, played "Hobo Bill." There was good-time music from the Greater Chicago Bluegrass Band, Art Rosenbaum brought his fretless banjo from Iowa, and Studs Terkel—author, interviewer and ever the battler for the good people—played his favorite instrument, his voicebox. "Whenever you see someone with a banjo held high beneath his chin, Adam's apple bobbing—like Kilroy, you know Seeger's been there."

It's Seeger who symbolizes *Sing Out!*, and the living meaning of the magazine became apparent when he mounted the stage with sleeves rolled up, a recorder poking out of a back pocket and a 12-string guitar that said you were a turkey if you didn't have the sense to sing along. He went back to the union days, moved forward to the adventures of his antipollution boat, the good ship *Clearwater*, and treated everyone to a rousing "Abi Yo Yo," an animated allegory on the power of music.

Terkel, a friend for 35 years, calls Seeger "the magician." Like *Sing Out!*, he protests and persists.

Saigon: The Vietnamization of Rock & Roll

By David Butler

SAIGON — American cultural imperialists will be pleased to learn that the exodus of GIs from Vietnam has hardly made a dent in the fortunes of several rock bands here. True, one of Saigon's best young singers recently lost his long battle to avoid the draft, while CBC, the group the grunts loved best, managed to get exit visas and is reportedly playing in Bangkok. But the remaining bands still perform without a break from eight until half before the midnight curfew hour, packing one hell of a lot of Bee Gees and Neil Diamond and Elton John into their extended sets.

The scene doesn't seem to depend on the few thousand odd Americans left in Vietnam. In the more expensive nightclubs — where the first drink goes for about two dollars and refills cost a little more than a buck — the audiences always include two or three tables of American civilians out with their Vietnamese girlfriends. In these places, nearly all the customers are the young sons and daughters of generals and ranking civil servants and wealthy businessmen. And only mistaken Americans (and Americans like me, who occasionally seek out places where they don't belong) wander into Saigon's several beer-and-Coke teen clubs (which usually have the word "Mini" in their names), where the groups mix slightly more Vietnamese pop music in with beaucoup British and U.S. rock.

The CBC called itself a "psychedelic" band. Their music was always more popular with the American troops who taught them that word than it was with the Vietnamese. Now a club which wants to attract business announces on Vietnamese-and-English sidewalk signs that the music within is "Slow," "Soul" or "Cha-cha-cha" (always with three *chas*). What you hear, night after night if you're addicted to it the way I am, is "Song Sung Blue," "It Never Rains in Southern California," "Cisco Kid," "Long As I Can See the Light," "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face," "American Pie" . . . .

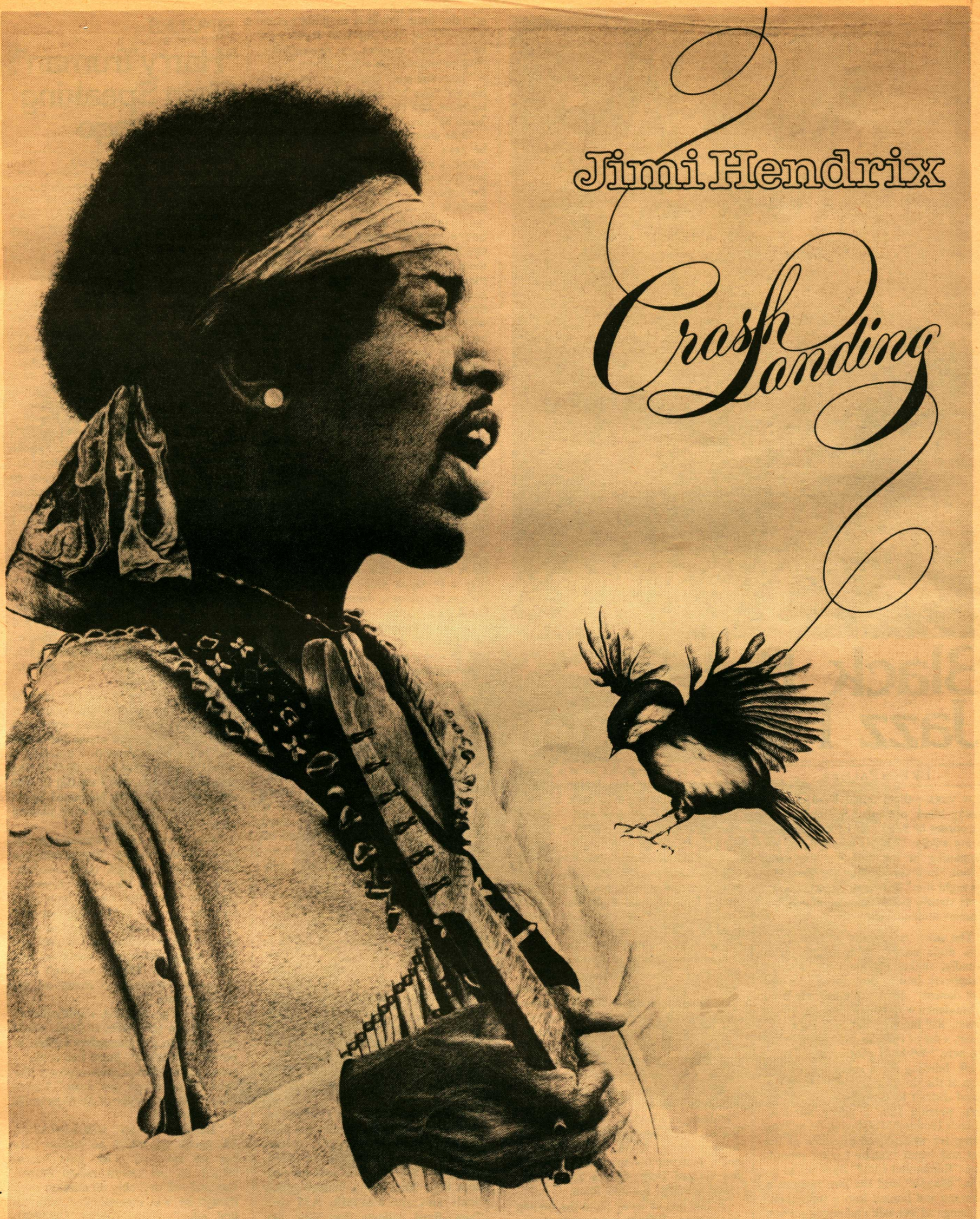
Tuan Ngoc, the lead singer of the band I like best—which unfortunately calls itself Uptight—says that he tries to learn a new song every day. After five years of performing with various personnel and in various clubs, Uptight can do almost any candy rock from the period — as well as unpuffy material from Creedence, Aretha, the Supremes and the Beatles. Tuan Ngoc himself wants to become Tom Jones, as do many other male singers in Saigon, Bangkok, Manila and Tokyo.

Dozens of GIs made elaborate plans to try to get bands like CBC or Uptight to the States five years ago. Most of them made their plans on their tenth or fifteenth Budweiser in the enlisted men's clubs that the groups played back then. And some of them befriended the bands and worked on the schemes when they were sober. But there's no reason to think that any of the kids who now play in Saigon, despite the great fun they have with the music, would make it in the States. People who hate what the Americans did here would see Uptight as a perversion of Vietnamese culture. Young American anticommunists, if there are any such things, would wonder why the boys weren't out fighting the VC. (On the other hand, the natural audience for these groups would be Donny Osmond's, and I don't suppose they remember the war.)

Politics aside, there's little reason to think that a Saigon group would succeed in the States when none from Japan or the Philippines has. Sometimes the copies are brilliant — they're consistently better than the same music in the much larger and more Westernized city of Bangkok — but they're copies after all. *If* the government let Trinh Cong Son, the country's best young composer, publish his antiwar songs and *if* they could survive translation and *if* peace really came and *if* Tuan Ngoc's younger brother, La Anh Tu, the boy who got drafted, was free to take his remarkable smile and presence abroad to turn Paris (if not New York) on its ear . . . But that's a long string of *ifs* in a country that's learned to be happy surviving the here and now.

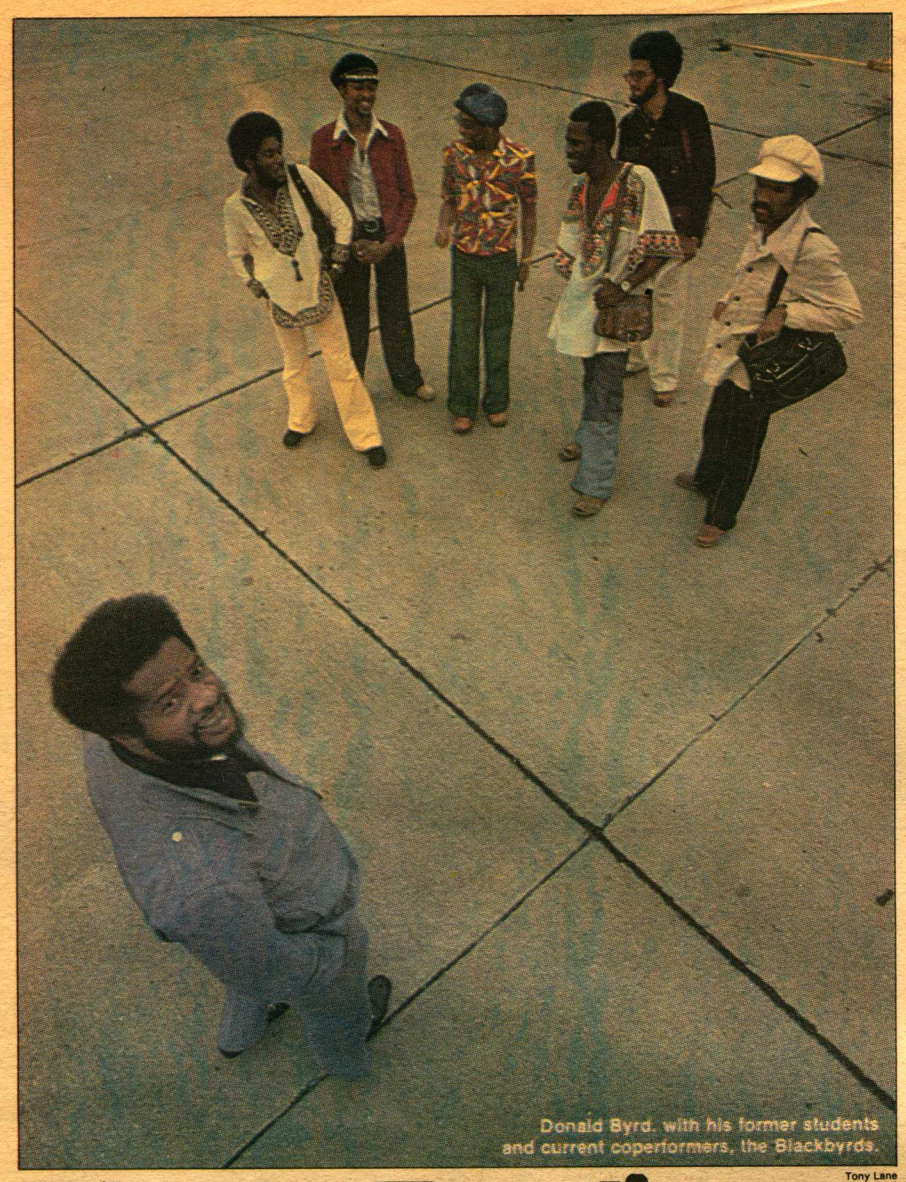
Every night in Saigon, the here and now for Tuan Ngoc and a dozen musicians like him and for their strange Vietnamese-American audience is a beautiful, blaring copy of "Crocodile Rock." The burst of applause comes on the first bar, the chairs scrape back as the dancers stand, and everyone in the cool, dark room smiles with anticipation. Every night in Saigon, even as the war goes on.

La Anh Tu: He's in the army now.



"This is *it:* Jimi creating new music with fire and genius, right up to the end... At long, long last, here comes the new Jimi Hendrix." — Patrick Carr, *Oui*

Reprise Records proudly presents *Crash Landing,* an album of selections from the best of Alan Douglas' unreleased recordings of Jimi Hendrix.



Donald Byrd, with his former students and current coperformers, the Blackbyrds.

Tony Lane

Black Byrd's Jazz Flies High

BY BOB PALMER

NEW YORK—Big Donald Byrd, an imposing black presence, is standing on the corner of 52nd and Broadway, gesturing wildly. "This is where it was *all* happening in the late Forties, early Fifties," he's saying, "the jam sessions, the night life." Now empty restaurants, pizza stands, penny arcades and a few theaters dominate the area.

The street is teeming with hustlers. One dude slides up to Byrd, grins broadly, shakes his hand and silently disappears into a drugstore. "An old jazz dancer," Byrd explains. "He used to tap-dance with Charlie Parker. *Mmm mmm*, still hanging out here. But you know, a *lot* of the cats are still hanging out here." Without another word Byrd is off, heading for a seedy bar on the edge of the slot-machine and truck terminal district to the west. "Right," he says, peering into a grimy window, "there's Howard McGhee in there," the trumpeter who played on some of the best and worst Charlie Parker recordings. "Remember him?" Byrd walks in, calls "Maggie" and the two musicians embrace and launch into a superspeed exchange of jive talk and reminiscence.

Twenty years ago, Byrd started out as a hotshot young trumpet player from Detroit who was making his first splash in the Big Apple. The musicians liked him right away. Sonny Rollins hired him. He played with John Coltrane, appeared with virtually every major jazz bandleader (competing trumpeters excepted) and led his own groups. Later, on a trip to Chicago, he hired a young, unknown pianist named Herbie Hancock and brought him back to New York. His early albums with Coltrane, his choral masterpiece "Christo Redentor" (from the LP *A New Perspective*) and his classic *Free Form* album with Hancock and tenor saxophonist Wayne Shorter constitute an enduring legacy.

But Donald Byrd wants more. Now he is Dr. Byrd, with a Ph.D. in his pocket, a law degree a year away and six years as chairman of Howard University's jazz studies department behind him. He's a successful recording artist, with his *Black Byrd*, *Street Lady* and just released *Stepping into Tomorrow* albums almost singlehandedly rescuing Blue Note Records from jazz obscurity. And he's a hot pop producer as well: The Blackbyrds, a band composed of Howard students, have parlayed Byrd-written and produced songs into two successful albums and a hit single, "Walking in Rhythm," while the Three Pieces, a new group whose soft-soul album, *Vibes of Truth*, will be released soon, features the trombone of Howard U. and Dells, O'Jays and Marvin Gaye alumnus Lincoln Ross.

A few blocks away from the be-bop of the street, Byrd seems equally at ease in the offices of Queen Booking Corporation. An Isley brother is sitting in the reception area, murmuring "Om Hari Om" as Byrd walks toward a cramped office in the rear. Pictures of Aretha Franklin and other popular Queen acts adorn the walls, along with plenty of Donald Byrd posters. Robert "Kool" Bell, bassist and front man for Kool and the Gang, drops in to initial a contract. "What you up to?" Byrd asks easily. Kool glances up respectfully. "We're working on a jazz album."

"Check it out," Byrd says after Kool leaves. "The hottest funk band in the business and they're cutting a jazz album. Maaan. . . .

"I'm gonna tell you where I'm at," he says. "I want to document black music. I want to deal with Charlie Parker the way you would deal with, like, Prokofiev. So why did I quit teaching? Because I believed that you can't give young musicians a well-rounded education without educating them for a successful career in music. And I believed there should be some way of funneling money from the record industry into *paying* for young musicians' educations. That's what's been happening with the Blackbyrds. They've got two hit albums under their belts, they're working every weekend, and they're still doing very well in their studies. So I must have been right.

"The other thing that happened is, I went out to Los Angeles to see some former students of mine who were writing for the Jackson Five and I just decided then to do a new kind of thing, a rock thing, with musicians I'd never worked with before. See, my students at Howard had turned me on to rock. I'd been to see James Brown and he blew my mind. So I decided to really get into *rock*, not into some different kind of jazz. I'm *still* into documenting black music and, dig, now if I want to take a Portapak video outfit and two Nagras to Africa to document a certain tribal dance or to New Orleans to preserve what the black carnival societies do, then I'll do it. I've got a pilot's license and a plane so I can get there."

Byrd's brand of jazz/rock differs from the current crop—Miles, Hancock, Return to Forever and the rest—in one significant respect. Rather than attempt a jazz/rock fusion the trumpeter has simply placed himself in the hands of an extraordinarily talented progressive R&B arranger/producer, Larry Mizell. *Black Byrd* and *Street Lady* sound like O'Jays' LPs with a slightly harder edge, with Byrd's airy, soaring trumpet in the lead instead of voices. So far only Hancock has been able to equal Byrd's success with a substantial black dancing audience. "All the guys in jazz let this rock thing slip up on 'em," the good doctor says. "Look at Miles. He was always known for having the best rhythm sections in the world, but when he went into his rock thing he tried to get his regular people to play rock. It took him awhile to discover that he had to get a rock rhythm section. And Herbie, he was trying to make Buster Williams and Billy Hart into a rock rhythm section! Now they're playing with McCoy Tyner, which is right for them, and Herbie has the rhythm section that's right for him."

The Blackbyrds (Kevin Toney, keyboards; Keith Killgo, drums; Joe Hall III, bass; Orville Saunders, guitar; Gary Hart, sax) are right for Byrd. They back him on tour and he produces their hits, which feature group vocals and are basically AM soul affairs. Byrd believes that they, like Kool, will eventually cut jazz albums, "but not until they're that established in the marketplace. Then to that point, they'll be ready for managing their own careers as well. And I'll be ready to put together another young band. I want to spread this thing around. It's part of the . . . educational process."

SINGLES

"Harry Truman": Plain Speaking by Chicago

BY JUDITH SIMS

LOS ANGELES—Unlike some other presidents, Harry Truman seems to grow in stature as time passes. And, since Truman never had a good word to say about Richard Nixon, it seems appropriate that Chicago's new single, "Harry Truman," was written at the height of the Watergate hearings.

Last June, Chicago keyboard player Robert Lamm was at manager James William Guercio's Caribou ranch and recording studio, hard at work on the group's eighth album (not surprisingly called *Chicago 8*). "I had just read Merle Miller's book, *Plain Speaking*, and then I read Harry's memoirs," Lamm recalled while reclining in a dressing room at L.A.'s Producer's Studio, where he was awaiting the band's final rehearsal before their 21-city tour. "He impressed me not so much as a politician, but as a human being. I would read a passage and say, 'Yeah, I wish I could be like that. I feel that the way to be.' "

Produced as usual by Guercio, "Harry Truman" at first seems like a simple song. But it builds nicely via a swelling chorus and ends up sounding like a keynote song for a political rally. "Musically, I knew I wanted it to sound kind of period," Lamm said. "Simple, like an anthem, with patriotic spirit. The concept was in my mind and the band picked up on it."

The chorus heard on the song is known as the Kitchenettes because it was a collection, in Lamm's words, "of all the carpenters and maids and cooks who work at the ranch. I thought it would be really hard to get them to sing with syncopation, but they did it. The applause at the end happened spontaneously. I guess they were pleased with their performance."

Many people may not recognize this as a Chicago single. The identifying horn section is much more subdued here, almost as if they were playing in the next room. But Lamm took issue with the idea of a "Chicago sound." "I think our music is getting less complex. We're becoming less complex and more comfortable with ourselves and maturing a bit. Maybe we don't have to prove ourselves so much all the time anymore."

This is a gentle song, slightly nostalgic. Despite references to "men who'd sell us out to get themselves a piece of power,"* it sounds more like a bittersweet paean than a contemporary diatribe. "The song's not deep," Lamm noted without a trace of apology in his voice. "It's fun."

"Harry Truman" will appear on *Chicago 8* for which no release date has yet been set. Last year Lamm soloed on an album called *Skinny Boy* and will probably do another even though he was disappointed with his first effort's sales (about 100,000). He has no such worries with "Harry Truman," however: It debuted on the charts at Number 55 and kept right on going.

"Harry Truman was a good guy," Lamm concluded. "A president who plays piano can't be all bad."

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RANDOM NOTES

Fresh from six weeks of recording and partying in New Orleans, the **Paul McCartneys** were greeted in sunny Los Angeles by the California Highway Patrol. Shortly after midnight, March 2nd, the Smokies pulled Paul's 1974 silver Lincoln Continental off a service road in the city's West L.A. district for allegedly running a red light. A strong aroma came to the cops' attention whereupon they asked everybody to step outside and commenced a search in front of the couple's three young children. They discovered "six to eight grams" of the devil weed in **Linda**'s purse. She was remanded over to the LAPD, booked on a charge of possession for personal use and released on $500 bail. Husband Paul was not charged in connection with the drug.

The death of the **Average White Band**'s drummer, **Robbie McIntosh**, was no simple heroin overdose. We've learned that he was the victim of a "hot shot," a dose adulterated with other chemicals. Confidential coroner's reports to a Los Angeles grand jury revealed that the white powder taken by McIntosh and other guests at a Hollywood party last September was cut with strychnine.

The **Rolling Stones**, still methodically searching for a guitarist to replace **Mick Taylor**, may be homing in on a prime prospect: He's **Harvey Mandel**, a West Coast journeyman (originally from Chicago). Mandel replaced Henry Vestine in Canned Heat just in time to play the legendary Woodstock Festival in 1969. After two years with them, he signed on with John Mayall, with whom he spent two more years. Later he started and dropped a band called the Pure Food and Drug Act, and recently he has been riding the college concert circuit with a group called simply Harvey Mandel and Friends. The plan is for Mandel to cut several tracks with the Stones in New York and there learn if "a continuing relationship is possible," in the words of his manager, Skip Taylor. The "continuing relationship" would purportedly include touring with the Stones. Mandel is described by friends as "a superb guitar technician." . . . At the same time, another name has come up in connection with Stones' personnel search. **Wayne Perkins**, a Muscle Shoals, Alabama, session guitarist, was touted as the *chosen one* by a New York radio station. The station gave its source as "a well-known rock musician." Meanwhile, Marshall Chess, head of the Rolling Stones label, confirmed that Perkins's name has come up in his conversations with the band. But Chess refused to state that Perkins had definitely been picked for the coveted job. "When the time comes," Chess said, "I'm sure they'll put out a press release."

Caroline Kennedy was spotted at Phoebe Snow's one-night stand in a well-known New York club. She was leaning up against the bar drinking a Budweiser straight out of the bottle. Caroline plans to enter either Princeton or Harvard next fall.

Joan Baez is cutting her first "nonpolitical" album in years. "The basic reason for this album," Joan says, "is that I promised A&M [Records] I wouldn't do any antiwar albums or albums in foreign languages. They very diplomatically told me I was going broke." The music, being recorded in Hollywood, is more jazz oriented than her previous work. She'll also do a version of Bob Dylan's recent "Simple Twist of Fate." "There are two images of me floating around," she says: "One in motorcycle boots, carrying chains and waving a Viet Cong flag; and the other one, which is worse, is me as a pacifist sitting in the middle of the railroad tracks, smiling and making the peace sign with a bucket of organic honey in my lap."

Michael Bloomfield, fresh from a career of scoring porn movies for San Francisco's Mitchell Brothers, has turned to recording muzak for graveyards. "It's music to dig your dead ones by," Bloomfield said. "It's so you can go to the cemetery and not be depressed." The music is being recorded in Los Angeles with a large symphony orchestra. Bloomfield reports that they will also cut "requests of the deceased," like "The Impossible Dream" and the theme from *Exodus*.

Leonard Cohen, in Minneapolis, was visited backstage by one **Suzanne Verdal** who got into the dressing room by claiming she was the inspiration for Cohen's song "Suzanne." Described as a "free spirit dancer" à la Isadora Duncan, the Montreal woman was greeted warmly by Cohen who told reporters: "Yes, she's the one who gave me the seed for this song."

Partying at Los Angeles's Greenhouse eatery in honor of **Rod Stewart** were: **Bob Dylan**, **Joni Mitchell** with **Betsy** and **Peter Asher**, **Gregg Allman** with heartthrob **Cher**, **Paul** and **Linda McCartney** (fresh from a dope bust), **Ryan** and **Tatum O'Neal**, **Bernie Taupin**, **Brian Wilson**, **Bobby Womack**, **Dave Mason**, **Claudia Lennear** (minus gall bladder) and the entire hairy legions of **Deep Purple**, **America**, **Led Zeppelin** and **Foghat**. **Rodney** arrived with **Lou Adler**'s old girlfriend (and **Peter Sellers**'s exwife) **Britt Ekland**. Not since the Washington Naval Conference (1922) have so many familiar faces stared each other down.

20/20 News: **David Bowie**'s new album, *Young Americans*, contains a tune coauthored by Bowie, **John Lennon** and Luther Vandross plus a recut of "Across the Universe." Lennon plays on the two cuts . . . **Rick Wakeman** may stage his latest opus, *The Myths and Legends of King Arthur*, in an ice-show format . . . Expect the **Beach Boys** to tour with **Chicago** during May and June . . . **Leon Russell**'s new *Will o' the Wisp* is due out this week . . . **Laura Nyro** is back in the studio in New York with Todd Rundgren on guitar . . . WCPO-TV in Cincinnati, a CBS affiliate, has moved **Cher Bono**'s show from its 7:30 p.m. slot to 11:30. General manager Bob Gordon said, "I object to the total emphasis the lady seems to have on her way of dressing." . . . And across the sea, a spokesman for Britain's Independent Broadcasting Authority announced that **Shirley Temple** films have been ruled unsuitable for showing on commercial television during prime time for youth. He said the movies "have no relevance to modern children." . . . The latest applicant for publisher membership in ASCAP is a Carmelite monastery in New Hampshire. The organization of contemplative sisters has cut an LP.

Lou Reed was attacked by the Italian lunatic fringe just as his concert was getting under way at Milan's sports palace last month. A gang of wackos calling themselves "Members of Creative Situations" sneaked into the hall without paying and chucked bolts, screws, pipes and nails at the band while 3000 spectators looked on in horror. They cut drummer **Colin Fairley** on the ear and bombed Reed's amplifiers with water balloons. Reed stalked off the stage in tears and shock while the crazies leaped onstage and denounced him as a "decadent dirty Jew." The singer went on to Rome the next day where there were no incidents.

The Saturday night festivities were cranking down to a boozy halt at [MORE] Magazine's West Coast journalist's conference in San Francisco's Sheraton Palace Hotel when word was whispered that there were weird doings in room 666. Upstairs, the editors of *High Times* magazine had installed two huge canisters of laughing gas in their hospitality suite. Dozens of guests were happily frying their brains and by 2 a.m. the floor was three inches deep with discarded balloons. Serving as host was Underground Press Syndicate founder **Tom Forcade**, who shares *High Times'* New York office, decked out in a three-piece suit. Also on hand, ex-Yippie **Jerry Rubin**, shaved and scrubbed and dressed like a fraternity lounge lizard, and **Garry Trudeau**, the reclusive author of the comic strip "Doonesbury." . . . Earlier in the week, Rubin was lunching with **Patty Hearst**'s ex-fiance, **Steven Weed**. Weed told Rubin that *Do It!* had been Patty's favorite book. Nostalgia buffs will recall that the book urged children of America's elite to rebel against their parents.

Kinky Friedman tells us he joined a University of Texas fraternity the year after Asylum Records chief **David Geffen** got blackballed. Geffen denies that he was blackballed back in the Sixties by the brothers at Tau Delta Phi. He says he flunked out of the university after failing to get himself elected class president. Kinky swears Geffen was blackballed, though "obviously not by me." Recalling the fraternity, Kinky says, "It was basically your Mekong Delta-type outfit—tedious and unpleasant."

Mazel tov: The wife of 17-year-old Guru Maharaj Ji, Marilyn Johnson, 25, gave birth in Los Angeles to their first perfect child, a girl. The Maharaj Ji named the eight-pound eight-ounce girl Premlata, which means vine of love. Following the childbirth, the baby was heard to recite the Bhagavad-Gita in its entirety.

The Stones audition guitarist Harvey Mandel, framed left. Linda and Paul McCartney, Gregg Allman and Cher, and Bob Dylan ended up at the same table by a simple twist of fate. Leonard Cohen (right) clapped his eye on Suzanne from Montreal. "She gave me the seed for this song,"

Phil Schermeister

Neal Preston

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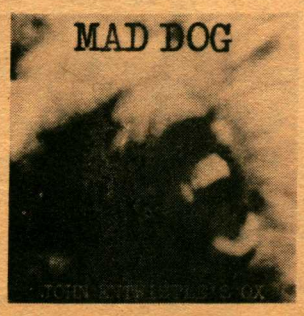

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· PERSPECTIVES ·

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

Jordan's River of Hits

When Chris Columbus, the drummer not the explorer, played with the Louis Jordan Tympany Five, he sat behind the drums on a sheepskin-covered seat from a big Harley Davidson and bounced up and down as he played.

That was showmanship. So were the band's costumes in the late Forties, when they wore those peg pants—the description of which Symphony Sid made famous to a generation of listeners on the East Coast with his commercials for Hollywood Al's Pants shop at 126th Street and Seventh Avenue in Harlem — "the extra-wide knees and the narrow bottoms, just say your man Sid hipped you!"

That was the context out of which Louis Jordan, who died earlier this year, came. Straight out of black showbiz, nightclubs, the Apollo Theater stage shows and the big swing bands of the Thirties.

He was a remarkable performer. Not only did he know all the tricks to selling a song, he had a fine sense of his audience, a remarkable ability to combine blues, jazz and current slang into commercial material and the kind of stage timing and projection that has made Pearl Bailey famous.

In a very real sense, Louis Jordan was the first black artist to attract a white audience with material, not just style, from the black culture. True, there had been successful black performers before him, Louis Armstrong and the Mills Brothers, for example, but they were different. Armstrong was a straight-out jazz performer more renowned as a musician than as an entertainer and the Mills Brothers, like the other black vocal group, the Ink Spots, were really black men singing white songs. But Louis Jordan sang black and sang proud. And he backed up what he sang with his own solid jazz playing on the alto saxophone and with a small group, the Tympany Five, that could swing with the best of them. Jordan learned *that* when he was featured with the Chick Webb band sharing vocals with Ella Fitzgerald.

Jordan's forte was what then was called the "novelty song" which meant it was not a ballad nor, usually, a blues. Something like "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens" or "Salt Pork, West Va.," discs he cut which were omnipresent on the jukeboxes of black and white America throughout the Forties, long before music made its initial impression on radio programming.

Louis Jordan was a big act. A maker of so many hits that it's hard now to even count them all. He followed at Decca Records the success of the Mills Brothers, but he quickly rivaled them, and Bing Crosby, too, as the top-selling disc artist in pop music.

Milt Gabler, producer of his discs for Decca, says, "He came right out of the Cab Calloway zoot suit era and the costumes were all a put-on. He knew his audience and he knew how to preach to them." He sure did. I remember him one night in a packed 8000-seat auditorium, 7999 blacks and me, walking down to the lip of the stage and delivering his "Beware, Brother, Beware" rhythmic lecture while the audience, male and female alike, screamed with joy and the band called out to him corny, old-time, almost minstrel show lines echoing his statements.

If you want to know about Louis Jordan's importance, ask B.B. King, ask Chuck Berry, ask Little Richard, ask Ray Charles. They'll tell you. I don't have to ask Joe Tex or Jon Hendricks if they ever heard him, I can hear Louis in their records. And Dizzy Gillespie and Sonny Rollins are two musicians who heard him loud and clear.

There had been black men singing blues successfully for whites before Louis Jordan. Jimmy Rushing made a hit for Count Basie with "Harvard Blues," but that was a blues only in the musical sense. The lyric was written about Harvard University undergraduates by the Boston boulevardier George Frazier. Louis Jordan's lyrics, the best of them, were written by himself, his wife, Fleecie Moore, and Sam Theard.

Sam Theard, "Lovin' Sam from Alabam," was a singer/songwriter who went back to the early days of jazz and blues, back to Cow Cow Davenport and the T.O.B.A. vaudeville circuit, known to artists as Tough On Black Asses. Sam invented the word "spodeodie" to cop the action Cab Calloway had gotten with "hideho." And Sam Theard wrote a tune called "Drinkin' Wine, Spodeodie" which Sticks McGhee (Brownie McGhee's older brother) made into an R&B hit in the Forties.

Louis Jordan toured the country constantly between his record sessions. He was one of the best-known vaudeville and stage show personalities in the Forties and one of the first blacks to play all the white theaters. His act was universal.

Like so many black singers who were bagged as blues or novelty performers, he really liked to sing ballads. One he featured for a long time was "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Cryin'," which Ray Charles copped a decade later, note for note, chord for chord, section for section and made into a hit. Ray also acknowledged his debt to Louis with his record of "Let the Good Times Roll" — "Hey, y'all, Tell everybody, Mr. Jordan's in town/I got a dollar and a quarter in my pocket and I'm rarin' to clown/Don't let nobody play me cheap/I got 50 cents more than I'm gonna keep/ . . . let the good times roll."* In the years between Louis's version and that of Ray Charles, nothing changed but one word.

Big band modern jazz picked up on Louis Jordan, too. One of Woody Herman's musicians heard Louis's band in Newark, New Jersey, and flipped over "Caldonia" ("What makes your big haid so hard?"**) and the resulting Herman version was the first big jazz hit Herman's band had.

Jordan's bent for singing ballads was in the great tradition of sentimental black ballad singers with big bands: Sonny Woods, Pha Terrell, Billy Eckstine, Bon Bon, Henry Wells, Dan Grissom and Earle Warren right on down to Arthur Prysock.

FIRST OF TWO PARTS.

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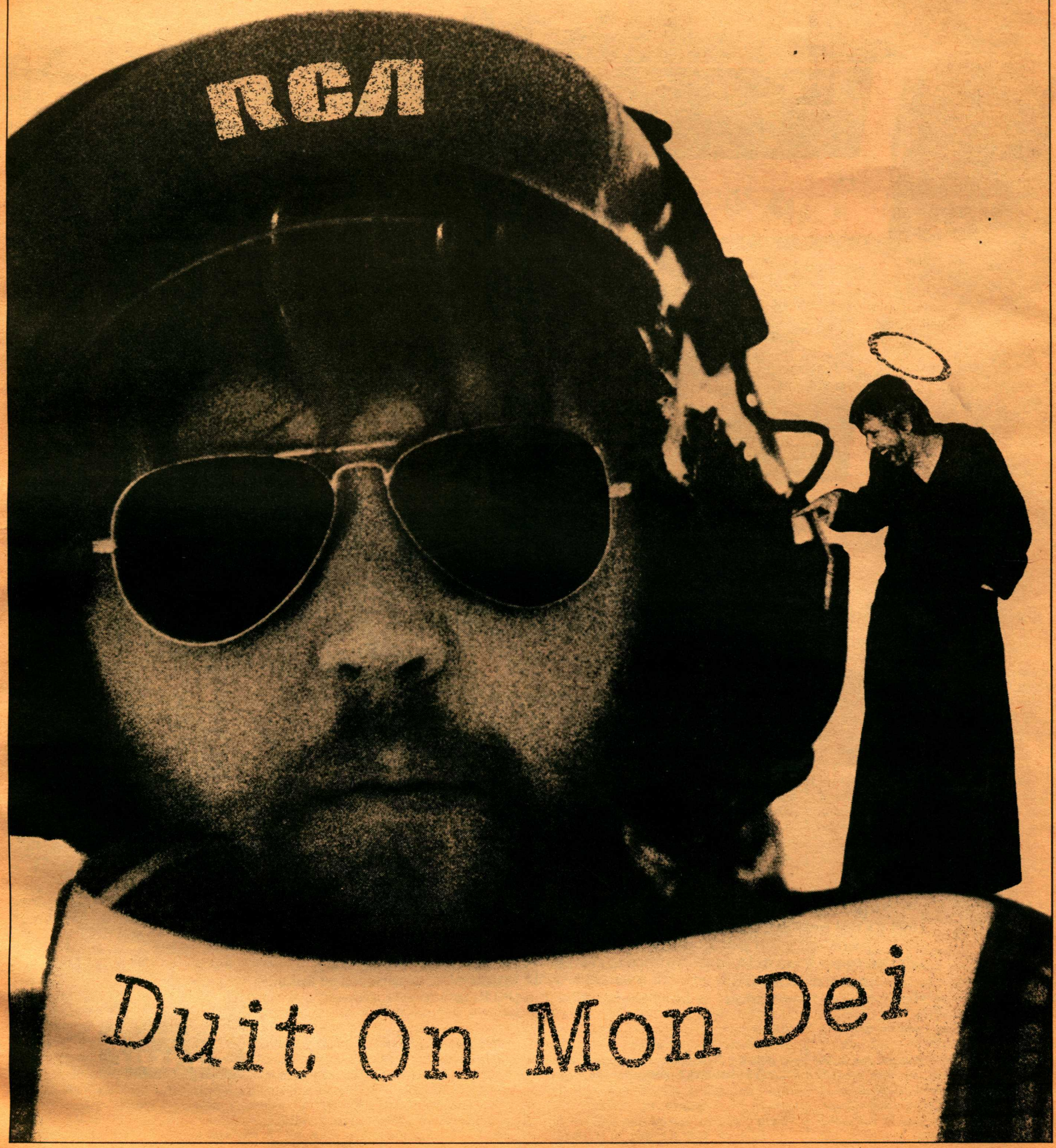

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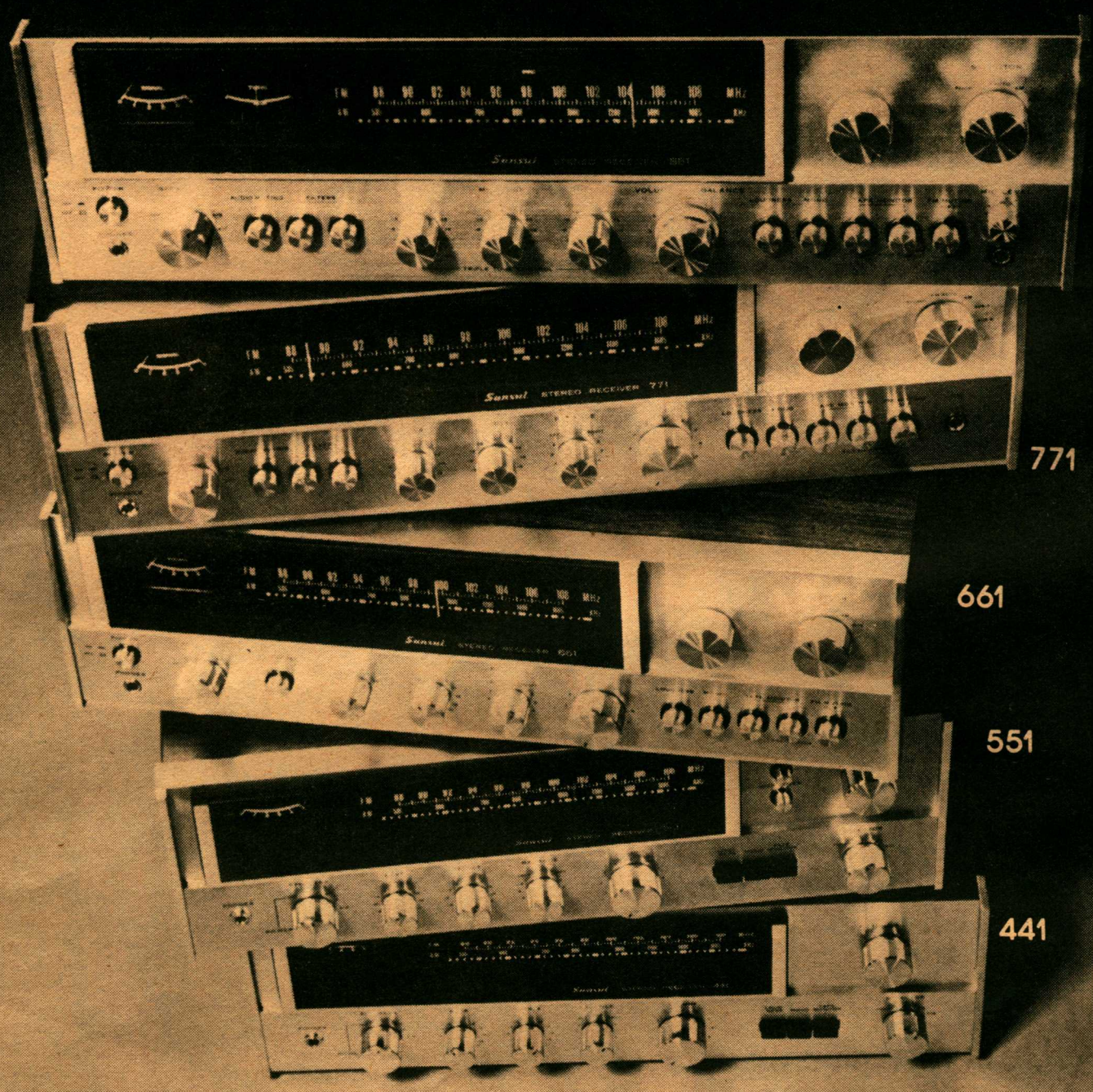

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POLITICS

All the King's Men: The Secret Foreign Policy of Standard Oil

BY WILLIAM MOORE

It was—the Senate subcommittee investigators decided — the slickest of forgeries. The secret petroleum-company memo had been leaked to Jack Anderson and purportedly came from the confidential files of officials connected with the Arabian American Oil Company (Aramco). "The welfare of the West," Anderson declared in his January 11th, 1974, column, "may depend on who's telling the truth — the secret memo or the official spokesmen. For Saudi Arabia is the Western world's oil jugular."

The memo, which concerned severe technical problems in the Saudi fields, problems which could eventually reduce the flow of oil to the West to a trickle, was promptly and emphatically denied by spokesmen for the oil giants. If the memo were genuine, it could be interpreted to mean that America's leading petroleum companies were deliberately overproducing and wrecking the Saudi fields—the richest on earth—in an effort to pump out all they could before the wells were nationalized.

Senate investigators have since concluded that the memo in question was a clever forgery — a maneuver that smelled strongly either of Israeli intelligence or Russia's KGB. For in attempting to determine the authenticity of the memo, the investigators managed to penetrate the corporate curtain of Big Oil and uncover an array of other documents that proved to be as explosive as the bogus one. These documents, which further the interests of both the KGB and Israeli intelligence, revealed:

- How America's biggest petroleum companies complied with a direct request by Saudi King Faisal to mount a major lobbying and media campaign to change U.S. Middle East policy.
- How the giant oil firms appeared willing to go along with mammoth increases in Saudi oil prices—the same increases that are torpedoing the world economy — in exchange for retaining their exclusive access to the crude oil and as a convenient rationale for boosting the prices of oil pumped in the U.S.
- How massive technical problems did indeed exist in the Saudi fields, although there was no evidence the fields were deliberately wrecked.
- How the technical foul-ups had slowed down production so much that the Arab oil embargo of fall 1973 "got us [the oil companies] off the hook." Circumstantial evidence, at any rate, for conspiracy theorists who believe the embargo was rigged up by profit-hungry petroleum firms.

Who might have forged the memo?

The mystery began when Anderson quoted excerpts from the curious document in his January column. He did not identify the specific company from which it was leaked, beyond saying the company was a partner in Aramco. This consortium, which operates the Saudi fields, includes Standard Oil Co. of California, Exxon, Texaco and Mobil Oil. "The [Aramco] reservoir pressures," said the memo, "fluctuated so greatly that engineers now estimate production will be stabilized at no more than 7.5 million barrels/day, far below the 20 million barrels/day projection."

Here, then, was word that the world's largest oil fields were in deep trouble, and that meant deep trouble for governments and economies around the world that had been planning to rely heavily on increased Saudi output for the next 20 years. Anderson said his source—described as a high-level official at one of the companies—had also given him summaries of other documents that revealed that Aramco encouraged the Saudi government to boost the price of oil.

Shortly after the revelations appeared in print, Anderson was asked to testify about them under oath before a hastily called closed session of the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations. Anderson told the senators he would not reveal his source; he would go to jail, in fact, to protect the source. But he did tell the subcommittee it could find the documentation in the files of the four companies involved in Aramco. Three of the companies — Exxon, Texaco and Mobil—handed over volumes of material to the investigators. But the fourth, Standard of California (Socal), only delivered a few insignificant documents. The plot, like oil in the bottom of a refinery, thickened.

Last spring, Anderson told the investigators they could find the telltale documentation at Socal. He even gave the probers a copy of the mysterious memo and allowed them to inspect the handwritten notes of his source that summarized other purported documents. Armed with this new information, the subcommittee wrote James O'Brien, Socal's flinty-eyed, tough-talking vice-president of legal affairs, and told him his company had the material they were looking for—now hand it over,

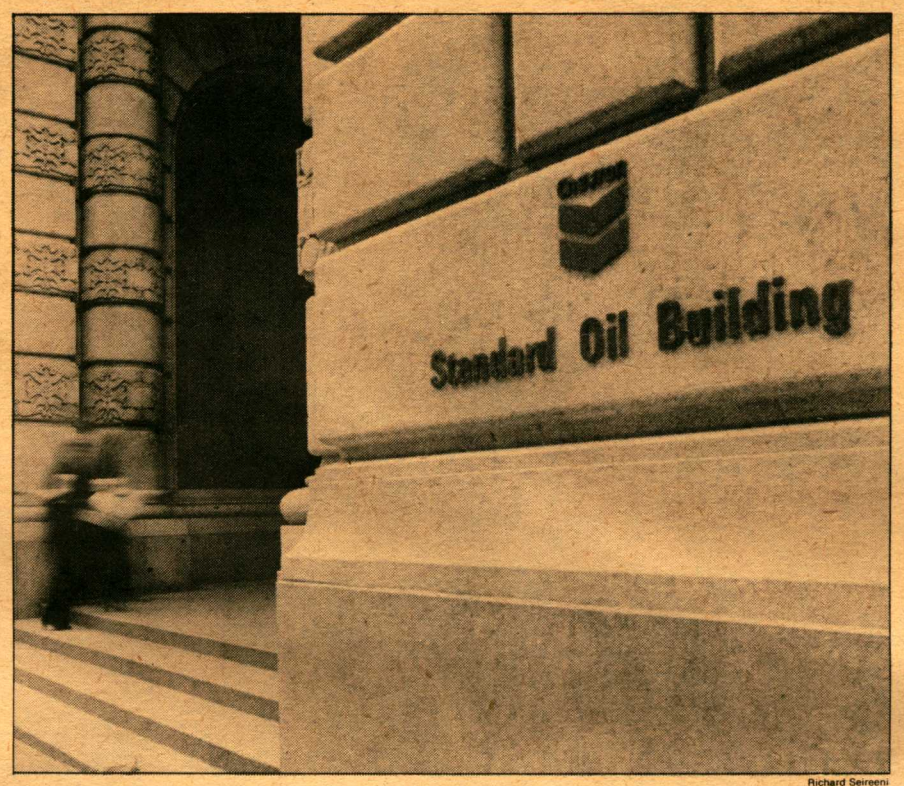
William Moore is a reporter for the 'San Francisco Chronicle.'

POLITICS

please. "O'Brien's policy was hard line us, stonewall us," related Jerome Levinson, cochief counsel of the subcommittee. ". . . The only way to get to the bottom of this case was to have the Socal executives involved appear in executive session, put them under oath and grill them." So the subcommittee, escalating its battle with Socal, served subpoenas on key company executives and suddenly the firm changed its posture. In Levinson's words: "I received a call from Francis Kirkham, who is a senior partner in Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro [a prestigious San Francisco law firm that serves as Socal's outside counsel]. He advised me that he had taken personal charge of the case and he asked me to come out to San Francisco and interview whichever of the executives I wanted to interview and promised me 100% cooperation." He also promised the investigators complete access to all Socal files. "The company had no choice," a source at Socal told us. "The charges in the Anderson column were so serious we had to open up the files to show it was a fake document, meanwhile risking the exposure of a lot of other confidential and damaging documents."

During the last week of May, Levinson and cocounsel Jack Blum flew to San Francisco, where they conducted an extraordinary search of the files at Socal headquarters. For four days, they combed the inner sanctum of America's fifth largest oil company — the company that first discovered the fabulous pools of oil beneath the Arabian sands in the Thirties and went on to found Aramco, eventually bringing the other firms into the consortium while acting all along as the key diplomatic agent with the Saudi government.

The investigators' search of Socal's downtown San Francisco headquarters focused on the 18th floor, where all the chief executives have their offices. The ambiance of this executive floor is out of the 19th century. Elderly, uniformed black stewards, who act as messengers and security guards, shuffle about the staid, beige-colored halls like sleeping car porters from a bygone express. Security is a consuming passion at Socal and there are no names or titles listed on any of the doors of the top executive offices. More than a year ago, following the disclosure of a series of Socal financial documents in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the company required its employees to sign loyalty oaths promising they would not leak "sensitive" information to the press. Official memos went up on company bulletin boards noting that special monitors had been designated and a loudspeaker system set up throughout headquarters, to be used in the event of emergencies such as "sabotage and riots." In an industry unrenowned for its social consciousness, Socal has a widespread reputation even among oil men for being reactionary and insular.



Richard Seireeni

It was in this setting that Levinson and Blum began their search. Accompanied by P, M and S attorneys Kirkham and Hugh Taylor, the Senate investigators marched unannounced into the offices of startled executives. Like modern-day gang busters, they in effect told the executives to freeze while the investigators poured through stacks of personal and corporate files in desks and cabinets. Yet they could find no traces of what they were originally looking for. It was curious because a company the size of Socal (40,000 employees), despite its busy shredding machines, must still retain massive amounts of interoffice memos to conduct its business. Copies of the documents Anderson's source summarized and, in particular, the memo in the possession of the Senate investigators were supposed to have been delivered to an array of officials. For all of them to have disposed of the material, in the unlikely event they were braced for the office searches, would have meant all of them would have had to completely reorganize their files to conform to the company's meticulously numbered and indexed filing and cross-filing system.

On the third day of their search, the investigators stormed into the office of Carl Thut, a senior research chemist who specialized in lube oils. His name was listed as the author of the mysterious memo that mentioned severe technical problems in the Saudi fields. The investigators, after failing to find the document in his office, decided to use their trump card. They produced their copy of the memo, which not even the two attorneys accompanying them knew they had. Thut denied, in a deposition taken on the spot, having ever written or seen the memo. He pointed out a number of discrepancies in it: Details about Aramco he said he could not possibly have known as a lube-oil researcher in the highly compartmentalized firm, technical flaws in the routing and references of the memo, a writing style entirely different from his own —and the wrong signature. All of the people who were supposed to have received copies of the memo, as well as secretaries and clerks, also denied under deposition ever having seen it before. Some did grant that it appeared to conform roughly to the company's memo-writing procedures.

The investigators, stymied, telephoned columnist Anderson with the news. Anderson said he would call his source, then call them back. A bit later, Anderson called back and said his source told him they could find the documentation in the safe in the office of James O'Brien, the senior vice-president and member of the board of directors who had originally stonewalled the subcommittee. Immediately the investigators and the attorneys stalked, unannounced, into O'Brien's office and told him to open his safe. Then as O'Brien stood by watching helplessly, the investigators sorted through piles of highly confidential documents. No, they found none of the specific documentation they were looking for, and they concluded the technical memo was an 18-carat forgery. But by the time they completed their search at headquarters, they were able to cart off more than two big file drawers containing information that confirmed, in part, what Anderson's source said—and, more important, revealed a variety of other oil activities that were just as seamy.

Of all the secrets locked in the files at Socal, one of the most startling was how the Aramco companies complied with a direct request by King Faisal in 1973 to use their clout to help bring about a new U.S. Middle East policy more sympathetic to the Arabs. While looking in the places pinpointed by Anderson's source, the investigators happened upon a document titled "Confidential — Meeting with King Faisal, May 23rd, 1973." It was signed by W. Jones McQuinn, a Socal vice-president specializing in foreign operations,

Socal's San Francisco headquarters
Richard Seireeni

Produced by Murray Krugman and Sandy Pearlman.

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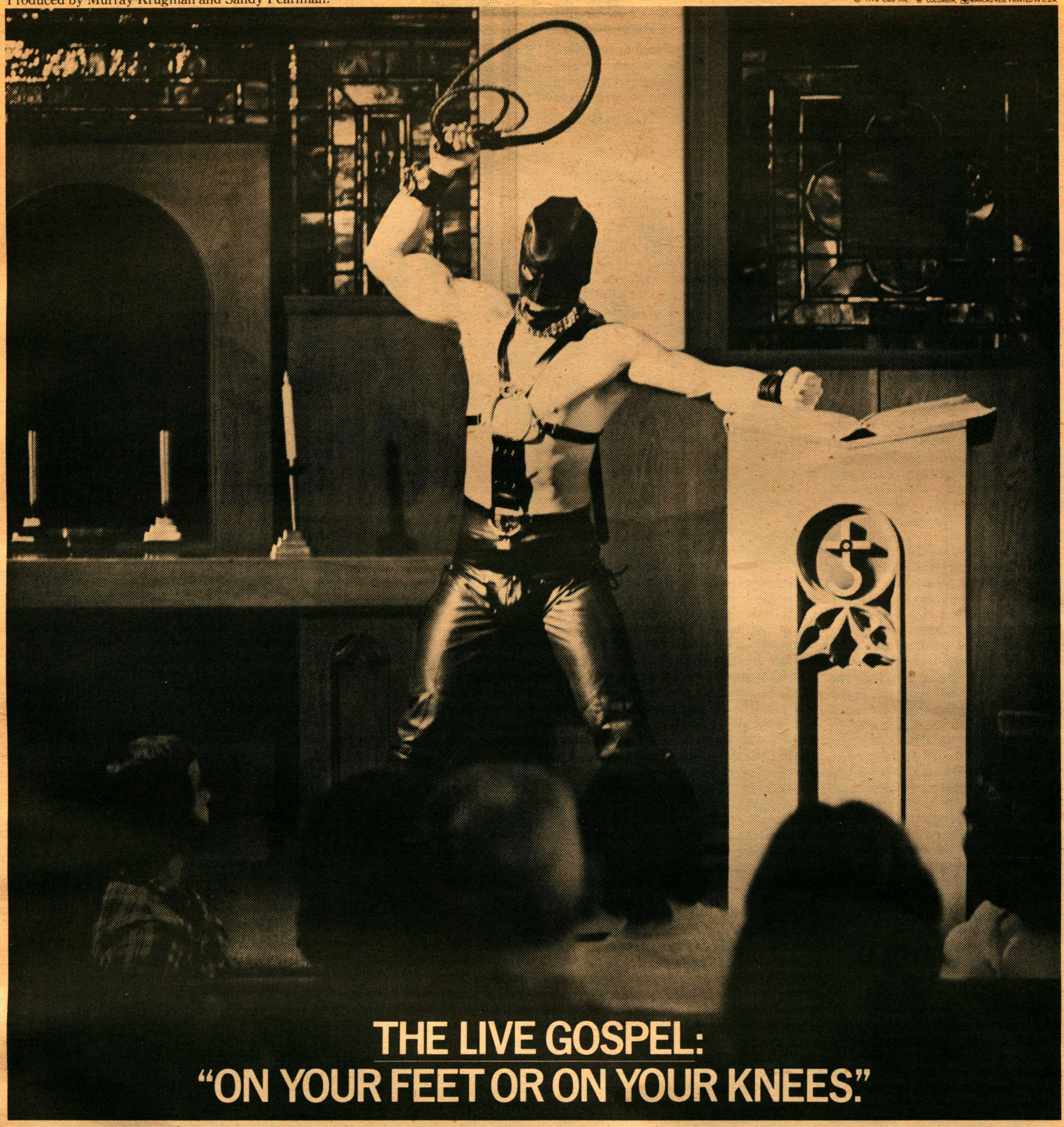

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and it reported on a meeting at a palatial hotel in Geneva between Faisal and senior representatives of the four Aramco partners. "After opening pleasantries . . . H.M. [His Majesty] said time is running out with respect to U.S. interest in Middle East, as well as Saudi position in the Arab world," said the memo. "Saudi Arabia is in danger of being isolated among its Arab friends, because of failure of the U.S. government to give Saudi Arabia positive support, and that H.M. is not going to let this happen. 'You will lose everything' (concession clearly at risk). Things we must do: (1) inform U.S. public of their true interests in the area (they are now being misled by controlled news media) and (2) inform government leaders—and promptly ('time is running out' and 'you may lose everything')."

Did the oil executives say: "Hell, no, Your Majesty, we're not registered agents of a foreign government and the propriety of what you're asking us to do is nil. Why should we—as multinational corporations with virtually no public accountability — determine the foreign policy of the U.S.?" Hardly. What the oil men did was to scramble all over themselves in a major effort to carry out the king's request.

The investigators came across a June 1st, 1973, message from Aramco's New York office reporting that the same representatives who met with Faisal spent a busy day on May 30th, only a week later, lobbying on behalf of the king's views in the meetings with high-ranking officials at the White House, State and Defense departments. "The specific points made by H.M. . . . were covered specifically in each meeting," said the message, relating that the oil men told the administration that failure to change its Middle East policy and its "unequivocal support of Israel" will mean "American interests in the area must be removed. Action must be taken urgently; otherwise, everything will be lost."

Another memo, from Socal's McQuinn on June 26th, 1973, noted that Mobil Oil had placed a big ad in the *New York Times* and an Exxon official had delivered a speech in New York recommending closer ties with the Arabs. "These actions . . . will be brought to SAG's [Saudi Arabian government's] attention by Aramco. . . . It is likely that in SAG's view Socal will be conspicuous by our absence in this effort." That problem was remedied on July 26th when former Socal chairman Otto Miller sent a highly publicized letter to his stockholders urging the U.S. to "work more closely with the Arab governments"—a letter that drew howls of protest from Jewish groups across the U.S. and plaudits from Saudi government officials.

Yet another memo in Socal files quoted a July 25th telephone call from Frank Jungers, then president of Aramco stationed in Saudi Arabia, in which he reported a conversation with oil minister Zaki al-Yamani about an upcoming NBC-TV documentary on oil. "We thought we had done quite well and I still think we have," Jungers said. "The Saudis are very, very concerned . . . [that] they are going to be misquoted. The king has directed that a person be sent to ramrod this with NBC. This could be a big mistake. . . . We have a good enough rapport with NBC that we can guide this program at any rate."

(The documentary, which appeared later in the year, included an interview with Faisal in which he warned the U.S. was heading toward disaster unless it changed its Middle East posture. Sandy Granzow, an NBC correspondent at the time who interviewed the king, said she was personally selected to do the job by Saudi representatives who grilled potential NBC interviewers. They were apparently attempting to screen out people with Zionist prejudices. Another network official, who was not discrediting Granzow's work, said the oil companies have enormous influence with the networks. "You can't tell the real oil story on TV," he said, "or they'll cut off the advertising.")

Jack Anderson testifying before Congress
UPI

The capstone of the oil men's efforts to change Middle East policy was a "memorandum to the president" which the chief executive officers of the four Aramco companies sent to Richard Nixon on October 12th, 1973, with a duplicate to Henry Kissinger. It warned, point-blank, against "increased U.S. support of the Israeli position." A former Justice Department official told us: "The oil companies usually didn't put any of their dealings with the government in writing. That's why that memo to Nixon was so unusual."

The memo came to light after top Socal executives flew to Washington in the company jet on June 20th of last year to testify at a closed session of the Senate subcommittee. Cocounsel Levinson said the session was called, among other reasons, to discuss the documents he had obtained at Socal and "where the line lies between legitimate informational activity and improper advocacy and lobbying by the oil companies." During the session, Senator Frank Church (D-Idaho), the subcommittee chairman, and the Socal brass agreed that the companies were held "hostage" by Faisal, and Levinson declared: "If the past is any guide to the future, Faisal's previous warnings and use of the companies to influence U.S. policy can be expected to continue on these issues." So far no senator has made any effort to do anything about the matter.

What effect did the oil-lobby efforts have in 1973? For better or worse, we ended up with a new Middle East policy shortly afterwards. No one has proved how responsible the oil lobby was for the diplomatic volte-face but the circumstantial evidence is intriguing. How, after all, could Nixon say no to the industry that contributed at least $5 million to his 1972 presidential campaign? Especially in light of how cheaply he was bought by lesser interests, ranging from milk associations to would-be ambassadors to banana republics.

The Saudi government, too, appeared to believe the companies were instrumental in the U.S. rapprochement with the Arab world. A copy of an October 25th, 1973, cable lifted from Socal's files reported how a Saudi official told Jungers of Aramco that "Kissinger's moves so far have been effective," a reference to the secretary's Middle East diplomacy following the outbreak of the October Arab/Israeli war. The Saudi official, the cable continued, expressed "great satisfaction with Aramco and Americans in taking pro-Arab stand and he further remarked to effect that stateside companies also apparently with Arabs more than before. After I [Jungers] remarked that these things have been difficult . . . he remarked 'we hope to reward you' and I took this in context of future growth."

Any arguments that the companies were not really acting on behalf of a foreign government were dealt more blows during the oil embargo itself. The material the investigators hauled from Socal's inner sanctum documented what anyone with a sense of smell had already sniffed out: The Aramco companies administered the embargo for the Saudi government; in fact, oil minister Yamani was quoted in one cable as calling them indispensable to the effort. The companies also complied with a request by Yamani to turn over classified information revealing all foreign sources of U.S. military fuel derived from Saudi crude oil. With this information, the Saudis, acting through Aramco, cut back oil shipments to those sources. Pentagon brass were enraged when they later heard what happened. "We were on a worldwide emergency alert at the time," grumbled one Pentagon spokesman. "Because the Saudis found out where our foreign fuel sources were, they were able to cut back 50% of this fuel supply. We had to send tanker planes all around the world to refuel our fleets."

Socal's cornucopia of telltale documents also yielded evidence that the primary concern of the Aramco administrators, faced with impending nationalization of the wells, was to obtain exclusive access to the sales of Saudi-owned crude. During Aramco's crucial negotiations with Yamani that preceded the quadrupling of prices by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting States (OPEC) in late 1973, the companies accepted the oil minister's proposals for big increases in the prices of Saudi-owned crude on the condition they could "tie up" the oil. The president of Aramco, in an October 25th telegram, discussed how "we could fuzz up deal somehow" so no one other than the Saudi government and the companies would know about the "unique deal." "Revised deal," President Jungers cabled, "need not contain any lost financial position for current four owners. Saudis quite aware they can control this through postings and tax."

This was a reference to a cozy arrangement in which the companies qualified for a huge U.S. tax loophole that made them and the oil-producing nation richer—at the expense of billions of dollars to the U.S. Treasury. Under an agreement secretly arrived at with the Internal Revenue Service in 1950, oil companies have been permitted to deduct, dollar for dollar from their U.S. taxes on foreign income, any income taxes the firms pay to foreign governments. In qualifying for this foreign tax credit, the Aramco partners have managed to convince the Saudi government to mislabel as "income taxes" what are essentially royalties the companies must pay on each barrel of oil. This is the reason for the existence of an artificial "posted" price which is higher than the real market price of oil. The bloated "posted" price is a charade that allows the oil-exporting country to extract a bigger chunk in income taxes, and it doesn't cost the companies anything because they get a 100% tax credit from the U.S.

The Senate investigators were unable to find the smoking-pistol evidence that the companies actually urged Saudi Arabia to boost all oil prices in 1973, as charged by columnist Anderson's mystery source. The companies, of course, claimed they had no choice but to go along with the increases. But the investigators did find studies showing they needed to boost prices of domestic oil, enabling them to step up drilling operations in the U.S.

And the investigators did obtain documentary proof that Aramco wells were —and still are—plagued by technical problems, although there was nothing to indicate the oil men were deliberately wrecking the fields or that the foul-ups were nearly as severe as Anderson's source and memo had indicated. Most of the problems were caused by new and malfunctioning hydraulic pumps that were unable to inject enough water into the ground to maintain the necessary pressure to keep crude flowing upward.

Aramco officials, according to Socal cables, initially attempted to hide these problems from Yamani, whose intelligence, it is obvious from the files, was not held in terribly high esteem by Aramco—despite public pronouncements by the companies that he is ever so bright. In a transcript of a July 25th, 1973, telephone call, Aramco's Jungers described how Yamani was listening to

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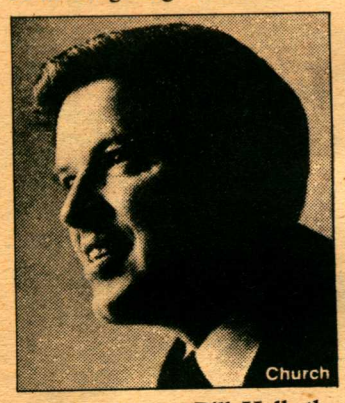
CAPITOL CHATTER

A lot of people on Capitol Hill have been wondering—only half in jest—whether the Senate CIA committee will itself be infiltrated by the CIA. And while only the most paranoid fear that the CIA will plant a spook on the committee staff (our congressional source and noted paranoid, **Deep Thought**, being one of them), there is some legitimate concern about security clearances for staff members. Will the CIA and/or FBI—the agencies that normally conduct security checks—have veto power over the people who'll be investigating them?


Church

According to Bill Hall, the committee press aide, the answer apparently is yes. He said committee chairman **Frank Church** (D-Id.) is "amused by the irony of having the organizations that are being investigated being allowed to investigate those who will investigate them, but he's not concerned about it and doesn't expect any trouble." He said 17 people have been investigated so far and all 17 were cleared.

As for the possibility of CIA infiltration, Hall said Church is "aware of the possibility and trying to guard against it."

"How?" we asked.

"Well, we're just watching out," Hall replied.

It used to be that groups of congresspeople would go on junkets to Vietnam and return home crowing about the light at the end of the tunnel. Times have changed. The latest group of congressional investigators—sent to check out the need for the president's $522 million Southeast Asia aid request—started causing trouble even before they got on the plane.

It was bad enough that Rep. **Tom Harkin** (D-Ia.) suggested that **Don Luce**, fluent in Vietnamese and a notorious antiwar activist, be invited as official interpreter. But then **Dick Moose**, staff aide for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, called the State Department and asked that *Hearts and Minds*, the antiwar documentary, be the in-flight movie on the trip over. Two days later, Assistant Secretary of State **Phillip Habib** called Moose and said the State Department couldn't possibly grant his request. Moose suggested, as a compromise, that *The Green Berets* be shown too . . . but Habib still wasn't buying and Moose admitted the whole thing had been a joke.

A half-hour later, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State **Sam Goldberg** received a phone call from the department's congressional liaison office, informing him that Congresswoman **Bella Abzug** (D-N.Y.) was going on the tour. "What is this?" Goldberg replied, according to our source. "Another bad joke?"

John Dean on **Woodward and Bernstein**: "Recently I had dinner with those two, and I bet them a Chinese dinner for every source [they used in their Watergate investigation] I could name . . . I expect to eat Chinese food for the rest of my life." . . . **Deep Thought** tells us that **Eddy Martin**, key aide to Senator **Ted Kennedy** (D-Mass.) has been visiting various congressional offices with a poll that shows Kennedy is still the overwhelming choice of Democratic county chairpersons for the presidential nomination in 1976. "The poll itself isn't too surprising," **Deep Thought** says. "What's surprising is that Eddy is running around showing it to people."

Kennedy

Senator **William Proxmire** (D-Wisc.) is about to release a study that raises some serious questions about the National Science Foundation. The study shows that members of the foundation's grant advisory panels are much more likely to get government money than people who aren't represented on the panels. "What we have here, essentially," said our source, "is people deciding to give themselves money." And some questions might be raised about the type of research the foundation is funding. For example, $15,870 went to a study entitled: "Hitchhiking: A Viable Addition to a Multi-Modal Transportation System."Also $27,600 for a study of social behavior of Alaskan brown bears. And finally, $350,000 to a major effort to determine "Trends in the Tolerance of Nonconformity." The major finding of this last study was that 48% of the American people believe in the devil.

Proxmire

Standard Oil

his explanations of why the consortium suddenly decided there were 245 billion barrels of proven reserves in Saudi Arabia rather than 90 billion barrels, the figure Aramco had been citing earlier. "It is quite clear Yamani really doesn't understand this," Jungers said. ". . . He asked me what the production level was now. I told him (8.5 million barrels a day) and he said, 'Wow, wait till people hear that.' " But Jungers noted in his phone call: "This guy is with us not against us."

During their raid on Socal files, the investigators discovered that, even without the embargo, Aramco would have had to cut back substantially on its production in fall 1973 because of the technical foul-ups. The companies, conveniently, were taken "off the hook" by the embargo, conceded W. W. Messick, Socal's chief engineer in Aramco. Snippets of information like this, circumstantial as the evidence might be, are enough to fuel conspiracy theorists who have long pondered over who really conceived the embargo and the whopping increases in oil prices. Clearly, the embargo served more than just the profit-making purpose of the companies.

So who was the forger? Who was Jack Anderson's source? Anderson, who has not yet told the full story of this mystery in his column, acknowledged that the memo "appears to be" a forgery, but he said it was leaked to him by an honest source who did not suspect he was dealing with bogus goods. He told us his source was a "very high level" official at Standard —"somebody who put the interests of the U.S. ahead of the interests of Standard Oil."

The possibility that Anderson's source and/or the forger was an executive has already occurred to the brass at Socal, who have been operating with a siege mentality ever since the investigators stormed through their headquarters. Whoever forged the memo and whoever summarized the other purported documents, even though not a trace of them was found, had a good overview of the operations. The mystery person apparently *knew* investigators would stumble across the mounds of other damaging documents while searching for the bogus ones in the specific files he guided them to; the investigators, at any rate, are convinced of this. But why would he or she bother to forge a memo, a memo that clearly violated certain company procedures, and cite other documents that didn't exist if he or she had access to the real things?

One theory is that the mystery person was deliberately trying to create the impression for investigators that he or she was not someone who would have normal access to this type of material, thereby keeping the investigative trail at a safe distance from him- or herself.

Another theory is that the forger was an employee toiling in the bowels of the corporation who was fed up with it all; a Zionist, perhaps, who considered the company's pro-Arab pronouncements the final insult. (There are virtually no high-ranking Jewish executives at Socal, and our company sources said they knew of no top executives who have expressed Zionist views. Socal and Aramco, in fact, have been embroiled in litigation from some employees over allegedly anti-Semitic hiring practices.) Investigators and company sources agree it is highly unlikely a lower echelon type would have had the sweeping access the mystery person had to vital information in a firm as compartmentalized and internally secretive as Socal.

A more plausible theory — one shared by the Senate investigators, many officials at Socal and at least one State Department officer—is that the mystery person was an intelligence operative, perhaps working with the cooperation of lower echelon employees. "This has all the trappings of an intelligence job," said a State Department official who once had extremely close ties to the CIA. He said he thought the mystery person had access to the confidential cable and telephone traffic of Aramco, which would have provided in advance much of the information eventually gleaned by investigators from the Socal files.

"Look," said one veteran Senate hand, "the Middle East is teeming with spies. If you were one, wouldn't you be monitoring the cable traffic of Aramco?" The question, of course, is which intelligence agency. A high-ranking Socal executive is convinced it's a KGB job, consummated perhaps by some bored agent in San Francisco's Soviet consulate. The KGB, to be sure, is renowned for its ability to forge documents and has more than a few people operating in Saudi Arabia and elsewhere in the Middle East. The mystery person's efforts to trumpet the massive technical problems in the Saudi fields, trying to show they were deliberately wrecked by Aramco, would serve to drive a wedge between Faisal, the man closely identified with the companies, and radical elements in his own country and in other Arab nations. The efforts would cause considerable friction between Faisal and the U.S. firms.

One Senate investigator is convinced the job was engineered by Israeli intelligence, which also has a vested interest in fouling relations between Faisal and the U.S. News of the technical foul-ups and the king's attempts to set U.S. foreign policy would serve this purpose nicely. Our State Department source said Israeli intelligence has been monitoring Aramco cables for years and is one of the three best intelligence operations in the world (right behind the CIA and the KGB); forgery is also an Israeli forte. And Socal, of all the Aramco companies, is the one that made the most publicized effort to bring the U.S. into the Arab orbit.

"Whoever did it did an awfully good job—he didn't leave any tracks," said a Senate source. "It appears that Anderson's source may well have been duped."

An interesting epilog: Last summer the Senate subcommittee sent a letter to former attorney general William Saxbe asking that the FBI launch an investigation into the identity of the forger. A delay ensued when the letter somehow was lost for two months. It was eventually discovered behind a filing cabinet in Saxbe's office. "Yes," one CIA official reportedly said last fall, "the FBI is now investigating the case, but they *won't* find anything." In the double-edged patois of Washington, this appeared to be an indication the CIA was not exactly anxious that the FBI probers be successful. The CIA, incidentally, has carried on an extremely close liaison with Israeli intelligence, which has performed many clandestine favors for the U.S., particularly in Iraq. One source close to the CIA said he believes the agency ordered the FBI not to delve too deeply into the case.

And in the opinion of some officials at Socal, the FBI investigation was indeed slipshod and unenthusiastic. The probe recently ended without success and one FBI agent remarked: "This case was one of the damnedest mysteries I've ever seen."

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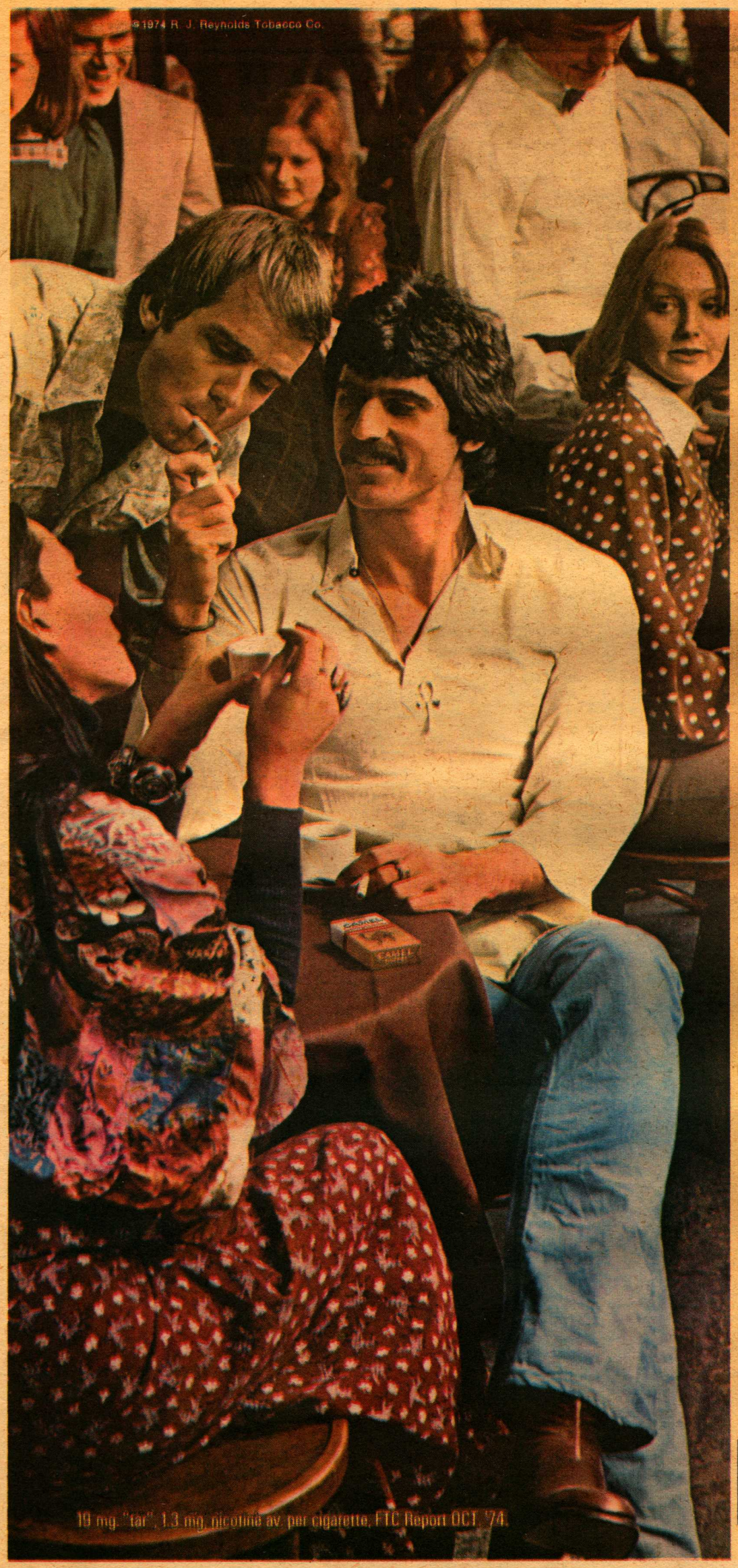

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BELFAST: CITY OF SORROWS

BY GLORIA EMERSON
PHOTOS BY NANCY MORAN

The announcement of the cease-fire was two sentences. The Provisionals of the Irish Republican Army declared on the night of February 9th that "hostilities against the Crown forces would be suspended." The open-ended cease-fire means they do not intend to kill any more British soldiers in Northern Ireland or blow up their targets in England which have been pubs, stores, clubs, mailboxes. The British agreed to cut down on arrests and random searches in houses and on streets; their 14,500 troops in Northern Ireland are not to be quite as conspicuous.

But so very little is certain. The news made no one cheer, caused no celebration. It is a second attempt to bring an end to the war in Northern Ireland: The first cease-fire at Christmas lasted 25 days. In Belfast, where so many guns are in so many hands, nothing can be believed except the hatreds that are like acid eating into everything. Politicians and political solutions have been rising and collapsing since I first went there in 1969 as a correspondent for the 'New York Times.' After two years in Vietnam, another partitioned country, I went back to Belfast. It was not until the last visit, the fifth in five years, that I understood why Belfast and Saigon are alike in this one peculiar way: You can never be sure who is still there, who is still alive.

After that cold Thursday when James Patrick McDade, a 28-year-old lieutenant in the Irish Republican Army, blew himself up while planting a bomb in England, laments and praise for his death drenched the pages of a Belfast newspaper. In the *Irish News* there were more than 40 death notices which mourned and sang of young McDade who had done his duty. The first, from his mother, said: "In proud memory of my son, James, Lieutenant, Birmingham Battalion, killed in action November 14, 1974 — R.I.P. My sons were faithful and they fought." Her other son, Gerard, a captain in the IRA was shot dead by British soldiers in December 1971.

There are such women in Belfast: Ireland never uses them up or drives them mad. The war in Northern Ireland—which in their soft, sugary voices the Irish call "the troubles" or "the situation"—is in its sixth year. But the reasons for it, the deep grievances and longings of the Catholics, the panic of the Protestants that they will lose their supremacy, the bankruptcy of British solutions, is such an old story. The nightmare is not new: Only the faces change.

The stories the Irish tell, those long stories rub like slabs of sandpaper on the skin. In Belfast everyone has a story to tell. Mrs. Kathleen McCartan, a Catholic housewife whose husband is a laborer, who has four sons, is glad to tell you that all their lives are in danger and that it doesn't do much for the nerves to get threatening telephone calls and to have to lock yourself in every night. Her lungs are bad, but she does not want to stop smoking.

"When you've had all the fuss I've had, it's better than a beer," Mrs. McCartan said. Four male relatives have been murdered. The first, a 21-year-old nephew, Jimmy McCartan, went to a bachelors' party for a friend at the Park Avenue Hotel on the night of October 3rd, 1972. When he left, after midnight, some men were waiting for him. When the body of Jimmy McCartan was found the next day, tied at the ankles, he had been shot in the head, stabbed, burned by cigarettes and beaten. The killers were UDA men, Mrs. McCartan said. The Ulster Defense Association, a paramilitary organization of Protestant vigilante groups, is at war with the IRA, obsessed with their fear that Britain will abandon them, that Northern Ireland will be swallowed up by the dreaded papist republic in the South.

It does not much matter to Mrs. McCartan whether I believe her story or not. Outsiders often treat the Irish, especially if they are poor, like charming but childlike liars.

But there is proof: Mrs. McCartan goes away, comes back with a photograph of her nephew in his casket. The very deep white ruffles rising inside the coffin, like soft new petals, do not conceal the injuries. On his face and hands are the marks of a bullet, the cigarette burns, the knife.

One of her sons, the 16-year-old, is an apprentice mechanic: a short, tense fellow with greased hair and big hands. He is named for Patrick Pearse, leader of the Irish rebel forces against the British in the great Easter Rebellion of 1916 and who was executed for it. Every week Patrick Pearse McCartan is picked up and detained by the British troops in Belfast; once he came home and fainted on the settee, his mother said.

"Always the Brits that does us," Mrs. McCartan said, in a long recital of harassments, arrests, confrontations. She cannot bear the sight of them. There was the day when she saw Patrick Pearse McCartan being grabbed by a British soldier and started grabbing her son back: The story of that pulling and tugging, her shouting and shrieking, cheers Mrs. McCartan up no end. She lifts an IRA poster for us to see.

"We're Irish, this is Ireland," Mrs. McCartan said, as if she were calling out to a large room of people.

"The Protestants can't take as much as the Catholics can take. We're hardened to it now. I wouldn't leave here for nobody. Never."

Their history covers them like a mold that began to grow more than 300 years ago. In 1609 when James I, a Scot, was on the throne of England, he sent a colony of new settlers to the north of Ireland to create a power base for English rule. The area had been rebellious, stubborn, hard. The settlers, Scots and Englishmen, were Protestants who had little in common with the Irish Catholics who had been there for so long. The newcomers were given land. The Catholics were crushed, cheated, gradually outnumbered and often despised by the Protestants who prospered and grew powerful. Their name for Northern Ireland is Ulster; the Catholics will not use it. In 1920, hoping at long last to pacify the Irish who wanted independence and the others who opposed it, the British government partitioned

Ireland. Below the Border, a 26-county Free State that became the Republic and above it, a six-county Northern Ireland that remained part of Britain. The Catholics had the South, the Protestants the North. But the Border solved very little. Some saw it as an amputation of Ireland, but to others it was a fragile line of defense.

Nothing has been forgiven, nothing has been forgotten. Dying for an Ireland that is united and at last theirs — however discouraged or opposed — is not felt to be an ordinary death by Catholics in the IRA. If a husband is gunned down, a son splattered by his own bomb, a daughter sent to prison, it pins the name of that family to a history that still lives, warming and lighting their lives like bonfires that refuse to go out.

The children take sides when they are very young. In the spring of 1972, on a day no meaner than any other, I watched a group of small Catholic boys in the Falls Road area—an uncertain little army with high voices, pink cheeks and tight faces—provoke a squad of British soldiers. Some of the boys, no more than seven or eight, could not throw bricks or paving stones very far, but the older boys were good, hopping and leaping in a lunatic ballet, calling out curses as they threw.

Sometimes the older ones had homemade nail bombs which can rip and shred the skin of several soldiers at once. The British protected themselves with giant plastic shields and face visors, plunging down streets like samurai when the attacks grew fierce. Facing crowds or children, they sometimes used rubber bullets which hurt but do not kill. Proud was the child who could howl he was *hit, hit, hit.* Some Catholics, who shrink from the struggling and the killing, think a generation of children have been ruined by the war; others are not quite so sure. In 1972 Raymond O'Hagen, a 41-year-old teacher of 11-year-olds at St. Comgall's Primary School, mentioned the nervousness and lack of concentration shown by some pupils.

"It's not doing them tremendous harm," he said. "In a certain sense they're more alive than we were. I prefer violence to apathy. Something may come of it."

It was what not many Irish dared to say in those days: The war made children come alive. It made the parents come alive too, in the days when the perils and the punishments were still quite new. It gave them new, huge risks, not just the dull, constant ones of falling behind with the rent or of being laid off.

But a Catholic widow whose house was burned down by Protestants in 1969—a timid woman with swollen legs who dreams of her four cats—could not bear to see how the fighting had changed the smallest children. She remembers how she once tried to stop a "wee lad" from fighting on Crumlin Road with the Protestant children taunting him. The boy was six. Go home to your mother, stop all this, the woman said, patting him. The child made a final, ferocious face at his opponents.

"I've put up with them for 50 years," he said. It is a very slight story in a city of so many murders but it still makes the woman's eyes change, still makes her sigh and shake her head.

Nothing is as it was in Belfast: The war has come, like brown river water, under the door of each family, leaving a stain and a smell. Sometimes the children are not quite sure what their lives might have been like in other times. They cannot imagine normalcy anymore; the word has no meaning.

Carol Kennedy is 13. She is already a very pretty girl but it does not make things nicer or softer for her. She does not speak easily, words do not work well for her; she acts like someone who has been slammed shut. She is the oldest of four children: Damien is 11, Mary is ten, Fergal, nine. Two other children, Patrick, 15, and Willie, 12, came to live with them after the death of their parents. At Divis Flats no one thought it an unusual thing to do for "departed friends."

Real trouble came when the father, Billy Kennedy, was taken away in November 1972, and interned for two years at Long Kesh, a prison camp 15 miles south of Belfast. The mother, Mary, who is 32, was taken away in May 1974. Neither the parents nor the children ever knew when they would be freed.

The Kennedys were held under the Special Powers Act, which gives the government of Northern Ireland unusual powers of search, arrest and detention without trial. It is felt by Catholics to be a weapon

of a police state, but the excuse of the Unionists, who always controlled political power, has been that outbreaks of terrorism require such measures. The Special Powers Act, a legislative statute of 1922, gives blanket clearance to government forces for any action that suits them. It is also convenient to the British who disbanded the government of Northern Ireland in 1969 and imposed direct rule. For years the Special Powers Act has been considered the best way to frighten and punish suspected members of the illegal IRA. Protestants, who prefer to be called Loyalists, are also rounded up and confined for suspicious behavior but in far fewer numbers.

Carol found it hard to properly describe the morning the British soldiers came for her mother.

"They banged the door. It was half seven and we were in bed. Mummy opened the door. They come into the house and raided—no not until later—they come back in two hours and pulled down things to look. She got ready to go. There were six soldiers. Mummy said to us she'd be back soon. The soldiers didn't care, it was just like normal for them. I stared at them. Yes, I was frightened."

She cannot say more than that. Her plan is to quit school at 16 to work in a factory, earning $22 a week. She will never be able to earn much more.

The Kennedy family—the two adults and six children—lives in a four-room apartment in a housing project on lower Falls Road called Divis Flats. It is a large, cheaply made, gray concrete compound of low buildings that look ugly, old and cruel. The elevators do not often work so women have a hard time with baby carriages; the lights on the stairs are often out at night, the walls are thin, the buildings seem to bulge from too many people living in too few rooms. The British see Divis Flats as an IRA cesspool. Soldiers raid it frequently, moving very fast in squads, making no noise until they are at the door. Anyone can be "lifted," as they say in Belfast. It means being taken away by a soldier with a rifle. It is not the time to talk back, to try and hide or to run for it.

There was bright aqua plastic furniture in the small low-ceilinged living-room: Women are always trying to make those rooms come alive with harsh colors. A boy slept on the couch but no one told us which child he was. Carol Kennedy kept walking around, playing with a toy gun. She pointed it at her head, stuck it in her mouth, poked it in her cheek and aimed it at the television set, closing one eye the way men do when they aim. Neighbors and friends took care of the children, who lived on welfare checks that came to about $50 a week. The children took turns going to Armagh by bus to see Mary Kennedy, to Long Kesh by bus to see Billy Kennedy. They were very used to prisons. Carol made a list of what we could bring to her mother. "Butter, bread, buscuits," she wrote. "Tea Bags, cigerettes, cheese." The woman in the grocery store knows Mary Kennedy, what brand she smokes, how much cheese you can bring her, how old the children are. They all know each other, the Falls Road people; their lives seem knotted together like long ropes that do not come undone.

The prisoner was cheerful. She wore a nice sweater and big tinted glasses. Her thick, light brown hair looked very clean. A younger sister, Evelyn Gilroy, sat with us in the tiny room: very blonde and beautifully made up. The guards called them by their first names. No one seemed drugged or afraid. Political prisoners have the right to wear their own clothes, to have extra visits, to have food brought in, to do no work. It is not Attica, not the New York Women's House of Detention, but in seven months Mary Kennedy had not once been told why she was thought of as a dangerous person who needed to be punished.

"But it's worth it," Mary said. "Yes, worth it. We have what they'll never have, a love for country, a feeling for it." She spoke of the Protestants but she did not call them by this name. No Republican does. The struggle, they tell you over and over, is not between Catholic and Protestant workers. It is the working class against the ruling class. Protestants never use that language.

During the visit Carol sat close to her mother. They did not hug or kiss; it is not their way. Carol did not speak, only touching her mother very lightly from time to time, until we had to leave. Then she said she knew what she wanted for Christmas, she had made a list. Mary Kennedy did not answer; she did not even sigh. Carol's list: a skirt, sweater, trousers, shoes, a blazer. All of it would cost $60. She knew there was no hope but she had to ask.

Billy and Mary Kennedy were released and able to go home for Christmas. In the *Andersonstown News*, an underground IRA newspaper I see in New York, it said the family was at last together but that their apartment in Divis Flats had been wrecked before their homecoming on Christmas Eve.

Ceilings and walls were damaged, doors pulled off hinges; the bathroom was a mess. Perhaps the intruders had been angered by the little plaque in the hall that said: "In Proud Memory of the Dead Volunteers 'D' Company, 2nd Battalion, IRA" with seven names on it: Hughes, O'Rawe, Quigley, McAreaney, Donaghy, McKinney, Marley.

"The children told me that British soldiers had raided the house almost every day," Mrs. Kennedy said in the newspaper. "Once they searched the house from top to bottom no less than five times. It just couldn't be lived in now."

Andersonstown is the name of a housing estate in west Belfast, one more Catholic ghetto but an easier one, with its yards and small houses, than Divis Flats. The editor of the *Andersonstown News* does not tell visitors his name or inspire cozy chats. The editor, who is young and bitter, looks as if he were deprived of sleep. The office is one room. There are no reporters, only unpaid contributors. He did not want the Americans to see the war as a religious brawl, but as a struggle of greater complexity, with economic, political and social injustices. I did not tell him that Americans do not think at all about his

war, that most of them did not know the difference between the Republic in the South and Northern Ireland, which is British. Perhaps the editor suspected this. At any rate, he made it clear he thought most journalists were not much good, especially those who were British. The editor believes that they spend most of their time in Belfast, not writing the truth about the "troubles," but drinking in the bar of the Hotel Europa.

"Lunchtime O'Boozes, that's what I call them," the editor said.

The war has changed very much since 1969, since 1972, but there is always a funeral each time you come back.

"In your own country you forget your dead but Ireland never forgets its own," Brian said. It does not matter that McDade failed on his mission and that all that was left of him in the telephone office in Coventry was a tip of thumb, a bit of jaw and some skull. "Died in Active Service on Enemy Soil in the Cause of Irish Freedom" says the memorial poster with a picture of him: long thin face, dark short hair, an easy grin, a man you might see in Philadelphia or New Jersey or the Bronx and not remember at all. *Mary, Queen of Ireland, pray for him, Mary Queen of Martyrs, Our Lady of Lourdes, St. Paul of the Cross, St. Patrick, St. Martin, St. Gerard, pray for him, pray for him*, the death notices said. There were poems in his honor: "Ireland called out for volunteers, you did not let her down, for with your life you paid the price and fought the English crown."

The war in Northern Ireland has spread to England. David O'Connell, described as the chief of staff of the Provisional wing of the IRA, put it very bluntly on a British television program. The British government and people must realize that because of the terror waged by troops in Northern Ireland, they must suffer the consequences, he said. That should explain what McDade was doing, alone, in Coventry that day when it went so wrong for him.

"If the British people do not care how many Irish die, and they do not, if they do not care how many of their own soldiers die, and they do not, perhaps they will care a wee bit more when it comes their turn in their own cities," Brian said.

He is a middle-aged Catholic, a working man as they put it, the father of four, a Republican, a child of Falls Road who can remember how few families had indoor toilets or running water and the good jobs that Catholic men could never get. He has taken us to many places in the war.

The Provisionals, the wing of the IRA that are waging the war, wanted to hold a march in Birmingham to pay homage to McDade; the British government refused to let them. There was no ceremony. One week later, bombs destroyed two pubs in Birmingham, the second largest city in Britain. They killed 19, injured 184 people. The British could not believe it; nothing has outraged and sickened them so much since World War II.

In Belfast, it seemed strangely silent that week. There were those who hoped the IRA Provisionals had really done it, others who prayed they had not and many who did not see why people were so upset about the victims in Birmingham when Belfast had so many of its own. There is a belief that the Provisionals acted in revenge for the march they were forbidden to have; others accept their denial. A group called Red Brigade 74, an unknown movement, claimed the credit for Birmingham.

Nine days after his death, the funeral of McDade took place. No one had been sure when the coffin would get home. Protestant workers at the Belfast airport said they would not handle it. The British feared IRA marches and Protestant reprisals. The coffin was flown to Dublin, then driven across the Border with 17 mourners accompanying it.

The McDades are a family of Ardoyne: an old neighborhood in the city with small brown streets of brick row houses pushed as tightly together as teeth. Groups of men stand on street corners in a frieze from the Thirties: They have cloth caps, mufflers from Christmases they no longer remember, coats that are long and too thin for the chilling, damp winters. They are polite to Americans but they do not tell very much. No one asked me if I am of Irish descent. Nothing in my face speaks of grandparents called Mary Nolan, Harry Shaw.

"You are too tall to look Irish," Brian said.

It rained that day in Belfast, a Victorian city that grew up around huge shipyards and mills, a city where even the palest sunshine seems a treat. The funeral procession started at Clonard Street and went down Falls Road for more than a mile. The rain whipped the marchers. The younger ones tried not to droop, to sniffle, tried to make it a sharp, tight military march but their shoes were soaked and their hair dripped. The men in black berets—the badge of the IRA—and black suits all wore dark sunglasses so their faces might not be known. No one wore a raincoat: It was not a day for such indulgence. There were IRA youth groups: boys in trousers that seemed to have shrunk, for it is a new trend in Belfast to cut the pants off way above the ankles. It made them look frail, almost forlorn. The IRA schoolgirls in sweaters and skirts, dark stockings and serious shoes, looked like Girl Scouts, not volunteers in an army that could ask so much of them.

People stood in clots on Falls Road, or sat in their cars, as the mourners went by. Half a dozen men, all over 50, stood up quite straight when they saw the black limousine with the flowers on its roof; some saluted, others held their hats over their hearts, a reminder once more that for all its mistakes, all its losses, all its nearly fatal flaws, the IRA endures. British troops, stationed on the corners of side streets, took photographs of people in the procession. But women on the sidewalks moved like gulls opening their wings: Standing shoulder to shoulder, they tilted their umbrellas back to make a shield, so the faces of the men might not be recorded. Some of them walked all the way just to be able to do that.

At the Republican plot in Milltown Cemetery, a lone piper played at the grave. A short, tough-looking man spoke of Ireland, Lazarus, Ireland; the rain did not stop. The widow, Jacqueline, was held up by other women as the widows always are. On her left was Mrs. Moira Drumm, the spokeswoman for Sinn Fein, the political wing of the IRA. She could be 55 years old by now; the fine, sharp face still looks lovely in repose. For years she has been a fierce, clear voice, a woman who uses words as if she were loading a machine gun she designed herself. We met in 1972, all reporters go to see her, take notes fast. She is not one to waste her time.

"We are fighting for our lives and the lives of the people coming after us," Mrs. Drumm said that spring. "I've warned people that if they did not continue to support the IRA the British might murder us in our beds. They are a bloody pack of bastards who should be put out of this country. Let us decide our own destiny." Her husband James had been interned for a total of 13 years. One August night when the British were raiding, her 15-year-old daughter ran through the streets shouting, "Get out of your beds and save your men." It made the mother proud.

This time, back in Belfast, I was in trouble with Moira Drumm. Two years and eight months ago I had described the "tiny, chilly parlor" of her house in Andersonstown. A friend in the United States sent her a clipping. The description deeply offended her; she did not want to see me anymore.

"I am afraid that we are not the class of people that would interest you," Mrs. Drumm said. Apologies did no good.

The British have never been able to conceal their contempt for the Irish whom they often see as a people of messy, hysterical ways; the old joke that every Irishman has a potato inside his head still lives. Their troops, who have four-month tours of duty in Northern Ireland, hate it. Sergeant Major Alan Reed of the Royal Horse Artillery put it this way in 1972; others still do when describing the Catholics.

"They smell, they are not clean and their kids are not clean," the sergeant major said. "The men don't work. And the Irish girls' speech—the words they use toward you—well, you cringe when you hear them. They're all mad."

The troops first came in the summer of 1969, when the terrible and deep disorders in Northern Ireland made their city streets look like Detroit or Watts. The long, tangled fuse was lit when Catholic civil rights marchers in Londonderry were savagely attacked by the police, always Protestants and lovers of the Union Jack. The old tensions exploded; men wanted guns, barricades went up, houses were set on fire. Protestants viewed the years of efforts by Catholic reform groups to bring about reasonable changes as a papist conspiracy to end their power, another attempt to push the country into the arms of the Republic. Yet what the Catholics wanted was not war but this: fair electoral boundaries, freedoms of speech and amnesty, repeal of the Special Powers Act, end to discrimination in housing and jobs. Noth-

ing could ever be the same again: A peace line—a mile-and-a-half barricade—went up to separate the two battlefields: Falls Road and Shankill Road, a long Protestant street than runs parallel to it. In a city that once had a slow steady step and went to bed at ten, there were armored cars with heavy caliber ammunition and infantry troops with bayonets. Fearing their own heavily armed paramilitary police as much as the Protestants, many Catholics saw the British troops as their only protectors. Old women and girls with babies told them so, wanting to give them cups of tea. Protestants burned Catholic houses on Conway, Brookfield and Bombay Streets; a gang of men marched on Unity Flats to get Catholics. Only the British Army was there to stop it. In a few months that changed. Catholics saw the British as partisans of the Protestants, wanting to maintain the old order, an army out to persecute, not defend, them. There is no point trying to argue it. Bloody Sunday, they say over and over again, naming the day in January 1972 when 13 of them were killed in Derry by British troops who opened fire. Last May, the first fragile plans for sharing of political power between Catholics and Protestants were destroyed. Hard-line Protestants called a strike which paralyzed the country, in opposition to formation of a Council of Ireland that would have linked Northern Ireland with the Republic. There were widespread blackouts. Gasoline ran out; so did meat. Garbage was not collected. The strikers said if British troops tried to take over their jobs it might get messy. The leaders of the strike were not arrested; no Protestant was punished. It was feared that a total power failure might take place: no running water, rotting food in the shops, a collapsed communications system and no sewage system if the pumps stopped. The Catholics in the "risk" areas, as the British put it, kept quiet, stayed home and thought perhaps the worst of it was yet to come. No one could pretend when the strike ended that it was not a victory for the Protestants who said, in private, they had waited long enough for such a day.

Belfast is the saddest of cities, the sickest of them all even if it looks calmer and sounds more quiet. The British and the police have put up signs: DON'T LET THE BOMBER GET YOUR CAR and DON'T LET CHILDREN PLAY WITH TOY GUNS. Citizens are urged to do their duty: IF YOU ARE SUSPICIOUS CALL 999. Everywhere is the advice DON'T BECOME A MURDER VICTIM. People are warned not to open their doors unless they know who is there; to vary their movements and times and routes; to make sure someone knows a rough timetable of their movements; to avoid going out alone at night; to watch out for suspicious gangs; to avoid standing on street corners and under street lights. IF YOU HAVE INFORMATION ABOUT MURDERS, EXPLOSIONS OR OTHER SERIOUS CRIMES RING BELFAST 652155 IN COMPLETE CONFIDENCE.

Some things have changed. The slogans written on hundreds of brick walls and sidewalks—"No Popery Here," "Prods Stay Out," "Che Lives," "All Fenians Will Be Shot"—have faded away or have been scrubbed off. The barricades made of scrap metal, garbage cans, boards, mattresses and tables on streets named Kashmir, Balaclava, Jamaica, Sevastapool, Benares and Abyssinia, have long been gone. Men do not come out of pubs with broken beer bottles in their hands to fight in the streets as they did five years ago; the rattle of submachine guns is no more, tears are not from tear gas.

The statisticians of Northern Ireland say violence is down: Like the Americans in Vietnam they have little charts to prove it. What the charts never show is the level of dread. No one can be sure they will not be a target: Many murders are carried out by men not acting on political passions but with scores to settle. Organized assassination squads use stolen cars, shoot, get away. The victims are ordinary: The moment of death comes when a man is waiting to go home or dusting an old plate. At the Bric-a-brac shop, its 34-year-old Protestant owner, Thomas Hamilton, was fussing about when he was fatally shot. His eight-year-old daughter, Elaine, saw it, then crouched behind a counter. In one weekend when we were there, a shooting at Arkle Taxis on Clifton Road killed Mary Shepherd, the owner's wife, and a man who was waiting for a cab. She was Catholic, he was not. Arkle's was sprayed with bullets.

Sometimes there are communiques as to why murders took place. When two judges were shot in their

suburban houses last September, the Provisionals of the IRA announced later that both men had frequently been warned they "were part of the British war machine." Fifty-four-year-old Rory Conaghan opened the door because he thought it was a mailman outside. One of his small daughters saw him killed in the hallway of their house. Fifty-six-year-old Martin McBirney, a Protestant, was shot dead making breakfast in his kitchen. Conaghan was known for his strict sentencing of terrorists; McBirney had not sentenced any. He was best known for participating in a radio quiz many Britons like. His sister Frances had a fatal heart attack upon learning how he died. That is how it goes.

A Methodist church in Donegal Square has, for a long time, kept a sign out front which says, "No Cause Justifies This!" The number of dead was recently given as 1131 on the sign: It is higher now.

But the talking never stops. Conversations become ordeals of endurance. The soft voices: pleading, denouncing, defying, defending, raging, yet no one ever really shouts. It is a city of divisions as sharp as shards of broken glass. The Protestants have split into half a dozen groups, all pledging to protect the Ulster they know and love. There are, besides the Ulster Defense Association, groups called the Ulster Volunteer Force, the Ulster Freedom Fighters, the Ulster Red Hand Commandos and street gangs who are called the Tartans in honor of their Scottish ancestry. The UDA and UVF claim a membership of more than 60,000 trained, armed men. The IRA is torn into two wings who deeply distrust each other: the Provisionals versus the Officials. The Provisionals have claimed they are pledged to protect the Catholics since no one else will, and they can only drive the British out by the gun, the bomb, the homemade mortar. Industry must be ruined to make the British bleed. But the Officials, while always campaigning to get the British out and end internment, want no part of sectarian murders in Northern Ireland. The Provos see the Officials as Marxists, pushing a way of life that is foreign, suspicious, un-Irish. Even socialism is a dirty word.

The Officials see the Provos as fools. Billy, a round-faced bachelor in the last years of his 50s, explained, "We feel that for every shot fired we increased the divisions between Catholics and Protestants. We don't go for the overt trappings of militarism. The Provos give me a pain. Their stand is for getting rid of the Brits. There's no point if conditions in this country don't change. This is an economic war. The Protestants are fighting to hold on to privilege. We want a democratic state; we don't want to be a colony or a satellite."

The English are a treacherous race, Billy added, and the Catholic Church had a crushing influence on this Irish.

"They are so reactionary themselves."

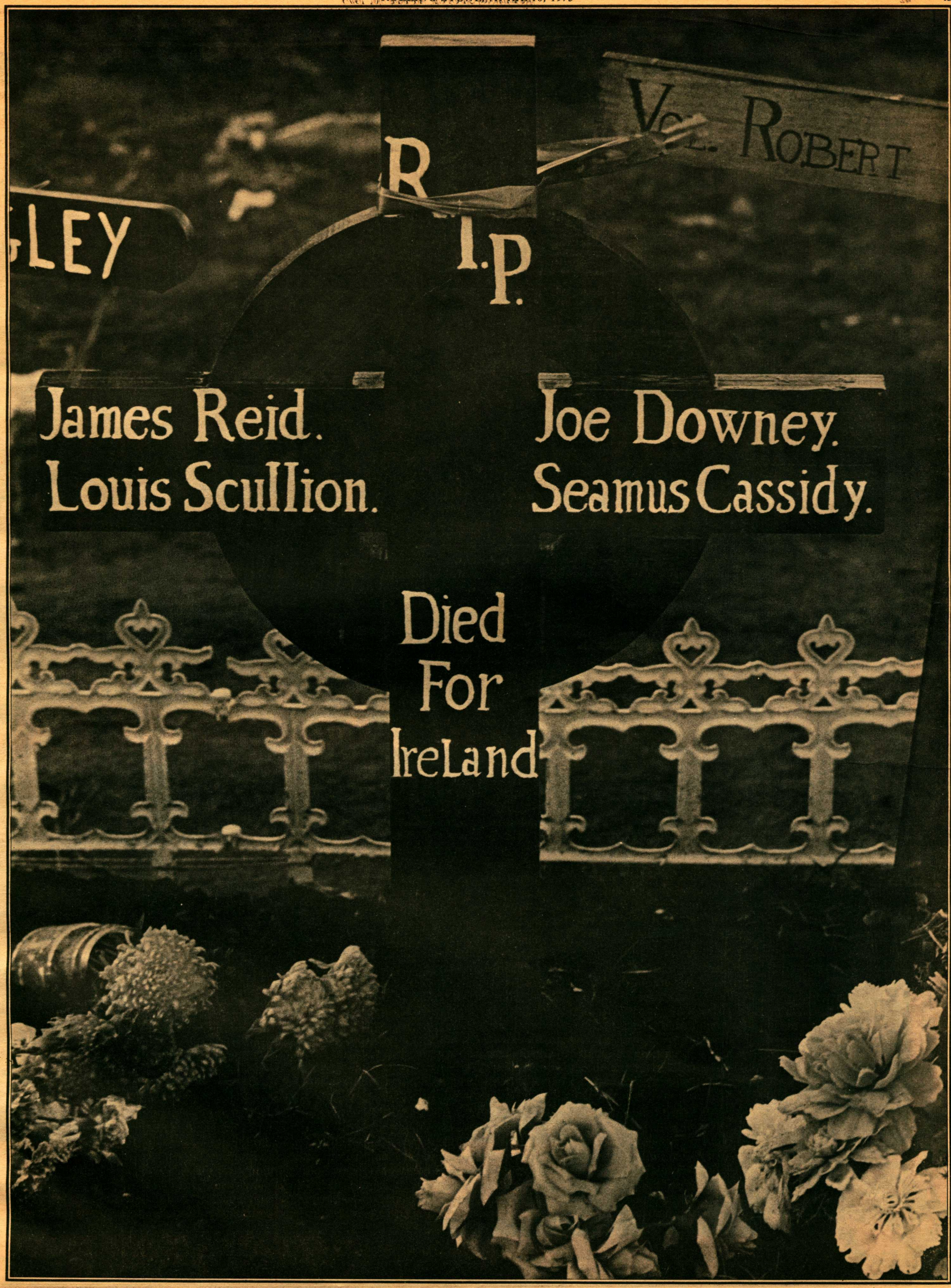
In the Shankill Road headquarters of the Ulster Defense Association, the room was filled with teenaged boys who looked like a posse waiting to be called. But they were friendly and gave us a UDA newsletter which had the words of a song called "Home, Home in Belfast." The refrain goes like this: "The R.C. was chased from this part of the North/A foolish man he would be to return,/To the land of the Prod where we vowed to God/His friendship of evil to spurn."

We did not ask to hear it sung. Thirsty for some tough talk on class struggle and the economic war, I challenged a UDA official named Tommy whose wife quite rightly fears for his life. He was pasty faced, a more tired man you would not see. His health has been bad for years, Tommy said. He started working at the age of 14; he had five nearly grown children whom he prayed "would not get caught by the troubles," and for years he had been a shop steward in a plant. If he was a man of privilege, you could not tell it by his voice, his hands, his shirt or his socks. Tommy seemed suspicious that labor unions had been used for political purposes, an odd comment for a shop steward.

"I feel British much more than Irish," he said. "Our upbringing is totally British, our education is British. If the British pull out, there'll be a civil war." It sounded like a promise.

The cease-fire between the British and the IRA, those old enemies, is increasing the panic of those Protestants who always suspect they are being sold out. They could easily wreck it by another strike or taking to the streets. The "troubles" have only made more Catholics want unity with the Irish Republic. Ireland is too small to be apart, to have a border there. The Protestants know this, sense their supremacy is coming to an end, and that the British would be glad to at last be rid of the Irish "mess" which has troubled and embarrassed them for so long. In the last five years Britain has spent three billion dollars in Northern Ireland. She has lost 232 of her soldiers and had nearly 1400 wounded. The British plan a constitutional convention this spring and have pledged to refuse any new constitution that excludes the sharing of power between Catholics and Protestants. But Catholic delegates will be outnumbered by Protestant delegates, who will go on insisting on majority rule which is their rule. The illness of Ireland may grow worse.

Although the British and the Provisionals have said they will not kill each other, no such agreement exists between the Catholics and the Protestants. More than 50 people in Northern Ireland have been injured since the cease-fire. Most of them have been Catholics, a few were Protestants seen as traitors by their own. One Protestant city official, 35-year-old Frederick Proctor, was shot in the stomach for criticizing the "growing gangsterism" in the Shankill district of Belfast where the Protestant vigilantes reign. But death does not always come by the gun. Two Valentine's Day cards were sent with explosives sealed in their envelopes. When opened they disfigured the face of a Catholic man and hurt his wife and child. Three other Valentine's Day cards were defused by authorities. All of them had S.W.A.L.K. written on the outside: the initials which mean Sealed with a Loving Kiss.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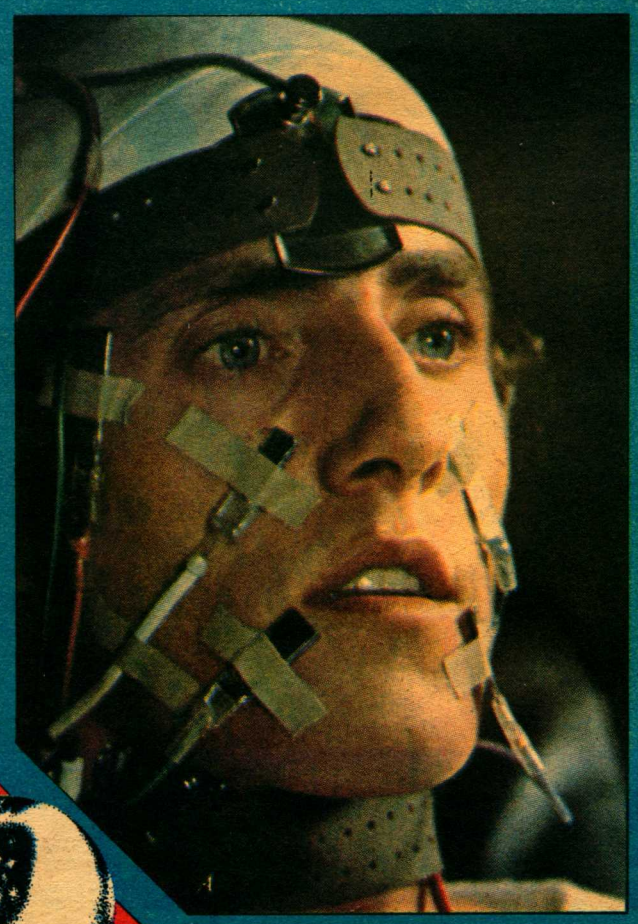

A

"*Tommy* is greater than any painting, opera, piece of music, ballet or dramatic work that this century has produced." This is what the hypesters at Columbia Pictures' publicity mill came up with recently.

"They get carried away, you know," said *Tommy*'s director, the mercurial Ken Russell, who merely shrugs his shoulders and adds, "I think what I actually said was that *Tommy* was the best modern opera since Berg's *Wozzeck*."

This little exercise in blowing up and exploding artistic balloons is only an example of the kind of hysteria and suspense which hovers over the release of Peter Townshend and the Who's magnum opus of the Sixties, as translated by Russell for the screen. Still, the movie is expected to have a considerable impact. It brings together, for the first time really, the two main camps of contemporary entertainment, rock music and film, and utilizes the talents of the top figures of each. So the result is a kind of artistic detente, with the likes of Jack Nicholson, Oliver Reed and Ann-Margret acting as ambassadors from one nation, and the Who, Elton John and Eric Clapton standing up for the youthful and lusty land of rock & roll. Between them stands Ken Russell, the maverick — and sometimes pariah — of the movies; a film director who began his career churning out thrillers like *Billion Dollar Brain* and romantic musicals like *The Boy Friend*, moved through the religious sensationalism of *The Devils* and finally turned to filming the biographies of the great classical musicians — Mahler, Tchaikovsky and, after *Tommy*, Franz Liszt.

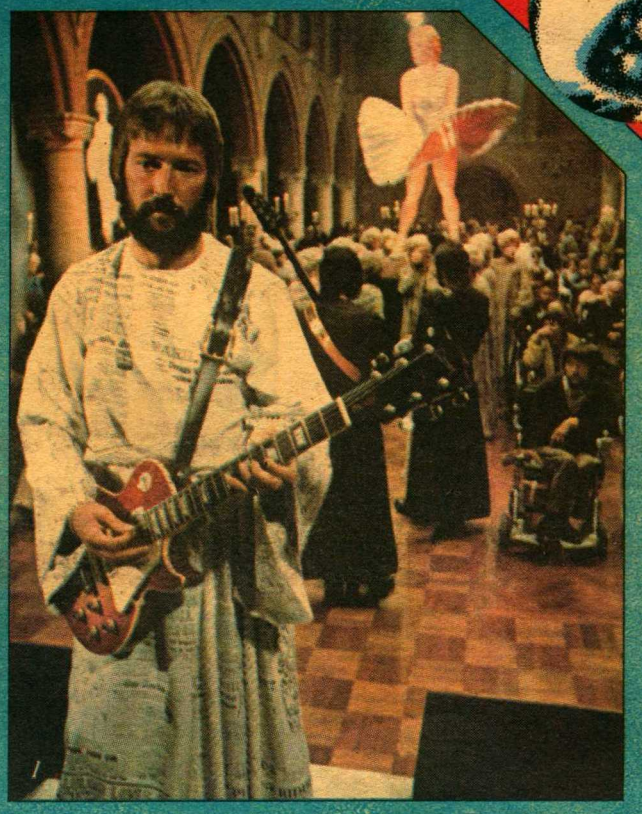
The project was given its first shove and then supported by Robert Stigwood with Columbia Pictures helping to finance and distribute the film. The British rock manager and mogul managed the Bee Gees and Cream, went on to produce the stage version of *Jesus Christ Superstar* (and, with Norman Jewison, the film version), and recently brought the stage play *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* to New York City.

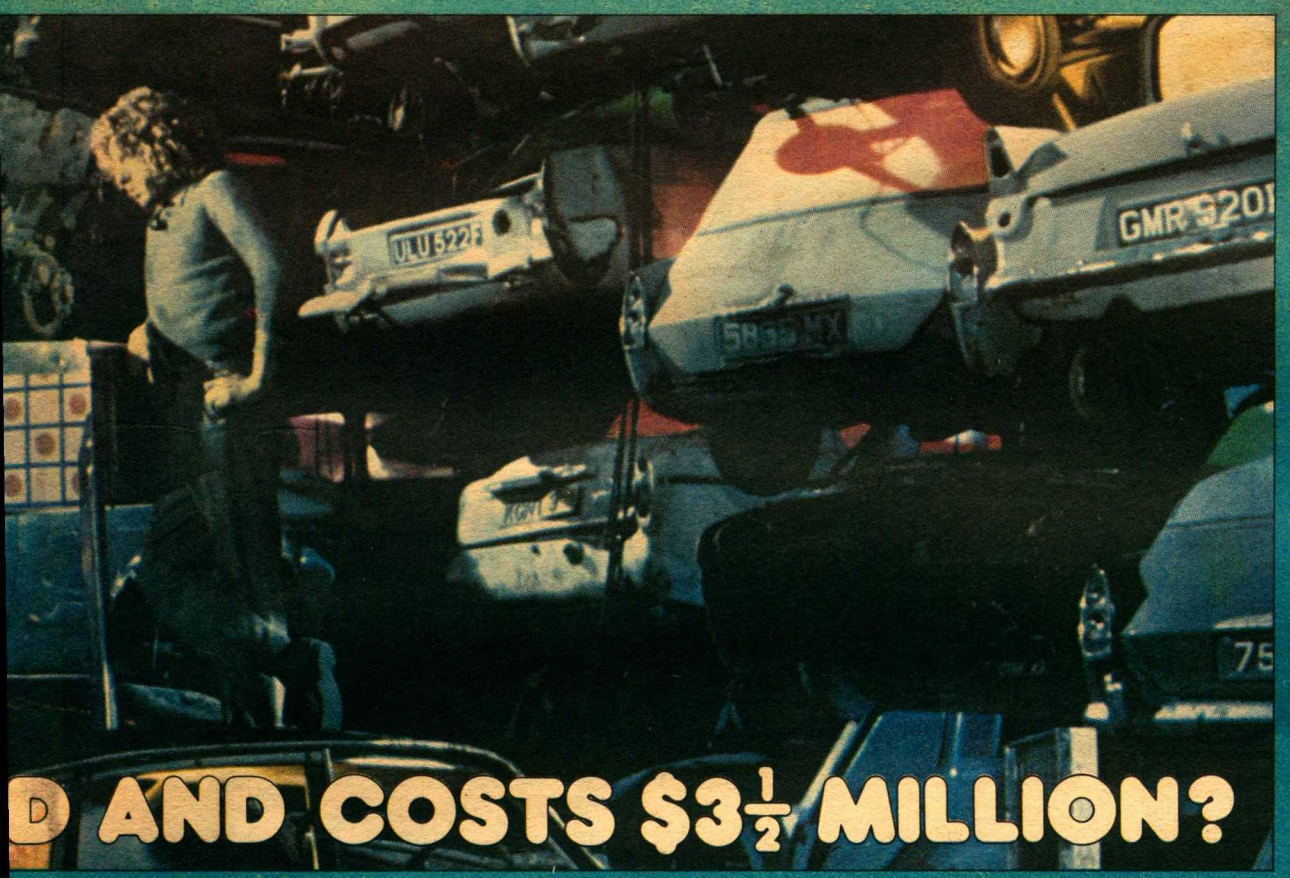
Tommy cost Columbia and the Stigwood Organisation $3.5 million to produce, with the film slightly overreaching its three-month shooting schedule in England late last year. Promotional expenses, like $25,000 Hollywood publicity parties and $100,000 for premieres in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, will greatly increase

A. Roger Daltrey, as Tommy, is wired for a cure. B. Tommy recovers his sight and hearing. "I'm Free." C. Nora, the Mom, played by Ann-Margret.

D. Tina Turner is the crazed Acid Queen. E. Sally Simpson (Victoria Russell) marries a rock idol. F. Oliver Reed as Tommy's money-grubbing stepfather, Frank Hobbs.

G.





D AND COSTS $3½ MILLION?

the movie's total price, though Stigwood and his London, New York and Los Angeles associates refuse to divulge just how much they are spending to boost the film. The soundtrack (a double LP with a $9.98 list price) has been acquired by Polydor Records and is expected to immediately earn a gold record.

Ken Russell sees nothing unusual in adding Pete Townshend's name to his roster of musical infatuations. To him, the work is a "genuine opera" and he sees no material difference between Townshend's images of pinball wizards and acid queens and the popular images which such composers as J.S. Bach and Kurt Weill worked into their creations. But if Russell has fallen in love with rock, it is evidently a new love. Before *Tommy*, the only group he recalls liking is King Crimson.

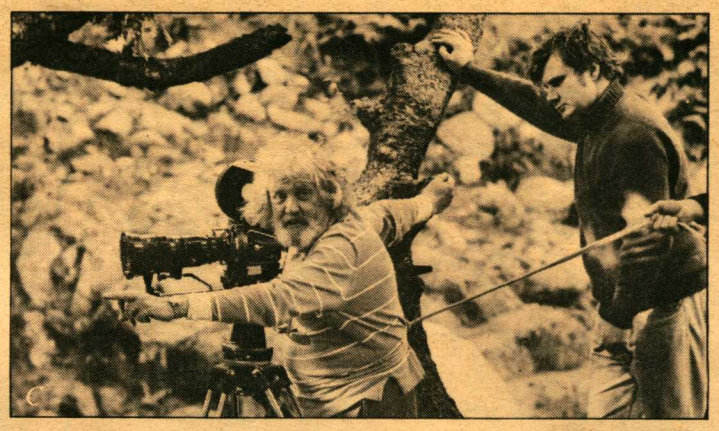
Pete Townshend looks at the collaboration between himself and Russell a bit differently. Speaking from England after the completion of the picture, the Who's mainstay said, "The chasm between the original record album and the film is a great one. But everything Ken Russell has done with the story and the music has my full blessing." As for the work's exact artistic identity, Townshend added, "As a gag, when we were working on it, we started to call it a rock opera, knowing full well it wasn't a true opera at all. I didn't need the music critics to tell me it wasn't an opera — I've probably listened to as much straight opera as many of them. But the tag stuck and we realized it was maybe a bit fanciful, but in spite of that we quite liked the idea."

Russell and Townshend spent a year collaborating on the script, which, incidentally, contains no straight dialog, but consists entirely of songs, images and effects. It was Russell's chore to give dramatic shape to Townshend's story of the deaf, dumb and blind Tommy, which had originally sprouted in Townshend's mind as a consequence of his religious conversion to the philosophy of Meher Baba. The allegory was thus highly personal to Townshend. If the story was confusing or unclear to any part of its original audience, the reason may be that it was not fully fleshed out on the album. To this day, Townshend considers the work a string of singles; some of the numbers, like "Pinball Wizard," were written before he even had a story of any kind in mind.

G. Elton John plays the world champion Pinball Wizard. H. Pete Townshend and John Entwistle at the pinball championship. I. Eric Clapton is a priest at St. Marilyn's Shrine.

J. Jack Nicholson, as the medical specialist, comforts Mom. K. Who's drummer Keith Moon as the rancid Uncle Ernie. L. Tommy (Daltrey) discovers the wonders of pinball in a junkyard.

B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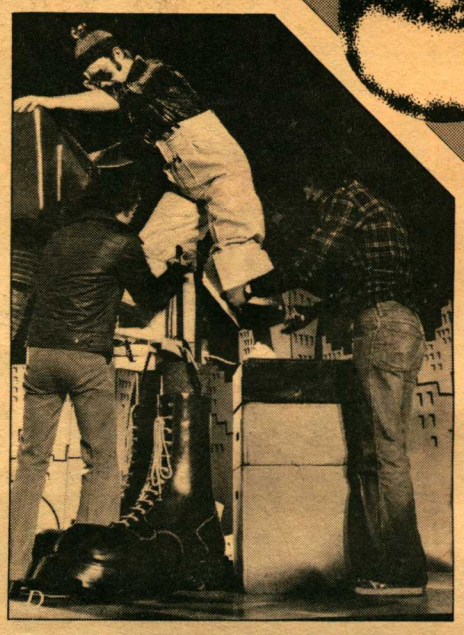
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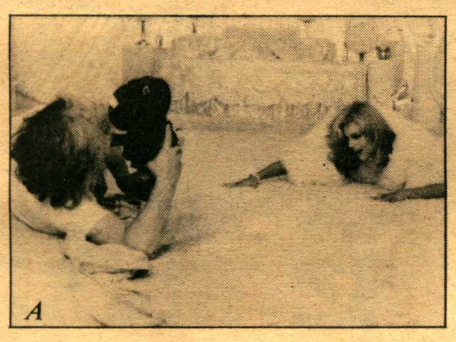
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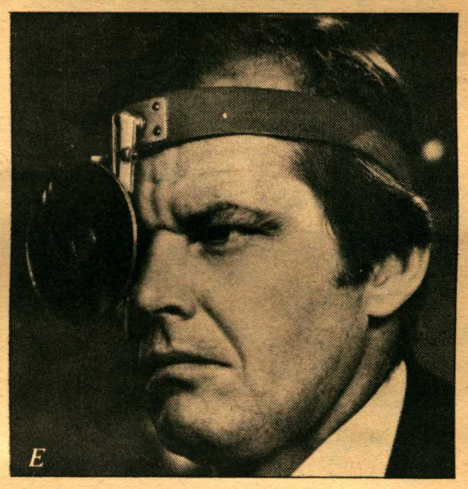
E

A. Ken Russell shooting Ann-Margret. B. Uncle Ernie flashes. C. Russell: the hand-held director. D. Elton John's platforms were stilts. E. A tough case for Jack Nicholson, a medical specialist.

The movie version of *Tommy* tells of a boy born to an English couple, Nora Walker (played by Ann-Margret) and her husband, an RAF group-captain who is thought to be dead as the result of a plane crash. So Nora takes up with Frank Hobbs (Oliver Reed), who runs Bernie's Holiday Camp. Tommy grows to idolize "Uncle Frank," but one night Group-Captain Walker unexpectedly returns home. He discovers Nora in bed with Frank. In the ensuing turmoil Frank smashes Walker in the head with a lamp and kills him. (Here, a reversal from the album's plot, in which Walker kills Uncle Frank.) In any event, young Tommy witnesses the horrid event and is struck deaf, dumb and blind by the trauma.

Time passes and the six-year-old Tommy grows into a young man (Roger Daltrey, the Who's lead singer). Frank and Nora try to cure him by taking him to a faith healer (Eric Clapton) without any result. Then Frank takes him to see the bizarre Acid Queen (Tina Turner), who shoots him full of drugs. Next, Tommy is bullied by his cousin Kevin (Paul Nicholas) and homosexually raped by his old Uncle Ernie (Keith Moon, the Who's drummer).

Tommy then takes up pinball, this being by all accounts the only sport he can relate to in his nearly insensible condition. He gets so good at the game that he's acclaimed as a champion. A showdown is arranged between him and the Pinball Wizard (Elton John, in three-foot-high platform shoes) — a sort of Henry Aaron of the sport. He beats the wizard and wins a fortune. Mom has a nervous breakdown (and recovers). Nora and Frank then take Tommy to see a medical specialist (Jack Nicholson) who also fails to effect a cure.

Back home in their new mansion, Tommy stares blankly into a mirror while Nora watches in despair. Finally, she pushes him through the glass and, through some miracle of optics, Tommy lands on the other side with his senses restored.

He now proclaims himself a new messiah and begins to lead a religion which draws huge numbers of followers. His disciples hand out "Tommy Tracts." He becomes world famous. "Tommy Holiday Camps" open all over the world. Nora undergoes a spiritual rebirth while Frank revels in his enormous new wealth. In the end, Tommy's followers rebel and run amok (song: "We're Not Gonna Take It"). They smash all of Tommy's pinball machines and kill Nora and Frank. Tommy is left alone again, presumably with what is known in epistemological circles as a *new sense of self*. Curtain.

To add continuity and expand the soundtrack to a feature-length 110 minutes (35 longer than the album version), Townshend penned four new songs: "Champagne," "T.V. Studio," "Mother and Son" and "Bernie's Holiday Camp." Stigwood and Polydor have arranged for the major houses in big cities to be equipped with what they call Quintaphonic sound, which Polydor officials describe as "similar to quad with the sound floating all around the room," but with the addition of a fifth speaker behind the screen, from which all vocal tracks issue.

All the songs were recorded in England before the shooting began and were then lip-synched into the film. The performers do their own singing which, for many of the actors, is a departure from the standard Hollywood trick of hiring pros to fill in for stars with poor or untried voices. Jack Nicholson, when asked to appraise his singing, said, "The voice is incomparable." Oliver Reed growls through much of his singing or speaks his lyrics à la Rex Harrison. But Ann-Margret has been doing a Las Vegas show for years and the rest of the featured performers — Elton John, Tina Turner, Clapton, Keith Moon and Daltrey — are, of course, veterans of rock.

Russell was particularly impressed by Roger Daltrey, who plays both Tommy and composer Franz Liszt in Russell's latest film biography. "Roger is a natural performer," he said, "and he has a good sense of cinema. He didn't know anything of the technique but he suggested some good cinematic ideas. I was involved in scripting the Liszt film [now in production in England] when we were shooting *Tommy*. I was overwhelmed at the resemblance between Daltrey and Liszt. I've taken photographs and you can't tell them apart."

Russell is enthusiastic about *Tommy*. It opens in curious times — with a shaky economy and less money available to be spent on diversions and luxuries. Stigwood, with his (at least) four-million-dollar investment in the project, could be up for a financial bath. But before the film even went into production, he engaged a New York market research group to test the climate for this project. The group, E.J. Wolf Associates, found 55% of their national sample had an "awareness" of the rock opera and a 77% level of "awareness" among 20 to 24-year-olds. They would form "a hard-core of early support." With several million riding on this pinball game, Stigwood hopes they're right.

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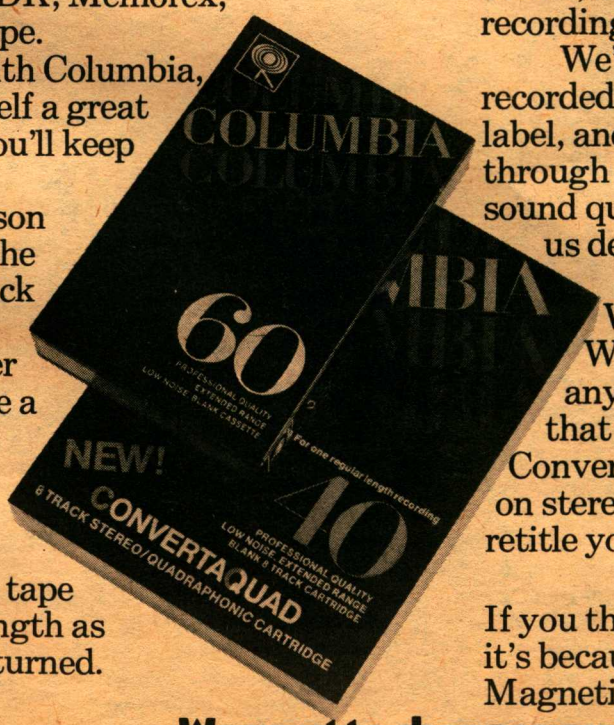

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THE REPORTER WHO BROKE THE MY LAI MASSACRE, THE SECRET BOMBING OF CAMBODIA AND THE CIA DOMESTIC SPYING STORIES

The Rolling Stone Interview with Seymour Hersh:

By JOE ESZTERHAS

Annie Leibovitz

At the age of 37, Seymour M. Hersh is an American institution. Since 1969, he has written a series of explosive stories which have had a profound effect upon the American consciousness. Since 1969, Sy Hersh has proven to his readers that American troops massacred civilians at My Lai; the Army's investigation of that massacre was a coverup; Secretary of State Henry Kissinger wiretapped his own aides; the Pentagon pilfered Kissinger's documents; the Nixon administration secretly bombed Cambodia; the CIA was involved in Chilean president Salvador Allende's overthrow.

An investigative reporter who works for the New York Times*'s Washington bureau, Sy Hersh is now at work on what many think the most significant of his many scoops: the CIA's involvement in massive domestic spying. It is a story which has gone off like a chain bomb. Hersh's CIA revelations have led to a blue-ribbon commission, congressional investigations and a continuing look into what seems to be a bottomless pit of KGB-type horrors.*

Seymour Hersh has already won one Pulitzer Prize (for My Lai), two George Polk Awards, as well as the Sigma Delta Chi Distinguished Service Award, the Worth Bingham Prize, the Scripps-Howard Public Service Award and a collection of lesser honors. Many think his CIA domestic-spying stories will earn him another Pulitzer. He is also the author of three books: Chemical Biological Warfare: America's Hidden Arsenal (*Bobbs-Merrill*); My Lai 4 (*Random House*) *and* Cover-Up (*Random House*).

Hersh is a hurricane of a man who seems to approach life as if it were a battlefield. He walks and talks like a speed freak but the energy is all natural; he doesn't even smoke. He devotes as much nervous energy to his tipsters (even the ones who call about flying saucers) as he does to helping his seven-year-old son finds his Monopoly cards. He hates pomposity and portentousness; "insouciance" is one of his favorite words. He is not much of a party-goer but spends a lot of time reading, and his reading is diverse.

Much of the interview, as befits Hersh, was done on the run. We ran from a CBS studio where Hersh was appearing on Face the Nation *(Bloody Marys with Senator Frank Church) to his home in the Cleveland Park section of Washington (waiting for a babysitter) to the* New York Times *office (Jimmy Connors against Rod Laver on television with Eileen Shanahan's commentary) to the Mayflower Hotel (and a bottle of Martell cognac).*

How does it feel to be an American folk hero?

I don't get any sense that I'm a great American folk hero at all. I think Woodward and Bernstein have a lot to do with the fact that reporters are suddenly seen as great folk heroes. In fact, we should be looked upon as maybe super schlemiels.

I'm not very excited about the fact that it took a couple of police reporters at the *Washington Post* to break one of the biggest stories of this century, a presidency that was patently corrupt. I'm not pleased with the fact that the Nixon administration could bomb secretly for 14 months in Cambodia without a helluva lot of people knowing about it. You know, it's fashionable now to call some of us investigative reporters but I'm doing the same thing I did in 1959 and '60 and '61, just trying to tell as much as I can about something.

The concept of the folk hero is just another passing phase. It's a mistake to think that we saved anything. My God! We're responsible for letting them get away with it. Our job is to be there.

What do you mean: "We should be looked upon as maybe super schlemiels"?

Well, it's not a word I use very often. It's funny I used it now. What I mean is that for all the talk about hard-hitting journalism and being unafraid, we were really walked over—in terms of major abuses.

The Nixon administration policy over Vietnam, for example, didn't fool many people. But it was the criminal element that we missed. We also missed the element of perjury and total deception and General Lavelle's bombing of North Vietnam. We missed the major crime, so we're not folk heroes.

You, on the other hand, have done a series of stories of tremendous national significance. How do you view your own role in that sense?

Well, I don't think about my own role very objectively. I'm sort of cast in the mold of crackerjack reporter, the Clark Kent hero, whatever that is. A lot of reporting is simply telling about things carefully and well. I sometimes think I'd like to do that kind of reporting—I'd like to cover a meeting for a week or two.

You never stop to think that with all the things you've done—with My Lai and the secret bombing and the CIA in Chile and the CIA in domestic spying —that you've in a sense shaped American policy?

No. Categorically no. It's very convenient not to. On the other hand, as anybody who works in my office would tell you, I'm perfectly more than aware of my talents. I mean, I'm not retiring. I can be awfully difficult. But I don't go around thinking portentous thoughts. For one thing, I'm not sure that stuff is true. A lot of people seem to think it is, but I'm not sure it's true.

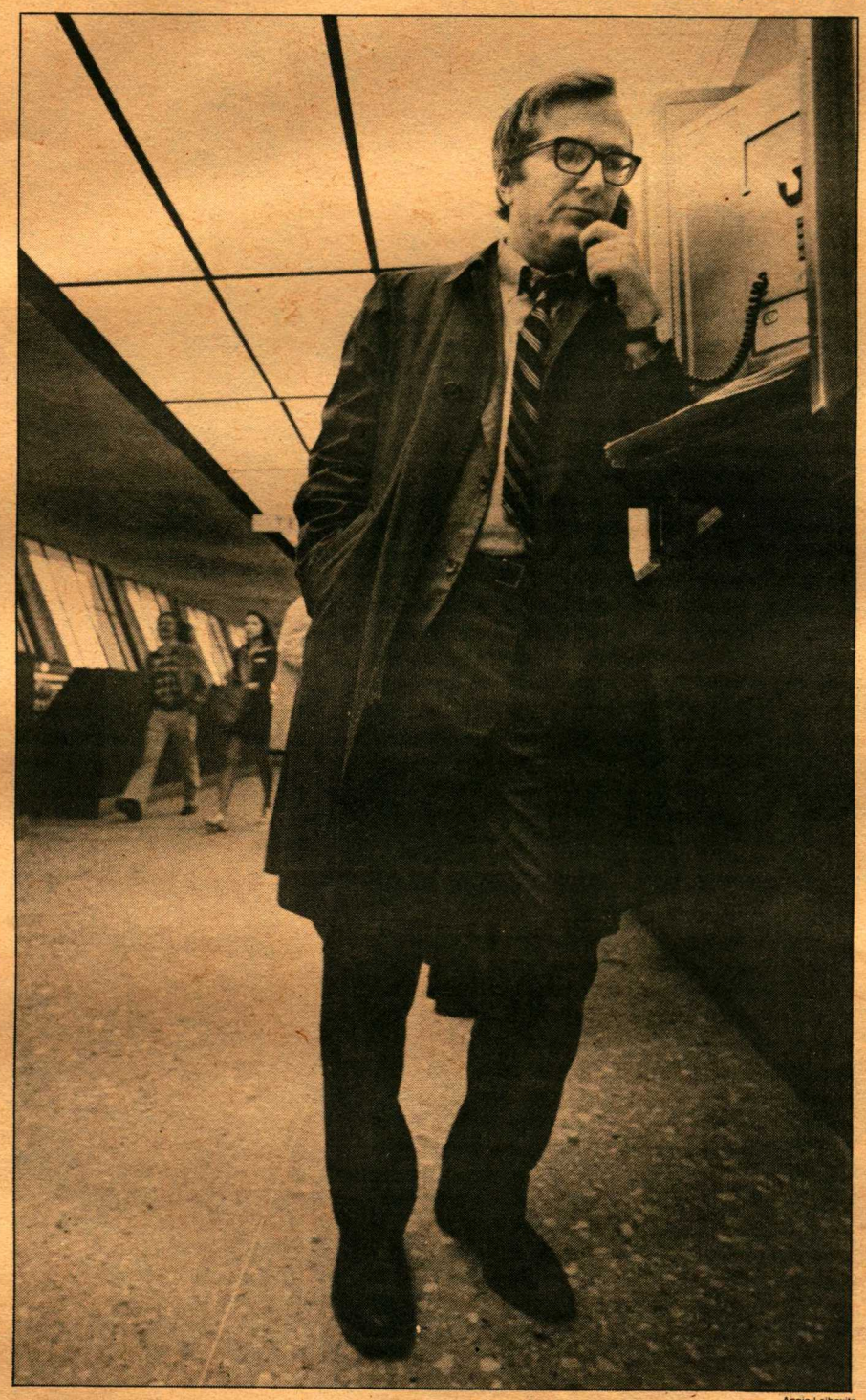
I think you're full of shit, Sy. I think it's absolutely true.

Well, I mean it could be. But I don't think that way. I'm serious. I don't feel full of myself that way. I'm full of myself in a lot of other ways, but not full of myself that way.

When the CIA exposé you're working on now is over, will you go through a kind of withdrawal until the next story comes along?

Yeah, when I go through that I slow down. I'm not happy, probably. Those are the times I always think what a lousy business the newspaper business is — what a boring goddamned dull thing it is. And I start plotting my freedom, when in fact it's a perfect marriage right now. I guess it's like flying or like taking heavy dope—I never have, but I've certainly read with fascination the accounts of people who have. Or like sex. The analogy would be, you know: "What do you say after you come?" Once you have the orgasm here all over the newspaper, then you retreat.

You're a scoop junkie!



Annie Leibovitz

Yeah, probably. But it's deeper than that. It's not just the scoop that does it.

What gives you the greatest enjoyment in your stories — in the CIA stories you're doing now, for example? The writing? Seeing it in the paper? The public response?

I'll tell you something about the writing. People always tend to think of newspaper writing as a pejorative art and it probably is. But it takes a little more finesse to say what you want to say. That's the beautiful thing I enjoy about the *Times*. There are pretty tough standards.

Somebody was writing in a magazine recently that the *Times* was now going in for advocacy journalism about the CIA. Nothing could be further from the truth. It's simply a story that's there. And they're riding it hard because it's a helluva good story. The fact that it's exclusive I'm sure helped a lot. But the *Times* is more above that than a lot of people want to think. They tend to—because it's exclusive—they want not to play them big. This CIA story was an exceptional one. I have a little problem talking about the CIA stuff because it's not done. I know there's a lot more to come out. The thing is—will it come out?

These guys in the CIA and FBI who ran some of these programs, these guys are unlike the kids at My Lai. You know, I broke that My Lai story and the next thing you know, every paper had some guy walk in and say: "Hey, I was there, man, I ripped them off." It's not happening with the CIA and FBI guys. I didn't think it would, though I was sort of wishing some—one or two guys — would show up, undercover guys, and say: "Hey, I was undercover for the CIA."

Anyway, in terms of personal satisfaction writing stories like this one, I'm not like a kid running around with a new-found toy. I've been there before. I knew how important this story would be.

But with which part of the process do you feel a particular kick? With the writing, the response—

No, no. When I know I have enough to get it published.

In this particular case, I had to get past certain levels of information. When you get past a certain level of information, then you know you're way into it. What you publish doesn't necessarily reflect everything that you know. Not because you're holding back for any reason, but because some things you just can't establish. Or you have a confidence problem. Not in terms of the source, but in terms of somebody depending on you. Let's say someone has told you much more than he wanted to just to convince you of certain points. And asked you not to publish it.

When you can break it off, that's a good feeling. For me it always happens just beforehand. It's a certain jubilation. When I've done the last interview. When I've got the last thing I need. Then I do my little version of the Snoopy dance and get happy.

The writing of it is all right. The better the story, the easier it is to write. Bang bang bang! Always understating it a shade. There's a wonderful debate going on now whether or not the word "massive" is appropriate in the case of the CIA story. Well, that word was talked about. We talked about that particular word. It's a little bit cliché-ish, but it conveys something. There wasn't anything written in the story that wasn't talked about. You write the story, you look at it, you send it off to New York, other people look at it, copy edit it. I don't find the process demeaning at all.

Is it tougher to convince the Times *to go with a story? You said somewhere that if the* Times*'s standards had been used, then My Lai wouldn't have gotten into print. What did you mean?*

Well, don't forget that 1969 was a lot different than '72, when I joined the *Times*. I think if somebody had walked into the *Times* or any other major newspaper in 1969 and said: "Here's this massacre story," they would have had a helluva time. If I broke the story now, if My Lai would happen next week, with my track record at the *Times* it would be all right.

But given '69, there would have been a lot of people who wouldn't have believed the story. Don't forget that now that we're dealing with a post-Watergate morality, it's different. In '69 they would have wanted me to do a lot more work in terms of getting Army explanations for it than I did. I'm sure I would have had more official pronouncements in the story.

I mean, that's sort of a commentary on the reporting that was coming from the field in Vietnam. I mean, My Lai was a bloody, bloody reprisal. After Tet, we really went bananas. You know, there were reprisals all over the country that weren't reported. I'm talking about murder. Things that weren't reported.

Do you think the fact they weren't reported says something about the honesty of a lot of guys who were covering the war?

No. It says a lot more about their perceptions. People aren't dishonest in this business basically. There's a pack mentality, though, the way you cover things, perception. First of all they didn't know about this kind of thing.

And there were people who occasionally reported on the random brutality of the war. The first one I ever saw was in the *New Yorker*. Jonathan Schell's series. In fact, the second part of the series was published on the date of My Lai—March 16th, 1968. Those stories were eye-openers for me.

Daniel Lang did another one, The Casualties of War.

The Casualties of War, yes. But the daily press failed in that. Somehow it failed in the bigger story: the random horribleness of it.

Do you think that's changed? Would we read about that kind of random horror if Vietnam happened again?

Categorically changed. Reporters are much more skeptical, much less inclined to overlook something that our side did. And much less on the team.

Do you think that the generation of reporters who covered Vietnam were much more team guys than the younger guys today?

I don't know. I mean, some of the best reporters in America were in Vietnam—Gene Roberts, David Halberstam. Terrific reporters who covered the policy with great skepticism. The policy. But somehow that skepticism didn't show up when they wrote about the field. Something kept them from reporting the secondhand stuff. There should have been more reporting of what others said. It wouldn't have been hard to find out that there were a lot of shoot-ups going on.

Yet we had all these secondhand tearjerker stories about our brave boys over there during that period without having the kind of secondhand story that showed the horror of our actions.

That's right. I think it's a pretty significant failure. I don't know why. I don't think it has to do with abilities. Somehow a lot of people in the country were slow to really perceive the war.

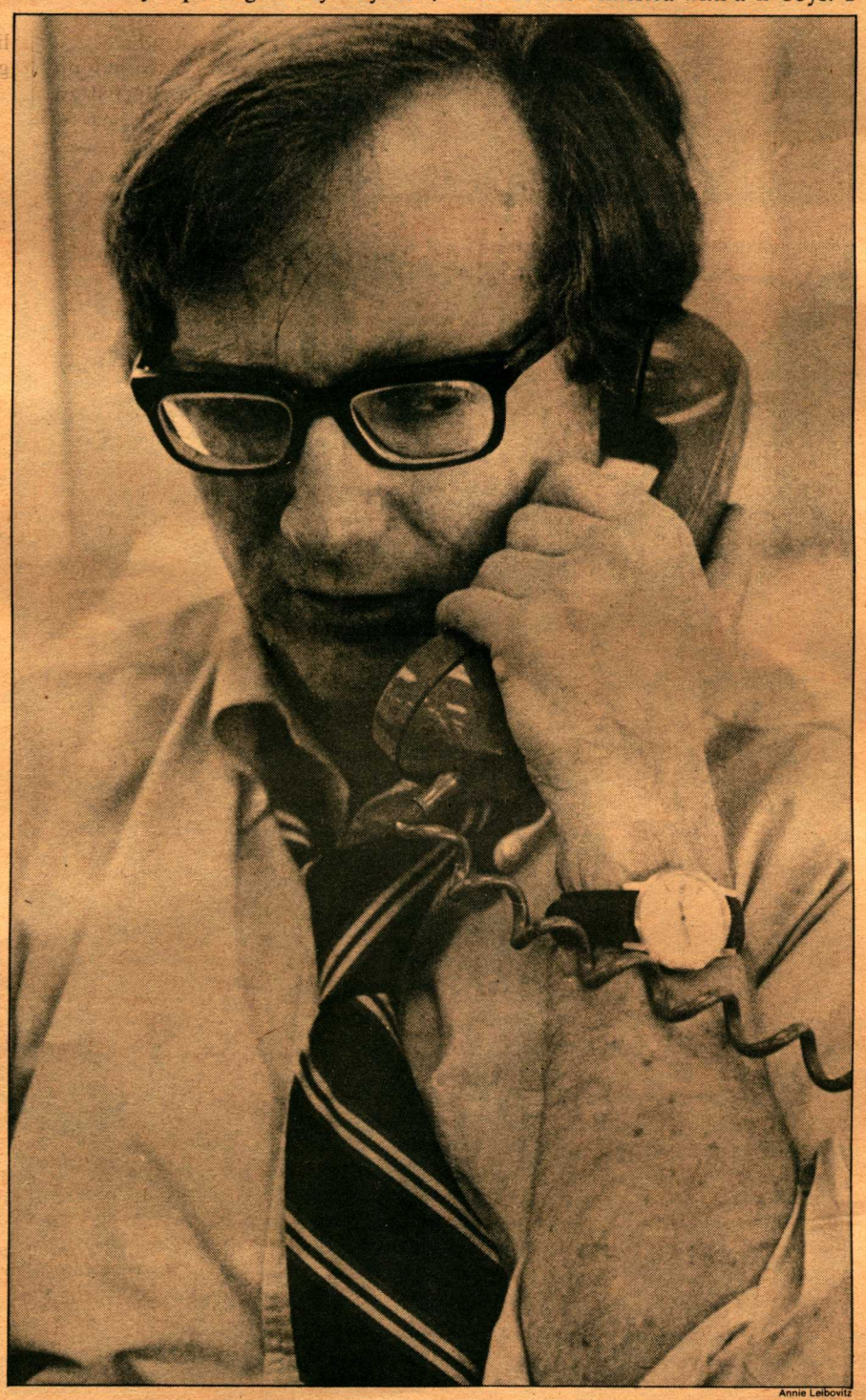
Do you feel that your own My Lai stuff was a significant factor in changing public opinion about the war?

No. I'll tell you what changed public opinion about the war much more than my reporting: Calley. The best thing I can say about my My Lai reporting is this: There were polls published—the Minnesota poll published by the *Minneapolis Tribune* showed that 49% of those queried didn't believe the story and 54% said even if true, it shouldn't have been reported. I think that's what my story did—reinforce whatever perceptions or misperceptions anyone had about the war.

But, you see, Calley emerged out of my story as a folk hero. If there ever was a folk hero, it certainly wasn't the reporter, it was Calley. "The Ballad of Rusty Calley." There are no ballads I know of about Seymour Hersh. Or Carl and Bob, you know. So Calley becomes a folk hero and he's on trial and all the press goes in and they all have drinks with him. Here's this sort of average dumb kid, rushed into the Army and with great élan he took on his assignments at My Lai. And here he is, a folk hero, reporters are having drinks with him, cover stories in the news magazines, Calley the nice boy.

Middle America fell in love with him. Now they rarely make a moral judgment about anything—and if it sounds elitist, so be it. They made a moral judgment about Calley, though. He was a good boy. And then the Army —boom!—said he was a mass murderer. His own Army. A jury of his peers.

Well, that provoked—I know the reaction to me was the worst I ever had. Letters, calls saying: "You sleazy goon, you dirty traitor!" I got a barrage of them. Worse than on anything else. Why? Because here's good old Middle America and it made a moral judgment about Calley and then the Army said: "Wait a second, he's a mass murderer." And everybody said, "No way! This war is just nothing!" And I think after that issue, after that trial, the administration could no longer sell the war. I think that's what the impact of Calley was. Not my reporting in any way. It was the fact that Calley became somehow isolated and Middle America made a moral judgment about him.



Annie Leibovitz

You consider Calley a kind of Everyman figure?

Or a No-Man figure. He is the sort of guy you find at some state agricultural college—which is probably too cruel to the school. Yes, he was a scapegoat but he also was a great mass murderer. Yes, the Army failed miserably in My Lai, both in the field and afterwards, but big deal. Is that any great new lesson?

I sound cynical about it, but we've had such a systematic pack of liars, such bad leadership, that I find myself very doubting. If there's any great error in America, it's what "national security" is. There's nothing the Russian intelligence service could do to us that would be worse than what the Nixon administration did to us. Hell, if the KGB want to come flooding to the United States as undercover agents, I'll see them in the breadlines, you know?

Do you have fears about your personal safety as a result of the stories you've broken?

No, everybody seems to think I should, but I don't. You'd be amazed at the people who have respect for me. I don't go around getting my stories from nice old Lefties or the Weathermen or the America-with-a-k boys. I get them from good old-fashioned constitutionalists. I learned a long time ago that you can't go around making judgments on the basis of people's politics. The essential thing is: Do they have integrity or not? And if they have integrity, goddamnit, they're entitled to have their say.

The point I'm making is that over the years I've worked very closely and for a long time with a lot of people with whose politics I couldn't disagree more. And that doesn't matter. It goes to whether or not you simply believe in this country working.

It's like—I wrote a story the other week about the former dean of the Harvard Law School and former solicitor general, Erwin Griswold, who, as I wrote, came very close to being indicted for perjury in the ITT matter because of some testimony he gave in the Senate ITT hearings in 1972 before the Nixon election. Well, it was a tough story to write for a lot of reasons. One is that it was unfair. Well, prima facie, you know, he hasn't been indicted. It's another case where you have more information than you write. I knew some grand jury details, but there was absolutely no question in my mind, I made a perfectly rational judgment, no question, that he should have been indicted. There was enough evidence there. It was a mistake and a failure on the part of Jaworski. And in my thinking on this, Griswold exposes himself to that kind of story when he elects to go on the CIA commission. I wrote the story the week after he was nominated to serve on the blue-ribbon commission set up by Ford.

Well, the outcry came immediately from all sorts of people — reminding me that Griswold had a fine record as a protector of the First Amendment and as a free-speech man. And one letter was published from a very prominent judge in Boston who made the point that this story was a McCarthy-like tactic and a smear tactic. My reaction to them was: Where in the hell were those people when I was taking grand jury stuff on Mitchell, Colson and Ehrlichman and smearing it all over page one of the *New York Times*? Where were they then? All during Watergate? I didn't hear anybody talking about McCarthy tactics then. But when it comes to Griswold! Yes, he's apparently a very fine man who made a horrible mistake. He didn't have the courage to rise above the debris and the carnage. It's not the world's worst fault and I'm sure that was a factor in not indicting him. But it's inequal justice.

What I'm saying is that you almost become apolitical.

And you strive to be apolitical in your work?

In my work, yeah. I remember in '67 or so when I was working for the AP I was invited to a seminar somewhere, Tufts I think. There was a senior Pentagon correspondent there and somebody asked him what he thought about the war and he said: "I don't have an opinion." And he had never written a critical story about the war in his career. He certainly did have an opinion. He had no trouble with the war. That was objectivity. It's a fantastic double standard. If you agreed with the policy, you were objective. If you disagreed, you were a Lefty. And that's nuts.

It's not a question of what you personally believe, it's what your ethics and your integrity are. The idea is to collect so much damn information that you can be very conservative. You know, I swing and yell and I'm free speaking, but when it comes to writing I'm very cautious. The stories I haven't written would shock you. The stories I haven't written are much more interesting than some of the stories I have written. I didn't write them because I couldn't prove them. Even though viscerally I may have known them to be true.

There's also a danger in people, especially young people, who question everything. Stupidly, foolishly, ridiculously. There's a tremendous amount of skepticism now for example about the Rockefeller commission. But I'm perfectly content to wait and see. Who knows what they'll do? I'm going to

The colonel said, "Now are you telling me somebody who kills little babies and goes around saying he's killing Viet Cong knows what he's doing?" I like to think I remained stone faced. "This Calley is just a madman, Sy, just a madman! He just went around killing all those people. Little babies! There's no story in that," he said.

wait. It's an issue that doesn't excite me. I don't want to run around worrying about the Rockefeller commission right now. I'd rather see what they do.

You said you aren't worried about your personal safety. Why not? Aren't you minimally afraid of some kook who sees the name Seymour Hersh in connection with My Lai, secret bombings, the CIA, and decides on his own: No more Hersh?

No, I don't think about it. I don't think about my phones being tapped, I just use them. Otherwise I'm forced into a sort of perverted position. Forced to act like some of the people I don't approve of. Let them tap me. It would probably take three months to transcribe it anyway. If they tried to rip me off, they'd probably go into the wrong house. I mean, I'm serious. That's why I can assure you they didn't knock down the plane Dorothy Hunt was flying on, because they would have gotten the wrong airline. There's nothing I can do about it anyway.

Do you get really nasty hate mail?

Yeah, I get quite a bit of that. It seems to bother other people more than me. Gloria Emerson's writing a book about Vietnam and she came by and read through some of my old My Lai mail. She was very upset. A lot of the anti-Semitic stuff upset her very much. Much more than it upset me. I can't get worried about somebody who's rational enough to write a letter, even a hate letter.

How do the politicians in this town react to you, say; when you call them? Do they get jittery? Do they call you right back?

No. I mean some do, but why should they worry? You know, one of the great myths about me is that I'm the toughest interrogator in town, that I blackmail people, threaten them—

That you use the telephone like a gun.

Like a gun, as a weapon, an instrument of extortion. I mean, really! That's really ridiculous. First of all, you can't do it. If anything, the trick is to be cajoling. To be perceptive. You heard me on the phone talking to someone today. In fact, it was James Angleton, the former head of CIA counterintelligence. I don't think I was irrational.

I thought you were charming.

Was I really? I don't know if that's the right word, but charm's much more important on the phone. Being sort of funny. People like somebody who's relaxed. I am relaxed about a lot of things. I mean, I've been there.

I mean, I had a call the other day from some reporter who got me on the phone. It was a woman reporter and she said: "Did you meet with Colby in the last six months?" And I said: "What's this about? Why do you want to know?" She said: "I just want you to answer that question." Well, you know, I told her to go to hell. If she asked me what she wanted, I would have told her.

You must feel a tremendous amount of nervous tension in the middle of a story like the CIA's domestic spying.

Yeah, a great deal of nervous tension. I just twang. I do not have a piece of paper that says: "Top Secret, the following is a summary of CIA domestic operations." Without that piece of paper, no reporter feels comfortable. No matter how good your sources are, how careful you are, how many people check it out, there's always a certain amount of anxiety when you drop a bomb.

Like somebody at the *Times* called me, John Corry, who writes the "About New York" column. And he told me that one day he happened to call the CIA because he wanted to do a piece on the CIA reaction to my story. And after the CIA guy answered a couple of perfunctory questions, he said to Corry: "Now do you mind answering some questions?" And John said sure. "Well," the CIA guy said, "explain the dot system." You know, each edition has a number of dots on it. Four dots, three dots, two dots, maybe the final edition has one dot. John explained this to the CIA guy and said: "Why?" And the CIA guy said: "Well, there was a mistake in Hersh's first-edition story and we just wanted to check and make sure it was taken out in the final."

That kind of thing does get you a little, you know. I had visions of elaborate CIA briefing books with every error I ever made being reported.

It's a kind of psychic battle, isn't it? Each time you drop a bomb?

Well, I don't know.

You wait for them to come back at you.

No, I don't think so. Usually they're mute. You know, if you've done your job they're mute and defensive and roll around, run around picking at you.

Does this nervous tension have any physical symptoms?

Well, I get rashes. I get more dandruff. I shake my shoulders. The only other time it happened to me was during Watergate. I got little splotches that went away. It happened when I was going like crazy on Watergate and up against Woodward and Bernstein which was no great fun. That was an acute period of tension for me because the *Post* comes out around 10:30 every night and I'd wonder what they were going to have. There's nothing more devastating than to pick up somebody else's newspaper and read a story on page one about which you know nothing. You know, nothing!

You were under the gun, too. People were wondering where the hell Hersh was.

I was doing Lavelle and the secret bombing, I don't know if people were wondering that, but I eventually got into Watergate.

You wanted to get into the story bad, I'm sure.

No.

No?

Hell, no. I sure didn't want to get into that one. I did Lavelle until about November of '72. The first story about General Lavelle's unauthorized bombing of North Vietnam was published in June. So I played with that very hard for months and months and then I walked into Watergate. That was professionally very important for me because it was a non-Vietnam-related area. It was a bad stress time.

Did you feel intense competition with Woodward and Bernstein?

Categorically. Horrific. I like them a lot and I have a lot of respect for them. They're terrific reporters. And I think the town misses them. I wish they'd stop writing books. The town does miss them. They have a certain kind of insouciance you need in this town.

Insouciance is a necessary quality in this town. Because I think most of the people don't deserve enormous respect. You don't have to become automatically contemptuous of them, you know, that isn't the answer. Skepticism is another way to approach it and Woodward and Bernstein are skeptics —but with a sense of humor. If you have to be a skeptic you might as well do it with a sense of humor and I guess that's insouciance: to balance a little bit of disrespect with a touch of lightness.

That's the thing that used to worry me the most about them professionally. They knew how to handle sources. They had the right attitude. They were friendly, kidding, joshing. People liked them. My sources would tell me they liked those two guys a lot. That used to get me very nervous.

Describe that competition with them in more detail.

I think it was a pretty admirable competition in the sense that if they had a good story, we'd say the next day: "Reported in the *Washington Post*." I mean, sometimes there's an amount of competition between the *Times* and the *Post* that somehow makes us less gracious to each other than we should be. There were no hysterics, though, competing with them. It's a lot different than *The Front Page*.

But there must have been a certain amount of trying to find out what the other guy had, what he was going to go with the next day.

No. That's more *Front Page* stuff. If you found out about it, you were interested—but you didn't go out of your way to find out. I remember once a source called me and he wanted to see me at two o'clock and I said no, I couldn't see him and he said: "Well, somebody else is coming." Then I demanded to see him before the other guy. Once I was there, he told me Woodward was coming so I left Bob a "Kilroy Was Here" note.

If you want to know the truth, Carl and Bob said—and I have no reason to doubt them — they said they were damned glad I was working on the story. You don't think I'd relish a hell-uva good story today by somebody who found a couple of undercover CIA guys who'd tell what the truth is?

I have to find a way to prove the truth and that's what I'm working on. There's obviously more to the CIA story. I mean, I have an algebraic formula I've been using in discussing this with people and that is: Simply take what Colby said on the public record about the Phoenix program over what a lot of people thought the reality of the Phoenix program was. Then take what he said on the public record about the CIA's Watergate coverup and what the reality of what the coverup was. And then take what Colby said on the public record about domestic spying over X. So you've got Colby's public statements on Phoenix over the operation itself equals Colby's public statements on Watergate over Watergate equals Colby's statements on spying over X. It's a little scary.

The Phoenix program was a counterintelligence, counterterror program in Vietnam. Neutralization, they called it, one element of which was assassination. Twenty-one thousand people were killed, Colby says, in combat. A lot of people were killed for no reason. Many more than Colby believes, you know, but in a way he's a victim of what in-

PETER and CYBILL PAINT IT WHITE

Is It the Dream, the Cream, the Cats?

BY JULIA CAMERON

This story could begin with the photo of a movie company on location, a candid shot, snapped recently on a bright afternoon. In the background, there is the usual paraphernalia: a lighting setup, a generator, a table laden with stale donuts, styrofoam cups and a coffee urn, nearby an overflowing trash can. In the foreground, where the sun pries through the leaves of a sheltering eucalyptus tree, Peter Bogdanovich, movie director, coaches two of his actors through a scene. Hand on hip, head cocked to one side, he wears a look of cheerful concentration. He also wears an expensive pair of creamy, high-waisted trousers and a smartly striped shirt. The trousers are wrinkled and overlong; the shirt is rumpled and too large, but never mind all that. He is the very picture of a happy and successful man. As noted, this story could begin there, but it doesn't. Like Hollywood itself, this story begins at the movies.

They were palaces really; movie palaces. The RKOs were white and gold; the Loews were gold and red. Lobbies were courtyards paved in white marble and peopled by statuary or swept with carpeting like a crimson tide. There were potted palms and gushing fountains. Plaster moldings flowed into improbable curlicues where gold leaf winked and gleamed from every available cranny. Costumed ushers patrolled the aisles with the gravity of palace guards. Always, there was the smell of stale popcorn. In winter, the odor of wet woolens, shoe leather and galoshes. In summer, the stench of cheap cologne. In the Fifties, in Manhattan, the common cologne was Evening in Paris. One moviegoer who endured it was a youngster named Peter Bogdanovich whose father, an artist, would not allow a television into the house.

So then, let the story begin inside the darkened theater by the flickering light from the screen. Begin it as Gloria Swanson slithers into the corner of the divan and shrugs a silken shoulder at William Holden in *Sunset Boulevard* . . . As Bacall pours Bogart that first whiskey in *The Big Sleep*. . . as the first Indian breaks the rim of the cliff in *The Wagonmaster* . . . as Gene Kelly breaks into dance . . .

The lovers in the upper balcony see none of this. The usher sees it in bits and pieces as he makes his rounds. Young Bogdanovich—oblivious to the lovers, oblivious to the tortures of the ancient, gum-studded movie seat—sees it all. He is that pale, bespectacled, most obsessional of creatures, The Moviegoer. As Walker Percy has him in a novel by that name:

> The fact is I am quite happy in a movie, even a bad movie. Other people, so I have read, treasure memorable moments in their lives: the time one climbed the Parthenon at sunrise, the summer night one met a lonely girl in Central Park and achieved with her a sweet and natural relationship, as they say in books. I too once met a girl in Central Park, but it is not much to remember. What I remember is the time John Wayne killed three men with a carbine while falling to the dusty street in *Stagecoach*, and the time the kitten found Orson Welles in the doorway in *The Third Man*.

These are the salient facts: Peter Bogdanovich has seen 45,000 of the 60,000 movies that Hollywood has made; he makes movies himself now, five feature films to date (*Targets*, *The Last Picture Show*, *What's Up Doc?*, *Paper Moon*, *Daisy Miller*) and, at 35, he is one of a handful of directors who can name his own project and price. His current project is a musical priced at five-and-a-half-million dollars.

Eva Sereny

Peter Bogdanovich to Rex Reed while shooting *Daisy Miller*: "My next film will be an original story of mine based on 24 Cole Porter songs. . . . Cybill will be the star. . . . I'm shooting every foot of it on a Hollywood back lot. I don't want any of it to look real. I was going to sing and dance and star in it with Cybill, but Christ, the critics would kill me so I'm using Elliott Gould. . . ."

As it happens, Peter Bogdanovich is not using Elliott Gould. The musical, titled *At Long Last Love*, stars Cybill Shepherd, Burt Reynolds, Madeline Kahn, Duilio Del Prete, Eileen Brennan and John Hillerman. As promised, it is being shot in Hollywood. Also as promised, it does not look real.

"I am making this movie," Bogdanovich confides, "because I had fantasies of starring in a musical when I was a child." No surprise, surely, that he is making the kind of glossy musical he fantasized about. *At Long Last Love* bears no resemblance to life as anyone, ever, has known it. It does, however, bear a certain resemblance to life as it has appeared in marvelous old movies like *Holiday* starring Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. Everything is black tie and white glove. Everyone looks pretty and acts pretty. It is rather the way one pictures life will be when one grows up—until one does, that is.

Burt Reynolds plays a rich playboy. Cybill Shepherd plays a rich playgirl. Madeline Kahn plays a girl-about-town and Duilio Del Prete plays a boy-about-town. John Hillerman and Eileen Brennan play the domestics. Mildred Natwick does a turn as Reynolds's dotty mother. Those are the principals. The movie itself plays a character role; with all the sets and costumes done in black and white, it seems the movie proper is wearing a tuxedo, maybe, in fact, the ghost of musicals past, tap-tapping down the (marble) stairs. *At Long Last Love* opened in the spring at Radio City Music Hall—just the way musicals used to when Peter Bogdanovich was a child.

"I look," says Peter Bogdanovich, "like an intellectual Jerry Lewis." He's right. There are the physical similarities: the thatch of hair that fits the head like a dunce cap; the face that would be handsome except for its extra rigging of puckish jowls; the peculiar, bean-shaped body with its pipe-cleaner legs. But the resemblance is more than physical. In Bogdanovich, as in Lewis, there is a loose screw somewhere that gives his entire bearing a skew, pixilated quality. His eyes, for example, do not cross but sometimes seem to. Likewise his smile, however sincere its intentions, may suddenly scoot sideways and take on a daffy note. Something, always, is not quite right. A Freudian slip keeps showing: Invited to appear on the *Dick Cavett Show* at the time of his first success with *The Last Picture Show*, Bogdanovich dressed for the occasion in the works—tuxedo, black tie, dress shirt and pants—only to have Cavett indicate, some minutes into the show, "Your fly, Peter," and, sure enough, a gay little flag of shirttail was spouting out.

No, life is not easy for Peter Bogdanovich. Something could go wrong at any moment. It's important to get that straight so that no one will think he is a petty man. He is not a petty man, but his eye is on the sparrow and, because it is, he complains a lot. He complains because big disasters start with small disasters and small disasters happen all the time. Take suntans, for example.

"I *told* Madeline not to get a suntan, but she didn't listen to me," Bogdanovich fumes unhappily over his dietetic lunch. He is talking about the slight suntan incurred by Madeline Kahn who enjoyed a weekend outing in the Southern California sun. "Very few things look worse on screen than a suntan," Bogdanovich grumbles on, looking as though he's never had one, so screening-room silver is his skin. "I simply do not understand this mania for the sun. Cybill's grandmother's face has never seen the sun and her complexion is just as soft and pink and young as—as Cybill's own."

The Cybill, of course, is Cybill Shepherd, Bogdanovich's live-in leading lady and his costar in the true romance which *Vogue* dubbed "going steady in public." When it is pointed out to him that Madeline's copper-toned looks may prove an excellent foil for Cybill's frostier shades, Bogdanovich looks doubtful. He is not about to be consoled. Six feet from his desk, there is a padded closet where, as the scuttlebutt has it, Darryl Zanuck used to stage screaming fits in secret. Bogdanovich, however, is not a closet screamer. On the contrary.

"You're from Chicago," he accuses a Midwesterner. "Why don't they like me in Chicago? I always get my worst reviews in Chicago. Well, Chicago is a terrible movie town." Worse still, he continues, tone hectoring, "Isn't *Playboy* published in Chicago?" It is and Bogdanovich and Shepherd are currently suing its pants off for publishing an unauthorized shot of Shepherd in the (film) buff, her diving-board strip from *The Last Picture Show*.

"I have to keep my eye on everything," Bogdanovich frets on, picking disconsolately at his tuna and cottage cheese, smiling dyspeptically between sips of tonic water. "Otherwise, I walk in and say, 'I can't shoot that!' " In melancholy fact, he had done just that only the day before. Somehow, that was the first he'd laid eyes on a townhouse interior scheduled to be shot almost immediately. It was a disaster of sufficient proportions that he has shuffled the shooting schedule while he has it redone. The very thought of that set gives him a hangdog look and he rifles his desk drawer searching for some aspirin.

"It was terrible," he remembers. "All wrong. Ugly, ugly, ugly. That set looked like it had belonged to some diseased 70-year-old faggot in 1912." Bogdanovich, once an actor, is an excellent mimic who can do a mean lisp. "But it's so au*th*entic. But it's

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Julia Cameron is a freelance writer who is a regular contributor to ROLLING STONE.

so au*th*entic. Well, a lot of au*th*entic things are ugly. A lot of au*th*entic things are in terrible taste."

He has a point, but already he is making another one. Lighting up a Kool and grimacing at himself for doing it, Bogdanovich says, "It is always the director's fault, everything that goes wrong with a movie. It is not always a director's fault, everything that's good about a movie. A lot of what is good happens by accident. You have to be open enough to go with the good accidents." Bogdanovich pauses and grinds out the Kool. He sips at his tonic water and toys with his ring, a gold signet ring with beveled initials. Out loud he wonders: "Am I wrong or was that an ugly set?"

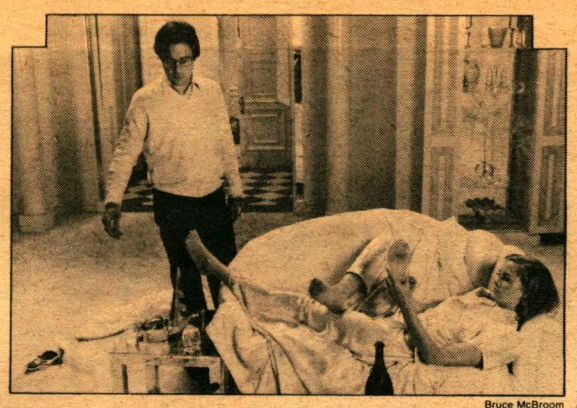
Set decorator Jerry Wunderlich would give his eyeteeth to answer that question—if he weren't so busy biting his tongue. An elfin man with snow white hair, apple cheeks and bright button eyes, Wunderlich is normally as cheery as a Santa's helper, but this afternoon he wears the smallest of frowns as he guides Bogdanovich through the giant play chest that is the 20th Century Fox Prop Warehouse. Picking his way past a squatting colony of golden Buddhas in all shapes and sizes, past a forest of wild candelabra, Wunderlich points out pieces which he thinks may do for the revised set in Bogdanovich's mind's eye.

After a few failures, Bogdanovich tells him, "You would have been wonderful on *Daisy Miller*. We could have gotten something going. Show me something with some taste, you know, not all this Victorian. Victorian reminds me of repression, of Dickens and what was her name—No, that's pukey—Lady Havisham."

Wunderlich picks out a large sofa with curves like a Rubens nude. Bogdanovich says it has ugly legs. He himself discovers two small couches done in sprightly apricot and green stripes, all wrong for the movie, he says, but lovely. "Stripes!" he exclaims. "God, how I love stripes!" This is evidently true. Time and again as the tour continues, his eye is caught by some snappy, striped number.

"Too busy . . . too cottage . . . too Bieder-meier," Wunderlich murmurs as he discounts piece after piece. Bogdanovich finally discovers a small settee with a lovely scalloped back. It is the wrong scale for the set in question, but good for another he has in mind. The tour, which had been projected as a quarter-hour's quick choices, is clearly degenerating into a good, old-fashioned browse. "Oh, that's wonderful!" Bogdanovich says as he spots some new oddity. "Oh, that's wonderful too!"

Once Bogdanovich wanders out of earshot—there's a striped sofa against a far wall—Wunderlich says, "Peter wants a total feeling in the picture which I think is wonderful, but you don't want to be laughed at for being wrong." This is to be a Thirties period movie and Wunderlich feels that the obvious consideration of style notwithstanding, a period movie should be a period movie, period! "You see," he elaborates, "these sets should have a European feel. The homes would have been built between 1910 and 1928 and by old money which means they wouldn't have new furniture. What I've done is taken the European



Bruce McBroom

feel and simplified it. Also, painted it white." An unsuppressed shudder seizes his elfin frame. "White!"

When Bogdanovich returns from his sortie to the sofa he and Wunderlich conclude the tour on a rather amicable note. Delicate as these matters are, they have managed to reach an important area of agreement: Both like the same andirons. Bogdanovich leaves feeling cheerier. Perhaps the set will please him after all, he thinks.

It will not. On his next inspection visit to the set, Bogdanovich will spot two small, frolicsome nudes which curdle his sensibilities. "I hate those!" he will say. "Can't we find some other kind of painting? Something with some taste?"

Once he has gone, Wunderlich will say, very evenly, "He'd better stop using that phrase, 'taste.' These happen to be lovely Directoire pieces. This is all Directoire and Empire, I might add. I might also add that we should really be using Chippendale, but of course, I couldn't paint it white."

Jerry Ballew, a man who has the hairstyle of Orphan Annie and the personality of Dennis the Menace, is Bogdanovich's second assistant director, a smart, smart-alecky man who doesn't miss a trick. He explains, when asked about Bogdanovich's temperament, that he is often, usually, the wittiest and most delightful of men, but that he is, on this film, under a new and difficult set of pressures.

"Ordinarily," says Ballew, "Peter creates problems and enjoys solving them. He is a student of film and he will frame a shot in a difficult way because the challenge interests him. . . . This time, however, he has split from his wife and she was a large part of his visual conception of things. Now he has problems on his shoulders he didn't have before. He can't explain what he wants as clearly as she could."

Ballew does not add that Bogdanovich's sense of personal loss compounds his professional loss. Bogdanovich says that himself, somewhat obliquely: "This movie is a fantasy of my divorce," he says. "Everyone ends up the best of friends." In the movie, when lovers get shot down, they never bleed. Life is messier than that. Bogdanovich was married to the talented Polly Platt when he cast Cybill Shepherd in *The Last Picture Show*. As he explained it to Rex Reed, "Cybill was an itch and I scratched it." He scratched, in fact, until he bled: first estrangement, then separation, now divorce, the loss of a wife who was both a companion and a working colleague.

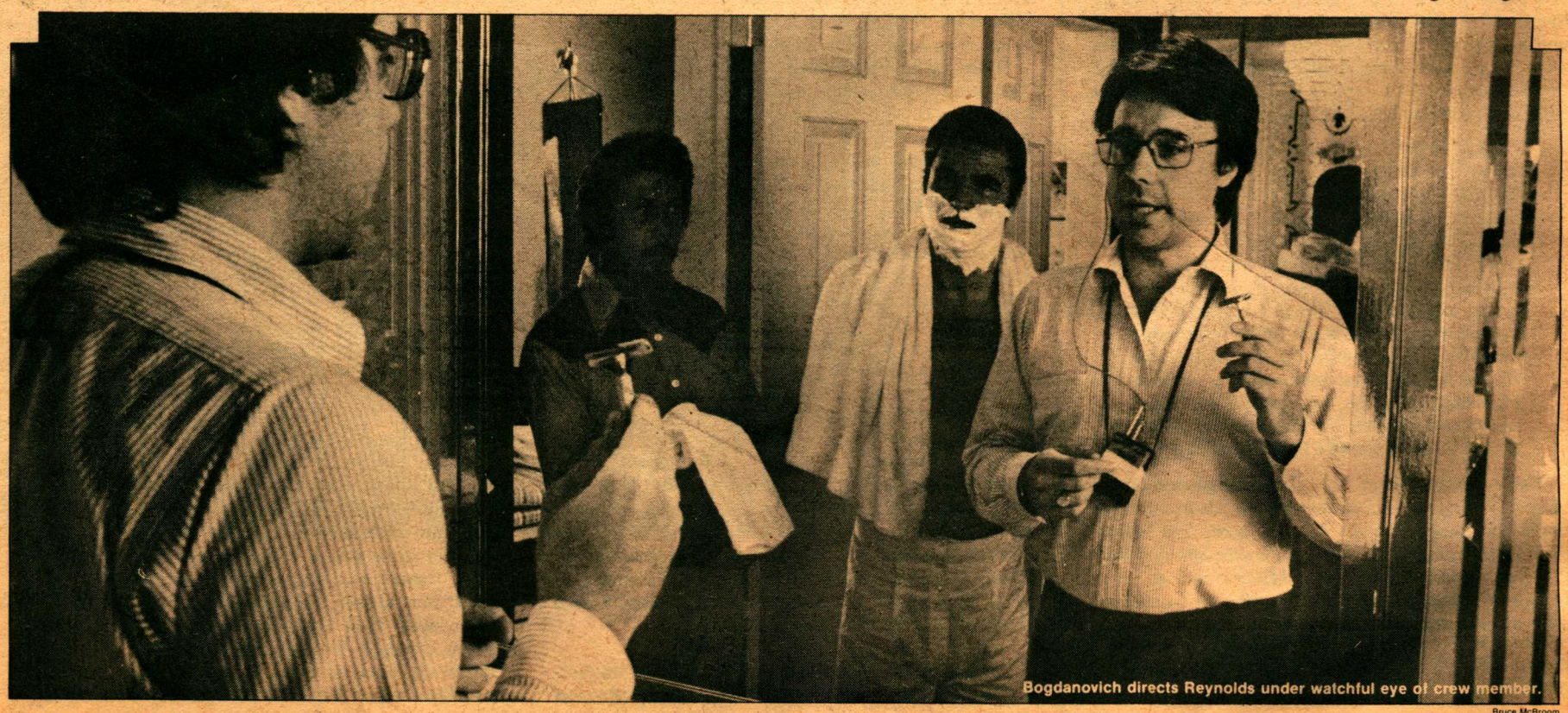
A vintage LaSalle coupe is parked just inside the large, sliding doors to Stage 22. Bogdanovich and 12 other men cluster along its running boards discussing exactly how to frame the next day's shooting sequence, a parking scene between Cybill Shepherd and Duilio Del Prete. In it, the two will neck a little, talk a little, sing a lot and then drive off.

Crouching low, stretching on tiptoe, backing off, creeping closer, Bogdanovich circles the coupe like a finicky cat wondering exactly where to take the first bite. The front left bumper, he decides, then a slow creep across the hood. "What do you think?" he asks gleefully. "Shall we close the car doors or do it exactly like *Picture Show*?" Everyone laughs warmly. Many of the crew have worked with Bogdanovich before and they appreciate the little inside jokes that show he remembers. The car door question is discussed at some length.

As Bogdanovich sees it, "Some directors say they want the choice in the cutting room. I say it boils down to this: There is really only one place, one vantage point, from which each moment should be seen. The trick is finding that place. There's no point in shooting several ways 'in case later.' Later the right place will be the same."

While the discussion eddies on, Cybill Shepherd stands just to one side of the group, mugging it up. In contrast to many actresses—Julie Christie comes to mind—who appear larger on screen than off, Shepherd is taller and generally bigger than her screen image suggests. She has the broad shoulders of a swimmer, a substantial figure and an almost frightening aura of radiant good health. Dressed in a white turtleneck, navy knit pants and white sweat socks, she looks every inch an all-American Amazon. Sticking out her tongue, she has the waggish air of a Norman Rockwell cheerleader. She is, as it happens, also screwing up her eyes, but nonetheless she is quite lovely, again, rather more lovely in life than on the screen, as though Technicolor tones her down a bit. Her mother, who is visiting the set and eyeing, perhaps inspiring, her antics, alternately frowns and smiles indulgently. Like her daughter, Mrs. Patty Shepherd has very blonde hair, very blue eyes and a pert little nose. Unlike her, she retains a strong Memphis accent. "Mayh, don't the kids have fun?"

A decision is made to close the car doors. Shepherd and Duilio Del Prete, who has been chatting at a nearby card table, clamber into the coupe and disappear from view, necking, presumably, in the front seat. Bogdanovich cues them to reappear. He wants Del Prete first, smiling with self-satisfaction; Shepherd is to emerge a long moment later, disgruntled and *en deshabille*. They practice this several times and each time Shepherd's hair becomes more thoroughly disheveled, her pout more petulantly arranged. "I love it, Cybill!" Bogdanovich exclaims. "You look so *messy*!" After running through the



Bogdanovich directs Reynolds under watchful eye of crew member.

Bruce McBroom

scene a half-dozen times, Bogdanovich is finally satisfied. "All right," he says to Del Prete, "drive off."

"But I don't drive," Del Prete replies.

"Pure black and pure white look beautiful in color," so says Peter Bogdanovich. "The original idea was that everything should be black and white, but there are certain things you're stuck with that can't be: grass, trees, sky."

At 7:30 in the morning, camera operator Bobby Byrne scrutinizes the rolling green hills of the Riviera golf course and announces to all within earshot, "They're not white!" Clearly, the hills are not black either, a matter which gives Jack Sanders, the third assistant director, serious pause while he sips his wake-up coffee. "I've got it," he says finally. "We can use black golf balls. Millions of black golf balls."

If the fog doesn't clear, they won't need to. The Riviera Country Club lies west of Los Angeles on Sunset Boulevard, just close enough to the ocean to enjoy a morning fog, still close enough to the city to enjoy smog. This particular morning, the air tastes as greasy as the fried egg sandwiches for breakfast.

When Bogdanovich arrives at 8:30, he is wearing the trousers and shirt that will later appear so rumpled in the location photograph. Almost on cue, the first jet of the day wails overhead from nearby Los Angeles International Airport. Because this is a period movie, jets cannot be allowed on the soundtrack. Today, they will be heard frequently, smack in the middle of takes or, worse still, just at the very end.

If Bogdanovich were making the musical conventionally, that is, laying in the voices and music in studio sessions, the jets would not create a serious problem. But Bogdanovich is not making this musical conventionally. Instead, he is recording the voice tracks live, as they did in the early days of sound, as MacDonald and Chevalier were recorded in *The Love Parade*. This, he hopes, will give the movie far greater spontaneity. That it may do, but in the meanwhile it gives everyone nerves. Cybill Shepherd passes a note to a visitor on set: "CAN'T TALK. MUST SAVE VOICE FOR SONG."

On the back of a pickup truck, underneath a eucalyptus tree, Dick Emmons is tootling away on a Fender Rhodes electric piano. Emmons is an upbeat sort of man who explains cheerily, "What it amounts to —the thing that's unconventional—is that we're creating a live tempo track which we transmit simultaneously to the actors who have tiny, transistorized receivers in their ears. That way, they have the tempo to sing to while we record them live." Emmons does not add that no one without a transistor can hear the music at all, that with the flick of a switch his piano plays silently, feeding to the transistors and the recording system. On set, it appears the actors are singing a cappella. Sometimes, when Emmons is not playing, they pick up a radio station on their ear wicks and, as Madeline Kahn is apt to at the drop of a note, go samba-ing off wildly to the strains of Latin music that no one else can hear.

Some 20 feet away from Emmons's truck, midway

Cybill, Duilio, Tatum and Bogs.

Bruce McBroom

between the truck and the LaSalle coupe that the crew is positioning for the parking scene, sound mixer Barry Thomas sits amid a pile of gadgetry, his eyes peeled to the array of dials and needles that may red line at any moment. When a jet comes within earshot, it is he who will grimace first, tracking the danger level on his dials, waiting for a needle to careen wildly enough for him to call the take off. Thomas explains, "I record the actors with an overhead boom mike to get a clear voice track going through one channel. On a second channel, I have the music tempo track from Dick. When we get to the final cut of the movie, they will score from the tempo track and then balance the voice track to the new score. It's as simple as that."

To Max Feibelman of SYCOM, the firm which developed the tiny transistors, it is not all that simple. Feibelman has the burning eyes of a Scientologist and the mile-a-minute pitch of a door-to-door Bible salesman which he delivers enthusiastically in a nasal voice. First, he exhibits a flesh-colored ear wick connected by a thin wire to what looks like a cockroach but is in fact a tiny transistor to be hidden in the hair. Second, he delivers his spiel: "Peter wanted the actors to be able to have an art form interphase; that is, to be able to hear the music and sing live without studio lag. We were given just three months to come up with a system and keep in mind that with the production schedule being what it was, we had to come up with a reasonable, practical solution in a very short time. There were several false starts where we discovered that certain microminiaturized components—tiny chips and crystals—could not be found in this country. Finally, we came up with this system, primitive, but workable. You must, however, consider the possibilities. When you and I speak, sound is coming out of our mouths. At SYCOM, however, we have discovered that through the ear canal and our associated systems, we can, in effect, *speak through the ear*. This is beautiful from a theoretical point of view because since you have to listen through your ear, it is highly effective if you can speak through it too. Dr. Wong, one of our nation's greatest scientists, and I have been working on these concepts in broad application for over two years and naturally we expect a vast market to develop very rapidly. That's it in a nutshell. Nice chatting with you."

The LaSalle coupe has been carefully positioned under a small, leafy tree. (The L.A. golf course is playing a Long Island one so seasonal trees are de rigueur.) In front of the coupe, a long ramp has been built out of planks and oversized building blocks. The camera will track along the ramp, allowing Bogdanovich to shoot the scene in one continuous take even though there will be a miniature tow job involved since Del Prete doesn't drive.

Unlike many contemporary directors, Bogdanovich has no love for frequent cuts. As he sees it, "The cut is a very important device, very sharp, boom boom. Use it all the time and you're wasting it. In a movie like this one, where people are singing and dancing, it is even nicer to have the camera fluid. For another thing, that's how I see it in my mind's eye: without interruption. The key is to make a scene look simple. Once it looks difficult to an audience, they stop concentrating. In any case, it's a challenge to the actors and the crew and they love it."

Love it or not, the actors may do more than a half-dozen pages of dialog at a crack. Love it or not, the crew is hard at work, edging the ramp this way and that so that the camera dolly will roll evenly. Operator Byrne was once a jockey and his sense of balance remains so acute that jokes about his sensitivity to a bump in a take always begin, "You remember the princess and the pea? Well . . ." After a leisurely pan of the golf course, the coupe will be discovered as though empty by the slowly, smoothly creeping camera. The emerging lovers will be a surprise or, as Bogdanovich puts it, "a visual joke."

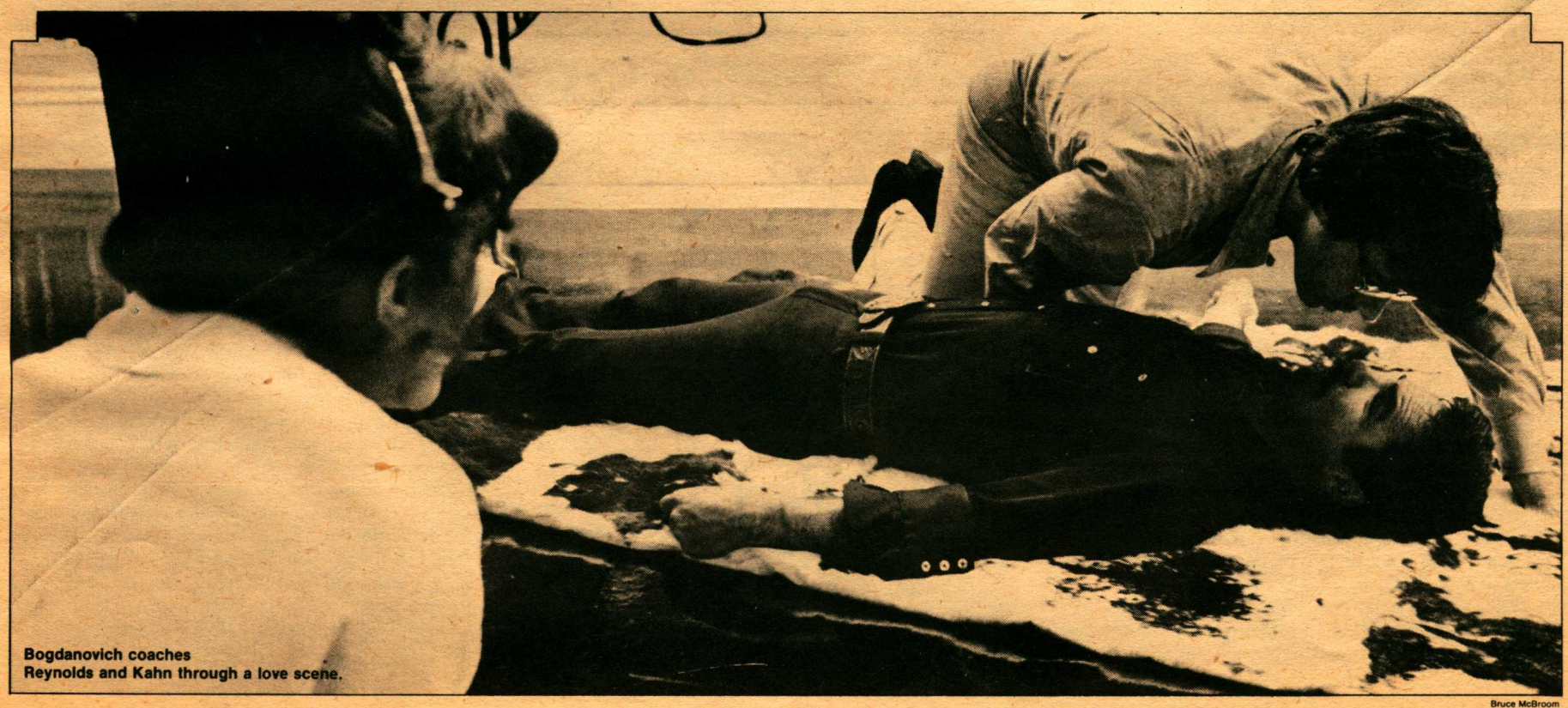
Although he appears not to notice, a little visual joke is transpiring in the tree above the coupe. There, like Eve switching roles with the serpent, Cybill Shepherd is draped along an overhanging bough. On the top half of her body, she is wearing her costume: a straw bonnet with a polka-dotted band and a matching polka-dotted blouse with a demure "pussy cat" bow at the throat. On the lower half of her body, just below the turquoise and white striped bathrobe tied at her waist, she is wearing a pair of wildly floral Hawaiian jams, sweat socks and Danish clogs. A photographer has crawled halfway up the tree after her, clicking away with a motor-driven Nikon, focusing on her cover girl face, so pretty under the bonnet. Tilting her head first to one side and then to the other, she raises and lowers her chin, widens and narrows her eyes, smiles and unsmiles.

"That's so great up in that tree. It's fabulous!" she tells Bogdanovich once she has clambered back down.

"I'm so glad," Bogdanovich replies.

"That tree is just like a bed," she goes on delightedly. "It's so wonderful! You catch all the breezes."

Over at Emmons's pickup truck, Duilio Del Prete catches his breath, then runs again through his musical paces, cigarette in hand. A slim, darkly handsome man with lively eyes and the dazzling smile of a gambler, Del Prete sings, even on this most casual run-through, with great style and gusto, "con garbo" as they say in his native Italy, where he is known as a top composer and vocalist as well as an actor. This



Bogdanovich coaches Reynolds and Kahn through a love scene.

Bruce McBroom

The cast: Cybill Shepherd, Madeline Kahn, Eileen Brennan, John Hillerman, Mildred Natwick, Duilio Del Prete and Burt Reynolds.

Bruce McBroom

morning he is dressed in a snow white cowboy suit and the sunniest of moods. "I think this scene is the best!" he exclaims, drawing a last quick puff on his cigarette before reluctantly tossing it aside. "You are the top," he sings to a nearby wardrobe lady. "You are the Colosseum. You are the top. You're the Louvre museum. . . ."* When the wardrobe lady breathes, "Isn't he wonderful?" her voice is all sighs.

The crew is nearly ready so Del Prete, humming jauntily, goes off to change into his costume. Cybill Shepherd takes his place at the piano, running through the same song which concludes, "So if baby I'm the bottom, you're the top." This phrase cracks up electrician Eddie Simmons. He chuckles to himself as he monkeys with his arc light, tilting it this way and that. With each run-through, he chuckles a little louder. Finally he mutters, "Baby, if you're the bottom and I'm the top, let's flip over!"

Del Prete returns and Bogdanovich calls for a rehearsal. They do the scene once, then again. As a director, Bogdanovich is unself-conscious and intimate. There is no pomposity, no machismo about him as he works. "Try it this way, kids," he says and runs through a spate of dialog by himself, taking both Del Prete's lines and Shepherd's. Later in the week, he will slither from atop a piano, vamp a few sultry paces, fox-trot a spin with Burt Reynolds and then say, "Like that, darling," to Madeline Kahn. Just then he says, "What do you say we shoot one, kids?"

They do shoot one, the first of what will be 27 takes, most of them ruined by jets roaring through overhead. This first take has no jets, but Del Prete's transistorized ear wick malfunctions so that he cannot hear the tempo clearly. This lends a strained note to his performance. Bogdanovich says, "The character's more you, Duilio. He's not stupid. You know when she's making fun of you, but it amuses you. A typical American girl, you think."

Laszlo Kovacs, director of photography, decides he should hang a silk to lighten the shadows on the coupe. He does, in fact, hang two silks. One of the top men in the business, Kovacs is a perfectionist who moves like a cat, looks like a wolf and dresses in sheep's clothing. Today, he is wearing a pretty patchwork shirt and one of his several pairs of elaborately embroidered jeans. Fitting one of his constant Marlboros into his black cigarette holder, he worries aloud about the smog which is rolling in to replace the fog which has so recently rolled out. Kovacs is a stickler about light (back lighting is his particular métier) and he knows that too much smog is going to give an unpleasant, yellowish cast to the shot. Too much smog is already giving an unpleasant cast to the company's collective temperament.

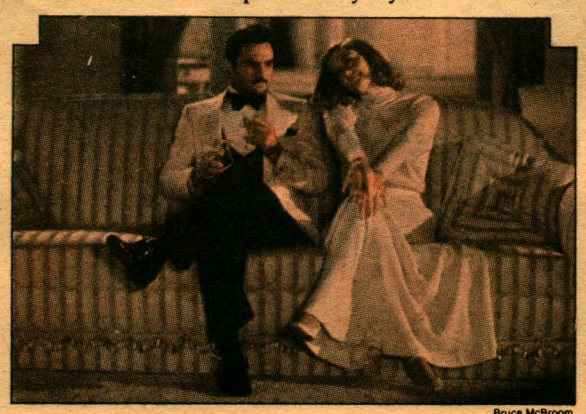
While people blink and rub at their eyes, take after take is spoiled by jets. Del Prete proposes: "Someone go to the airport and say there is a bomb. That way, they stop everything for two or three hours." But no one goes to the airport and the jets do not stop. It is even worse after lunch break than before. Morale holds for a time and then plunges downward as it becomes evident that Bogdanovich is dissatisfied with the scene itself. He worries doggedly at line after line, trying to find the trouble. Cybill Shepherd loses her larky mood and demands that go-fers bring her glass after glass of water and milk. Between takes, she fusses with her makeup and brushes at her hair with long, furious strokes. When a brush breaks in her hand, she tells a wardrobe lady, "Find me another one. I can't use this. It will give my hair *cancer*."

Everyone on the set agrees that it is a ticklish situation that she and Bogdanovich are lovers. It may be more ticklish for themselves than for the crew. On set, they maintain certain formal conventions with each other, conventions that tend to break down. Just now, a case in point: "Could I have some milk?" asks Shepherd, realizing too late that no go-fers are in earshot and Bogdanovich is. "Oh, Peter," she says, "I swear I wasn't asking you. I swear. Really, I wasn't."

As the jets continue to roar overhead, the mood of the company changes, passing beyond depression into battle fatigue, beyond battle fatigue into the crazies. Shepherd begins a playful boxing match with Del Prete. Bogdanovich grins and warns him, "If she hits you, you can't hit her back." Del Prete protests, "But she has the knees of a football player!" "What?" shrieks Shepherd, hitting him squarely, a solid right cross to the shoulder.

"Let's go again," Bogdanovich says. They do, get a good take and he wraps for the day. He is perched on the running board of the LaSalle, plotting the course of a long tow shot, when Tatum O'Neal arrives. "Bogs, Bogs, it's so great to see you!" she crows, patting him smack on his bottom. He hugs her, nearly hoists her up, then reconsiders, "Look at you," he says. "You look great. You've really grown. You're taller." He is grinning a great silly grin and holding her now at arm's length.

"Wow!" says Tatum. "All your old crew. It's just like old times!" She spots Bobby Byrne and an extra



Bruce McBroom

battery of klieg lights go into her smile. When she turns back to Bogdanovich, Byrne says, "That first day on *Paper Moon*, she was incredible. She'd never seen a camera before and . . ." He breaks off to listen to Tatum who is telling Bogdanovich, "Of course I'm taller. I *am* wearing big [platform] shoes, but I was only eight when I made the movie, Bogs."

Bogs calls it a day and they go scooting off in a golf cart with Tatum—11 now—at the controls.

"This skin," moans Cybill Shepherd, who is scrubbing at that skin in the bathroom. "The slightest thing sets it off." She is worried by the rash of tiny bumps blighting one of her cheeks. The blight is an allergic reaction to the makeup she must wear for the film. To counterbalance it she takes allergy pills which help, but not enough. To hide the bumps which the makeup causes, she must wear the makeup which causes the bumps. Yossarian would sympathize.

Shepherd comes into the dressing room mopping at her face with a towel, her great puff of buttery hair looped behind her ears. "Want a Coke or something?" she asks, padding about in her sweat socks, looking more like a Phys. Ed. major than a movie star. In high school, Cybill Shepherd was an athlete. She dove, swam, rode, ran relay, set the district broad-jump record (14'7"), did gymnastics and, mainly, played basketball. "That girl!" her mother says. "All she cared about was books, sports and horses. She was on the city championship basketball team. Can you believe it?"

One on one, Cybill Shepherd remains the good sport. One on one, she displays none of the fractious temperament so unpleasant on set. It is, evidently, something induced by crowds and nerves. Of her golf course behavior, she volunteers, "I thought I was doing something wrong. I knew that Peter wasn't happy and I thought it was something that I was doing. It turned out to be the writing, Peter says. He's rewritten the scene now." Asked whether it is difficult to work with a lover, she says, "Of course it is." Her manner says anyone should know that. She elaborates, "We have two separate relationships. I deal with him at work as a director and at home as a different person—but, of course he isn't."

Shepherd's dressing room has gray blue walls, French provincial furniture in a strange café au lait shade and a paisley canopied day bed. It looks like the sort of bedroom that *Seventeen* magazine urges upon its readers. Shepherd, who is 24, looks closer to 17 this afternoon, dressed as she is in her casual grubs—turtleneck, baggy pants, sweat socks—and excited as she is about getting a car of her own. The car, a Wedgwood blue BMW, is due to arrive at any moment. She hopes that it will so she can take a quick turn in it before her dancing class.

She takes voice lessons as well as dance lessons. With the discipline of an Olympic contender, she

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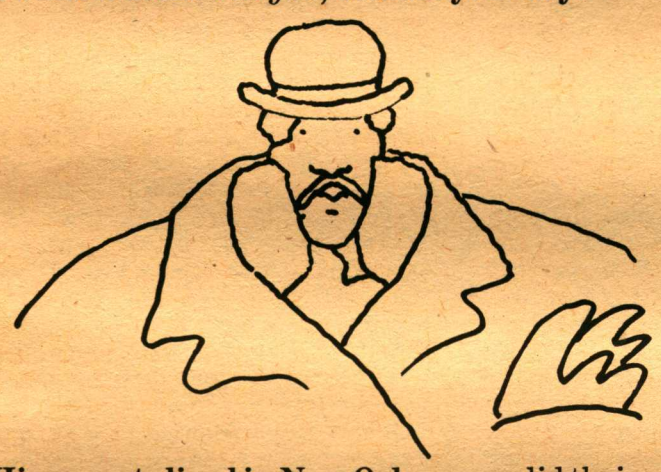
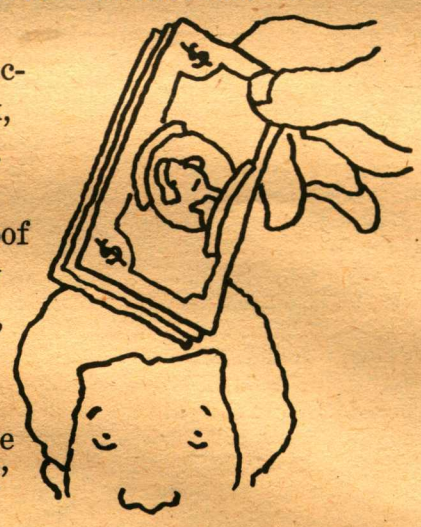
About Allen Toussaint
(Part I)

With strangers he's distant and quiet, but not unfriendly. On the edge of a New Orleans barbecue and swimming party thrown for Paul and Linda McCartney and Wings, Allen Toussaint rocked gently by himself for an hour or so in a backyard swing. "It's fun *and* it's nostalgic," he told a visitor.

"A song to me is like a suit of clothing," says Toussaint. "You design it to fit a certain person at a certain time. It scarcely fits other people and after a while it doesn't fit *you*, because you vary."



His parents lived in New Orleans, as did their parents, and he has made his life and his music in New Orleans, though there've been offers from record companies in New York, Los Angeles and elsewhere. "In an area like New Orleans, which has been aloof from the rest of the country in *every* fashion, musically, too," he declares softly, "if there *was* anything to hold onto, there still *is*. Unless we stop holding onto anything."

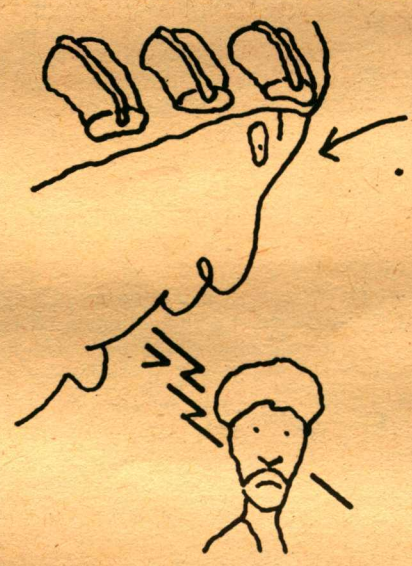


"As an artist, Allen closely resembles Carole King,

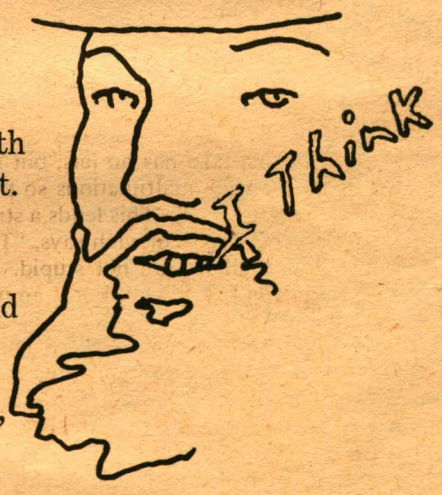
both in his shyness and his uncanny ability to custom-tailor his songs to the personality of the singers for whom he writes," observed Timothy Crouse in *Rolling Stone*.

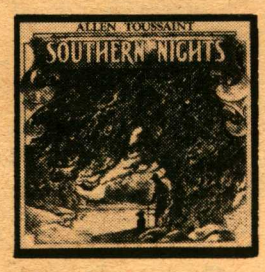
"Listening to Lee Dorsey inspires me to write before I find out what I'm going to write," Toussaint said. "With me, I think about it—I think about it before it's done. It's almost how I'm going to write it so I can do it. This guy Allen Toussaint's really limited, so I better write something he can do . . . I've auditioned me, and I didn't pass the test. However, I've passed someone else's test, so I'll record me."

Some Records He's Produced: "Lady Marmalade" by Labelle, "Ooh Poo Pah Doo" by Jessie Hill, "Mother-in-Law" by Ernie K-Doe, "I Like It Like That" and "Land of 1,000 Dances" by Chris Kenner, "Ride Your Pony," "Get Out of My Life Woman" and "Working in the Coal-mine" by Lee Dorsey, "Cissy Strut" and "Sophisticated Cissy" by The Meters.



Talking about his *Right Place Wrong Time* album in 1972, Dr. John said "I think it was kind of an honor for me to have Allen produce it . . . And he is so acquainted with my style of doin' things that he can even take it a step further. That's the advantage of workin' with the genius of Allen Toussaint. Like what he did with The Band's new album *(Rock of Ages)*. People said, 'The Band with horns will be the same thing,' but it added a whole new dimension to The Band."





Hear all the things that are Allen Toussaint in *Southern Nights*, his new album on Reprise records and tapes.

To Be Continued . . .

works at improving herself daily. She always has. "I hated the modeling," she recalls, "so I went back to school as a fine arts major. Then I got the chance to do *Picture Show*. I decided it was worth doing, so I bought myself a tape machine and a lot of classical tapes and came on out. Growing up in Memphis, I had never really been exposed to classical music. What we heard there was country, boogie-woogie and some New Orleans jazz. I figured this was as good a time as any to educate myself. I would work all day, come home and listen to music, then maybe go out for a bite at the International Pancake House. I was lonely, but lonely times can be very good for you, very educational."

Shepherd is sitting Indian style on the bed. When the conversation turns to acting, she makes a tepee with her fingers and concentrates for a moment before she talks. "The most exciting thing about acting," she says finally, "is that you are temporarily given another life to live, another person to be, another fantasy to play out. If you allow yourself, you can learn a great deal from that other person."

There is a knock at the door and Shepherd bounds to her feet, caroling "Come in, come in!" as she climbs into her clogs, casts about for her eyeglasses, grabs for her purse. Frank Marshall, Bogdanovich's longtime friend and associate producer of the film, stands in the doorway, grinning widely. Would she, he wonders, care to take her car for a spin?

She would. After the briefest of rundowns from Marshall, she slides behind the wheel and pilots the sedan away from the curb, taking a left and then a right, heading for the maze of streets at the rear of the Fox lot. Quickly bored with the back lot, she aims out into the neighborhood, driving easily and aggressively, slicing through the traffic along Pico and Century, aiming into an area of narrow winding streets. As she drives she comments on this aspect and that of the car's engineering. It corners well, which pleases her. It is an automatic, which does not please her but seemed more sensible for Los Angeles driving. "Peter wanted me to get a Mercedes or a Rolls," she says. "But I wanted something I could really drive. I love to drive." That fact is abundantly clear. Already, she is pushing it just a little on the curves, grinning to herself.

Threading her way past a moving van, executing a rapid U-turn when she sees that the street is blocked and threading her way back past the van with a gay little wave at the movers, she says, "Now, what I like about this picture we're doing is something that goes back to D.W. Griffith. I guess everyone knows that in *Orphans of the Storm* those were real ice floes they were on? There was a gamble involved in those days. With this musical, some of that comes back. We're doing it live. We must hit our marks exactly and get the voice right, too, because it's all going on film right then. Take the scene where Burt and I are singing in the swimming pool. It's a challenge." She brakes for a red light and, when it changes, jumps two lanes to take a left. "An adventure," she adds.

Burt Reynolds has had it with adventure. As he puts it, "It has always been my dream not to be set on fire or jump out of windows. I can't act macho for more than four or five minutes at a stretch without starting to feel pretty silly."

This may be true. Dressed in a pair of crisp white boxer shorts, Burt Reynolds calls for the attention of the crew assembled on Stage 15. "Some men," he booms out, "might feel foolish standing around like this. Not me!" At which point he lets drop the half-dozen ice cubes he's been harboring in those trunks.

Bogdanovich cast Reynolds as Pritchard, playboy and sportsman. Reynolds himself recast the role somewhat, playing Pritchard more boy than play, more spoiled than sport, more sissy, in short, than anything else. To Bogdanovich's eye, this interpretation has proved itself one of those "good accidents" he looks for. "Burt," he says, "may be the best bit of casting in the movie." For his part, Reynolds turns the accolade aside. "If I'm good," he says, "it's because Peter had the guts to cast me. True, I am taking chances."

Just at the moment, Reynolds is taking the chance that Cybill Shepherd will laugh if he pretends to flash her. Wrapped in a snowy bathrobe, he sneaks up behind her and whispers, "Hey lady, heh, heh, heh." When she turns, he flashes her a quick glimpse of his boxer shorts and she socks him solidly on the shoulder. He makes a quick move as though to square off and they do not, in fact, look unevenly matched. Reynolds, unlike Shepherd, is far smaller than his screen image suggests. When she punches him he winces. He complains, "Hey, Peter!"

"Burt," says Bogdanovich, " the one thing we have to settle is when you scream." He is, however, talking about the scene they are shooting and so the two go off to rehearse. Once they are out of earshot, Bobby Byrne, the camera operator, says, "You know, Burt is the kind of guy you root for and hope he does well." Frank Marshall, associate producer, agrees. "Burt is probably the favorite on set."

There are reasons for this. It was Reynolds, for example, who sent Eileen Brennan a get-well present when she was hospitalized for a hernia. Coming to after the operation, she found a gift package containing: one horn, one pair of jockey shorts and a sign for her door reading, "MEN." And it is Reynolds, for another example, who, when he spots Cybill Shepherd costumed now in a pair of silky ivory pajamas and a faceful of cucumbers, jokes, "I'll take the Cybill Shepherd salad, please." For this bit of effrontery, Shepherd smacks him square on his chest with a cucumber slice.

"Those cucumbers," or so claims Eddie Simmons, "have been rehearsed offstage for days by the cucumber trainer. 'The Vegetable Wrangler,' as they affectionately call him."

Bogdanovich warns Shepherd, "Be sure to get a thin slice for your chin or it won't stay long enough." She nods that she already has and points to the thin slice on her chin which instantly drops to the floor.

"Cucumber up!" Bogdanovich says sternly, a bogus frown roiling his forehead. He is, in fact, in blithe spirits. Between Bogdanovich and Reynolds, there exists a special camaraderie, a boyish glee in each other's company. They are loud together and silly together and, occasionally, outrageous together. Coaching Reynolds through a love scene, Bogdanovich says, "And then you kiss," and gets a mocking peck from Reynolds to the delight of the crew. Playing a football sequence, Reynolds gets mauled by Shepherd's flying tackle only to hear Bogdanovich tell her, "Nice work, darling."

This afternoon, Reynolds and Shepherd are singing their rounds of the title song, "At Long Last Love." Reynolds sings his verses while shaving. Shepherd sings hers while she sits at a vanity, re-cucumberating from a hangover, slice by slice. For both, there is not only the song, but a lot of complicated funny business, the little visual jokes Bogdanovich is so fond of. Reynolds must slather his face with lather, shave, nick himself, paper the nick, shave some more, nick some more and paper some more—all while singing Cole Porter's urbane lyrics: "Is it a cocktail this feeling of joy? Or is what I feel the real McCoy?"* Shepherd, for her part, must time her lyrics to the cucumber slices she is peeling off one by one. "Is it a breakdown or is it a break?" she sings, peeling one from the eyebrow and another from the cheek. "Is it a real porterhouse or only a steak?" peeling one from her forehead, two from her cheeks. "What can account for these strange pitterpats? Is it the dream, the cream, the cats?"

"With a guy like Peter," says Reynolds, "you've got to gamble. You're a fool if you don't." Believing that, Reynolds willingly gambols through his big love song in a pair of baggy boxer shorts and a slathering of shaving cream.

"Actually," observes Edmonda Aldini, "Peter is very very shrewd. He knows that Burt is very nervous about his singing, so he gives him so much else to do that he can't worry about the singing and it goes very well." Aldini, Del Prete's longtime lover, chuckles with delight. She is one of Italy's most sought after dramatic actresses and a canny observer. "Shrewd, very shrewd," she repeats knowingly.

She may be right. As it happens, Reynolds does four good takes in a row. When he blows one, he announces dramatically, "It's not easy being on top. It's lonely." This sentiment is greeted by laughter.

"There's always some way to show status," notes Madeline Kahn. "Take these chairs. Some people get the tall ones and some don't." She is referring to the collection of leather-backed camp chairs rated by some of the company. Bogdanovich, Kovacs, Reynolds and Shepherd have tall chairs. Other members of the cast have short ones. Asked if she'd like a tall one, Kahn says, "Oh, no, of course not!" She widens her big brown eyes ingenuously lest one think she is lying through her pretty white teeth.

*©1937, Chappell & Company, Inc.

"Madeline is in a very tough position," notes one regular on set. "Everything is being done for Cybill." This view is rather widely held among the crew.

"Cybill is the one who's under pressure," goes the other side of the coin. "She has to scramble like crazy to keep from being knocked off the screen." This view is also rather widely held.

"Naw," says Madeline Kahn. "I don't think that people see the two of us as competing. How could they? We're completely different types."

She has a point. In fact, several: Shepherd is large and she is small; Shepherd is blonde and she is a redhead; Shepherd has blue eyes and she has brown; Shepherd has the tall chair and she has the short one.

Tossing her coppery hair, swinging one of her slender, show-stopping legs, Kahn sits in her camp chair, saying, "I'm not a star, but I like what I've done. My work is solid. You can look at it and see that it's well built."

This afternoon, singing her round of the title song, Kahn will work at building a little softness into her character. She will do this in small ways, with the flutter of a hand at her waist when she sings, with the flutter of a lash when she smiles, with the practiced expertise that allows her to hit exactly the mark that cameraman Byrne says will give her the best framing. "If you raise your chin just another half inch," he tells her and she does, perfectly, on take after take. Bogdanovich is delighted. He tells her he is delighted and gives her a hug to prove it.

"Well," says Kahn. "I actually prefer acting and singing to running and leaping and catching balls."

The day before, when they filmed the football sequence, Kahn had snagged a high, spiraling pass and this compliment from Bogdanovich: "Great! You looked like Joe Namath, darling!"

Unlike many directors, Bogdanovich shares the daily rushes with cast and crew. Sometimes, there is spirited bidding on which of the takes should be used. Kovacs, for example, may hold out for later takes and come in for a little ribbing. "Come on, Laszlo," Bogdanovich tells him, "we all know that you always like the last take no matter how shitty it is because you finally got the light the way you want it."

As camera operator Byrne sees it, "The nice thing about working with Peter is that he's so open. He's going to respect you for what you say and he's not going to crucify you if he disagrees." When he does disagree, Bogdanovich may put the last word this way: "I am going to use the other one for some arcane Director of the Project reason."

Most days, the dailies are held in the Little Theatre, a screening facility adjacent to Bogdanovich's office on the Fox lot. Sometimes, however, on days that are particularly long or late, Bogdanovich may hold the dailies at his house. That house, as befits a movie mogul, lies in the palm-shaded, artificially lush reaches of Bel-Air.

"Sometimes," says a crew member, "I go there and it seems to me like two little kids playing dress up."

Peter Bogdanovich and Cybill Shepherd share a house that is very large and very white and built on a quadrangle after the manner of the ancient Roman palaces. Within the quadrangle, there lies a central courtyard and, within that, there lies a garden where a gushing fountain crowns the floral array. Within the house proper, the public rooms are serenely handsome—white, modish couches are counterbalanced by heavy pieces of fine, dark furniture. Carefully chosen oddments of Chinoiserie complement the glowing Oriental rugs. Good paintings, properly placed, grace the walls. A bouquet of white flowers, fresh and lovely, stands atop the grand piano in the living room. On the sideboards, bowls of bonbons wait the hand. Curiously, these lovely rooms have an unlived-in feel: The bonbon bowls are full; the ashtrays empty; there are books about but no magazines, no newspapers, none of the casual detritus of life. One passes through these rooms to see dailies.

There is, at the rear of the quadrangle in the far corner of the house, a room well suited for screening rushes. Except for the projection booth, it looks like any rumpus room, this little theater with its flood of red carpeting and its old movie posters decking the walls. It is here that the cast and crew may be invited to share a glass of wine while they watch the dailies.

Once the dailies are done with and their guests are gone, it is here, curled on the couch in their bathrobes and pajamas, that Peter Bogdanovich and Cybill Shepherd spend many a happy evening together screening old movies. They do not, often, go out.

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· RECORDS ·

Tom Wilkes

Emmylou Harris's Quiet Country 'Sky'

Pieces of the Sky
Emmylou Harris
Reprise MS 2213

by Bud Scoppa

When the Byrds recorded *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* in 1968, the romance between country music and pop was still secret. Seven years later, both country and country-influenced pop are all but mainstream. In order to seduce the mass audience, country producers and musicians smoothed down the music's rough edges, removing many of the music's distinctive qualities. Meanwhile, in order to build connections to more legitimate roots, some rock musicians tried to graft those same rough edges onto their own ridgeless pop styles. In the process, both types created music that was neither authentic nor innovative, but was a mild, occasionally charming contrivance.

But *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* itself remains apart from the clichéd and shallow music inspired by it: It still sounds real and powerful. The difference was Gram Parsons, the only true innovator to emerge from the jumbled milieu. A native southerner, he had grown up with coexistent passions for old-time country and rock 'n' roll and began making music with these passions intact. Parsons used the Byrds as a vehicle for his grand design: to wed pure country music to a new audience.

Parsons never made contact with that hoped for audience, but he made some great music. His six albums—from the formative *Safe at Home* by his International Submarine Band through the final heartbreaking *Grievous Angel*—include literally every noteworthy work to be associated with the country-rock movement. The difference between Parsons and the rest was partly his awareness and understanding of the tradition he was carrying on, but it was mostly the feeling: He was connected to pure country in a spiritual way, and he could communicate what he felt with singular vividness.

If Parsons's haunting music never reached a sizable audience, it deeply touched a succession of worthy musicians, and Parsons made the most of each partnership: with Roger McGuinn and Chris Hillman in the Byrds; with Hillman, Sneeky Pete and Chris Ethridge in the Flying Burrito Brothers (whose *Gilded Palace of Sin* remains the crowning achievement of the milieu); and finally with Emmylou Harris on his two solo albums, *GP* and *Grievous Angel*.

Now Emmylou Harris is incorporating Parsons's convictions into her own work, and she talks candidly about what the partnership gave her in terms of both knowledge and inspiration. Harris isn't a lifelong country devotee even though she grew up in Birmingham, Alabama. But while working with Parsons, she caught his fever for the rigidly expressive, high-droning sound of old-fashioned country as introduced to her by Parsons on the records of people like Lefty Frizzell, early George Jones, Hank Williams and especially the great harmony duos, the Louvin Brothers and the young Everly Brothers.

On her own Harris has, like her old partner, bypassed Nashville altogether, preferring to work clubs with her band in her present home area, Washington D.C., and to record her own solo album in Los Angeles with many of the same musicians Parsons had used. Present-day Nashville has very little to do with the music on *Pieces of the Sky*; the closest Emmylou gets is "Coat of Many Colors" by Dolly Parton (herself a pristine anachronism in the world of Lynn Anderson and Olivia Newton-John) and a credibly rustic Billy Sherill ballad, "Too Far Gone."

Pieces of the Sky is superficially a country album to about the same extent *Heart like a Wheel* is. But whereas Linda Ronstadt stays primarily with recently written neo-country material and young, country-oriented pop musicians, Harris has laced her recording generously with old warhorses on both counts. There are old songs—by Charlie and Ira Louvin, Felice and Boudleaux Bryant, plus vintage-sounding newer tunes—and on hand are crusty old pickers like James Burton and Glen D. Hardin. Despite the differences in approach, the focus of each album is the lead voice and it's hard to avoid making comparisons between the two.

While Ronstadt has a full-bodied sonority to her voice, giving her great power in the dramatic passages of the songs she sings, Harris has a softer, almost fragile turn in hers that belies its basic sturdiness. Emmylou tends to underplay her lines, giving her vocal sound the drama of vulnerability rather than that of all-out passion. Her duet with herself on the Everly Brothers tune, "Sleepless Nights" (which she once recorded to heartbreaking perfection with Parsons on a never released track), is restrained to a point not far above a whisper, but the mournful sincerity of her singing gives the track a nevertheless unquestionable intensity. Her rendering of the Beatles' "For No One" (which producer Brian Ahern persuaded her to record) is nearly as understated, with a small string ensemble and a spun-silk guitar solo by Amos Garrett beautifully reinforcing the close, shadowy mood.

She can convey a credible sense of sweet fragility without holding back to those extremes, as she shows in her delightful duet with Herb Pederson (late of the Dillards) on

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the Louvins' "If I Could Only Win Your Love," her faithful rendition of the Parton song or "Boulder to Birmingham," the album's most commercial track and the only Harris original (cowritten with Washingtonian Bill Danoff). This panoramic love song invokes the classic traveler's theme in a succession of affecting metaphors:

Well you really got me
this time
And the hardest part is
knowing I'll survive.
I've come to listen for the
sound
Of the trucks as they move
down out on 95
And pretending it's the
ocean
Comin' down to wash me
clean,
To wash me clean.
Baby do you know what I
mean?*

In this verse and throughout the song, Emmylou juxtaposes her most intimate singing with her fullest, thereby deftly moving along the shifting sequence of perspectives to form a coherent progression. Here, working with her own ideas, her intelligence and sensitivity are readily apparent.

A little-known writer, Danny Flowers, has provided Harris with a song that stands with the old classics and with "Boulder to Birmingham": His "Before Believing" opens with an elegant acoustic guitar figure, then moves deliberately into a stark, simply worded lover's monologue (from which the album's title was drawn). The track has a wintry clarity that contrasts poignantly with the language of the song, and Emmylou works this contrast skillfully, so that her voice seems to glow in its somber, chill surroundings.

On *Pieces of the Sky*, the greater the challenge the song provides, the more inspired Emmylou's performance becomes. Concurrently, the album's least riveting moments come from its most upbeat, least passionate songs: Haggard's "Bottle Let Me Down," Shel Silverstein's "Queen of the Silver Dollar," and "Bluebird Wine," a catchy but slight tune by a young Texan named Rodney Crowell.

With a production touch from Ahern much lighter than his work with Anne Murray, and with a bunch of knowledgeable old hands playing along, Emmylou has received a backdrop that's more than fair, more than sympathetic. And she's responded with a performance sufficiently impressive and winning to make *Pieces of the Sky* a classy, durable record. Although Harris hasn't made an album the equal of Parsons's work (she wasn't expected to), it's quite likely she'll engage a much larger audience than Parsons ever did. Aside from having that miraculous voice, she has great personal charm made up in proportionate parts of intelligence, honesty and self-effacement—and (as the cover makes obvious) she's very pretty in a rustic way. Even though *Pieces of the Sky* is, like Parsons's records, more a country album than just about anything to come out of Nashville in years, Harris's exceptional musical and personal appeal should be sufficient to put her in touch with a good many noncountry listeners.

Emmylou may have a hit record: It's certainly good enough to be one. If she does, I'm certain she'd love nothing better than to make that original Parsons/Harris duet on "Sleepless Nights" available to her audience, old and new. But Harris's commercial success wouldn't just serve to expose a wealth of presently obscure brilliant music to a new body of listeners; it would also provide a solid base for the development of a singer/writer whose intelligence, taste and convictions do full justice to her gorgeous voice.

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Ed Caraeff

Hard as Rock, Soft as Nils

Nils Lofgren
A&M SP-4509

by Jon Landau

Nils Lofgren has been a critics' favorite for half a decade. Some learned about him in 1970 when word that he was one of the true rockers dribbled out of his Maryland stomping grounds. He picked up more points when Neil Young met him at Washington's Cellar Door and asked him to play on what became Young's finest moment, *After the Goldrush*. He recorded with Crazy Horse and then made several albums with his own group, Grin, on his own label, Spindizzy. But because the records were never quite right and because he was never the subject of an organized media campaign and major tour, he has remained a cult figure in search of a mass audience.

Nils Lofgren is the album to change that. It is a complete, self-contained work that defines a specific and enjoyable stance. Lofgren—who sings, plays guitar and keyboards (but no synthesizer, thank God), writes and coproduces — is a special kind of romantic. He concentrates on songs about the teenage feelings that were such a significant part of the rock ballads of the Fifties and the English pop of the mid-Sixties. The lyrics revive memories of high-school dances, making out, male possessiveness and a lifestyle in which sex roles were clear and unambiguous —all without ever becoming sentimental or nostalgic. He spins one narrative after another that tells of adolescent jealousies, hurts and loneliness but does it with a disarming casualness that keeps him from ever sounding self-pitying. He redefines the rock styles that he loves in terms of the Seventies, but without ever giving in to Seventies cynicism, vulgarity or decadence.

Lofgren has sacrificed some of the powerhouse hard-rock style that gave him his underground reputation in order to achieve consistency of mood and greater control. He presents the album's 11 songs (plus a prelude) inside a small sound that makes use of only two other musicians, bassist Wornell Jones and drummer Aynsley Dunbar — the latter especially complements Lofgren. This conservative approach makes a strength out of what had been a flaw, his hard-rock singing. The new material and style are contoured to the lightness of his singing touch. The melodies and dynamics don't demand anything that he can't handle and he further covers himself by mixing the voices down.

"Back It Up," which sounds like a hit single, is the most representative example of the album's content. The verses sound like light Byrds music except for the propulsive quality of Dunbar's drumming; the chorus takes the song into some more imaginative and catchy syncopated guitar riffing; the interludes between chorus and verse are sharply focused; the ending varies the melody just enough to confuse the listener. Best of all, the lyrics are simple and convincing: "I found out/Love is not enough/I need devotion to back it up."* Lyrically, Lofgren is living in the world of the Beatles' "She Loves You"; musically his calmness and measured tone stand in contrast to the franticness of many songs in the genre.

"One More Saturday Night," a gem, is lyrically reminiscent of Charlie Rich's "Lonely Weekends." "I Don't Want to Know" is one of the great rock'n'roll jealousy songs, with a smooth little chorus: "I don't want to know your boyfriend's name/I don't want to know all the men you claim/I don't want to know where you slept last. . ."*

Musically, Lofgren still rocks when he wants to. He unleashes some fine slide on "Can't Buy a Break" and turns downright cocky on "Duty." But he presses hardest on two of the album's three songs about rock music. His "Keith Don't Go (Ode to the Glimmer Twin)" is an amusing and touching tribute to Keith Richard. Richard was the hero of most of the Sixties'true rock guitarists — people who spurned folk rock, psychedelia and heavy metal. He still is the foremost champion and developer of the greatest of all rock guitar traditions—the one begun by Chuck Berry. On "Keith Don't Go" Lofgren articulates his identification with a powerful and mysterious musician in the album's typically innocent terms.

He plays just as hard on the weird "Rock and Roll Crook" in which I make out, over the screaming guitars and mixed down voice, such lines as ". . . It's so expensive to grow older" and "Gotta message for the In Crowd/I'm bringing in a new look/I ain't no rock and roll crook."*

The third song about rock is not set in so hard a context. "The Sun Hasn't Set on This Boy Yet" has a lovely lilt and is autobiographical in the style of Neil Young's masterful "Don't Be Denied." It tells of going to New York where ". . . every wound just made me stronger," and going west where ". . . I found out/That hope was all around me and that's what life is all about."* If Lofgren is a major talent—I obviously think that he is—it's at least in part because he can make those almost ordinary lines resonate so forcefully.

On *Nils Lofgren*, the singer sounds sincere but never whining, forceful but never belligerent, vulnerable but never weak. With the exception of *Blood on the Tracks*, this is the only recent album I've heard that sounds like it's the product of a single person's imagination. I'm convinced not only that it's the best rock album so far this year; I'm also convinced that if Nils Lofgren gets up off his ass and tours the United States, a lot of people will wind up hearing it and agreeing. As far as I'm concerned, this is one boy whose time has come.

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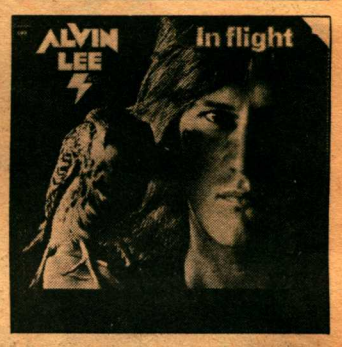

Alvin Lee
In Flight
Columbia PG 33187

by Dave Marsh

British blues has always been a workmanlike form, as much a job as a pleasure. Alvin Lee is smart enough to realize this, and having deserted his own limey blues band, Ten Years After, he has made *In Flight* in pursuit of a new image. Unfortunately, Lee's problem isn't easily wished away. He sinks into new restrictions quicker than he can soar away from the old ones.

Ten Years After was never much of a group, although they made some interesting records, particularly *Ssssh* and *Watt*. The group was the

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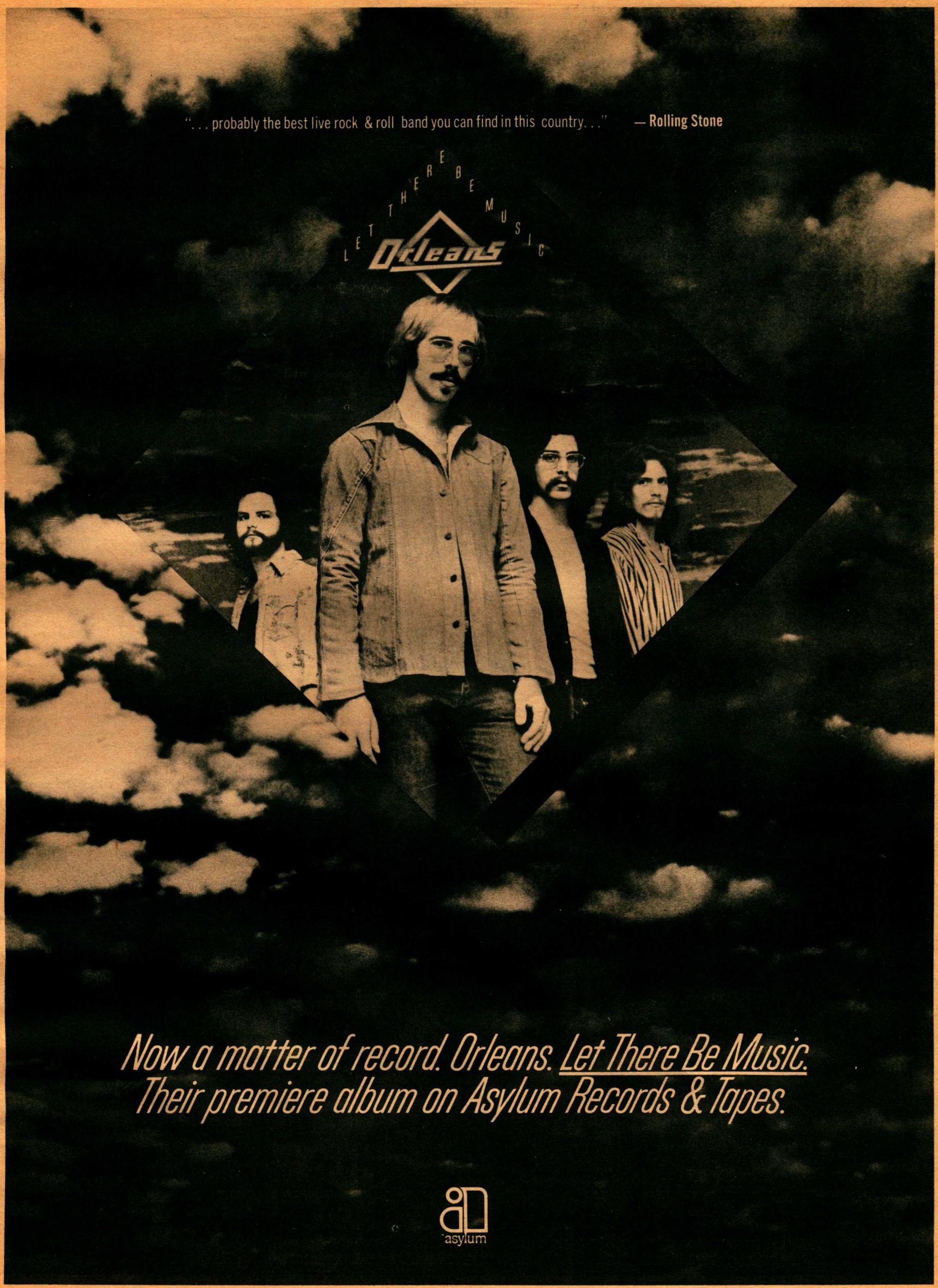

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sleeper surprise of Woodstock, and "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" and "I'm Going Home" were significant pre-heavy-metal *tours de farce* for guitar. All of their exciting moments, though, had as much to do with stagecraft as music. Lee's flashing smile was as important as the white heat of his guitar runs. Alvin Lee was fast, the epitome of the British speed demon guitarists, but his speed and his smile were intertwined forever. The one made him salable, the other made him identifiable; I was never sure which was which, but we all know what too much speed does for the teeth. Still, without those alabaster incisors, Ten Years After might have lent new meaning to the concept of facelessness which dominates so much of the rest of British blues.

For all its limits, Lee's twin talents gave them a head start over the various Foghats, Savoy Browns and Mayalls. Lee has personality, if not charisma, and the sense of humor—not just fun, which is intimately tied to work—that ought to go with it. It is difficult to imagine even such an inspired British bluesman as Eric Clapton having the ironic self-perspective to tote a watermelon over his shoulder as he trudged off the Woodstock stage, in full view of 500,000 fans and half as many cameras.

Lee is in flight, in deed as well as concept, on his new album. Fleeing that confining image, however, he seems desperate, uncertain of just what he'll choose to replace it with. Consequently, *In Flight* is a kitchen-sink job: a live album, two records, with horns and a female chorus. The music can't decide between rock and blues and half-assed mellow jazz. There isn't a chance for any of the facets to shine long enough to give the record—or Alvin—focus.

Lee's best moves are as a rock & roller, even if his most coherent ones are still tied to his version of the blues. The most interesting track on the album, "Mystery Train," fails utterly. After Elvis Presley's and Junior Parker's versions, "Mystery Train" wasn't a song anymore at all; it was a pair of records, each defining the limits of one of its dual themes (sex and death). Lee has nothing to add to that except a pleasant, smoky voice.

But even that voice is obscured by the awful chorus. The English have been trying for a decade to figure out what to do with the Stax concept—the way voices and horns are used in Memphis — without much luck. Lee's ideas aren't much more useful than Joe Cocker's. The chorus shouldn't drown out the singer in an arrangement like this; it should add tension. Here the chorus elasticizes everything, drawing it out to the point of boredom. It happens time and again—on "Slow Down," "Money Honey," which had a chance to be special, even Lee's own best song, "I'm Writing You a Letter."

Surprisingly, Mel Collins's sax and flute are handled with some taste, probably because they are not, as with most blues groups which resort to horns, bowled over by a blaring brass section. (I know of no great white rock record in which brass plays a dominant role.) But for all their limitations, the rock songs are still more effective than Lee's blues, which for the most part are just as excessive in length and velocity as those he played with Ten Years After. Only sax dipping in and out reminds that this is not a TYA record. With his usual irony, though, Lee redeems himself a little, simply by calling one of the songs "Every Blues You've Ever Heard." He ought to be required to open his show with it as a sort of *caveat emptor* —and not he alone, but the whole sorry batch of Anglo blues mummies.

Still, this isn't as inauspicious a debut as I may have made it seem. Lee has broken free of the TYA image, certifying himself as a rock singer of some talent. The rockabilly cuts here move, and if it weren't for the chorus, you could say they never get cute, as too much British pseudo-rockabilly does. With a little reorganization, Lee might have a fine post-heavy band in the making.

Dave Marsh is music critic for 'Newsday.'

It's Time
Bonnie Bramlett
Capricorn CP 0148

by Charley Walters

Bonnie Bramlett sings her blues and soul aggressively. Where Maria Muldaur might softly caress a lyric, Bramlett runs in and grabs it. "Your Kind of Kindness" opens *It's Time* with a snarl evil enough to summon Tina Turner to mind. (Curiously, she's nearly lost in the muffled mix.) Her only lapses—and these aren't often — occur when she becomes nasal and almost cute, as in parts of "Atlanta, Georgia." But she almost always exhibits her considerable power and also a tension from an ability to bridle her strength without diluting it.

Bramlett has been this good a singer for some time, but what makes this record the consummate performance is the accompaniment. Not since the days of *To Bonnie from Delaney* or the tour with Eric Clapton has she worked with such sure musicians. Mainly a corral of Capricorn all-stars, they spice their understanding of traditional soul with more adventurous approaches. Jackie Wilson's "Higher & Higher" is transformed from its original full orchestration into a spare but energetic number, almost unrecognizable from the standard and much akin to the spontaneous and homespun feeling of the earlier *Motel Shot*. "Where You Come From," on the other hand, includes countryish guitar work set off by synthesized strings, forging a novel as well as tasteful blend.

Individual standouts abound. Randall Bramlett's soprano sax lends a taste of the exotic to Scott Boyer's title cut, and Boyer's Cowboy partner, Tommy Talton, contributes a raw slide guitar. "Cowboys and Indians" lays claim to a wonderfully loping trombone segment from Earl Ford; Leo LaBranche sports a sinuous and all too brief trumpet solo on Ivory Joe Hunter's "Since I Met You Baby." Seldom do so many musicians reach for inventiveness and stay inside a genre's bounds—and seldom do they have a Bonnie Bramlett for inspiration.

The First Minute of a New Day
Gil Scott-Heron, Brian Jackson and the Midnight Band
Arista 4030

by Stephen Holden

After four albums that achieved some underground success, poet, novelist and jazz singer Gil Scott-Heron's heavily promoted debut on Arista Records is gaining him wider recognition. Scott-Heron has been best known for his anti-establishment accusations, "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised" and "H_2Ogate Blues." The high point of *The First Minute* is Scott-Heron, and pianist/flutist Brian Jackson's followup to the latter, "Pardon Our Analysis (We Beg Your Pardon)," a brilliant, bitterly sarcastic diatribe against the Nixon pardon, recorded before a live audience. The album's only spoken cut, "Pardon" reaffirms Scott-Heron's devastating power as a poet of the immediate moment. This power is somewhat diminished within the context of the eight-member Midnight Band's cool jazz. While Scott-Heron's incantatory lyrics are excellent, he speaks more eloquently than he sings. The invocations of the album's eight songs range from the spiritual ("Offering") to the revolutionary ("The Liberation Song"). The most musically cohesive is a remake of "Winter in America," a beautiful despairing poem whose compassion embraces more than just the Third World movement: "And all of the healers have been killed or betrayed/It's winter; winter in America/And ain't nobody fighting because nobody knows what to save."*

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Todd Rundgren's Utopia
Bearsville BR 6954

by Tom Nolan

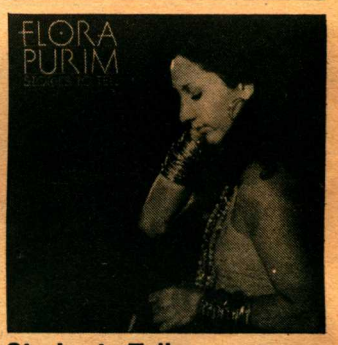
Todd Rundgren enters the kingdom of extended synthesized compositions with this exercise in tedious pyrotechnics. These marginally atonal, naggingly repetitive constructions contain a few fleeting passages of technical facility —particularly the title track, a live recorded showcase for the synthesizer virtuoso, M. Frog Labat—but nothing here, including the occasional flashy riff, engages the heart or mind. The spare, embarrassingly mawkish lyrics speak vaguely of some Erewhon east of Kubrickville where we can all fly our freak flags high. Apparently the chief attraction of this far-out world is its unrelentingly pounding, one-dimensional music. This would seem to be the ultimate sterile extension of Rundgren's much touted studio wizardry. Rather than producing something self-conscious yet compelling, Rundgren has created a sense-dulling album that totally negates his once promising charms and subtleties.

New and Improved
Spinners
Atlantic SD 18118

by Bob Palmer

Thom Bell had an overwhelming impact on the "sweet soul" music of the early Seventies as a producer, a songwriter and particularly as an arranger. Unfortunately, *New and Improved* is in fact old-style Bell recycled. It has class, but not enough to cover its lack of substance. On the plus side, the sound itself is the usual crisp, clean delight. Guest Dionne Warwicke adds immeasurably to the somewhat anemic Spinners group sound on the hit single "Then Came You," and Bell's use of a recurring electric sitar sound as a thematic motif is marvelous. "Sitting on Top of the World" is a fine piece of sweet uptempo pop, and even the ghastly, poor-mouthing "Sadie" features the innovative use of pedal steel guitar as an orchestral instrument.

But why can't Hawes, Jefferson and Simmons — Bell's staff tunesmiths—write songs which delineate character or explore interpersonal relationships or at least assert machismo instead of songs like "Sadie," which merely whine? Why did Bell and Linda Creed attempt to drain a few more drops of sentiment from the hackneyed crying clown idea in "Living a Little, Laughing a Little" so long after Smokey Robinson's definitive treatment of the same theme? Why has Bell pirated his own rhythm line from "Rock & Roll Baby" as the underpinning for "Then Came You"? Bell seems to settle for less with every Spinners album, and the group itself seems to grow more determinedly bland. The maestro's early arrangements for the O'Jays represented the pinnacle of Philadelphia sweet soul, but with the Spinners the soul element is vanishing, leaving the listener with the taste of too much cotton candy.



Stories to Tell
Flora Purim
Milestone M-9058

by Bob Palmer

For a long time it seemed that Flora Purim would always play the Latin lady, backing her husband Airto on his own percussion instruments, singing Chick Corea's melodies as a good horn player might play them, seconding the menfolk and only rarely stepping out. Only gradually has it begun to dawn on everyone—Milestone records, Airto, Flora herself—that hers is a special talent and that, in this singer- and song-oriented age, she has the best chance of putting over post-bossa nova Brazilian music to a mass audience here.

Stories to Tell is a step in

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18	Hattiesburg, Mississippi
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22	Johnson City, Tennessee
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26	Miami, Florida
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30	New Orleans, Louisiana
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2	Shreveport, Louisiana
3	Dallas, Texas
5	Austin, Texas
6	Houston, Texas
9	Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
11	Kansas City, Missouri
12	Memphis, Tennessee
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15	Wichita, Kansas
16	St. Louis, Missouri
17	Lincoln, Nebraska
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23	Phoenix, Arizona
26,27	San Francisco, California
28	Sacramento, California
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4	Vancouver, Br. Columbia
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16	Denver, Colorado
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25	Detroit, Michigan
27	Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
28,29	Buffalo, New York
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3	Westbury, Long Island
4	Hartford, Connecticut
6, 7	New York, New York
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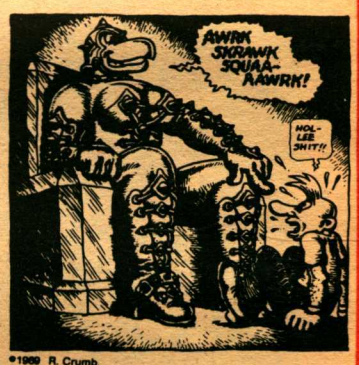

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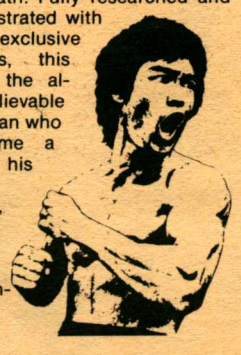

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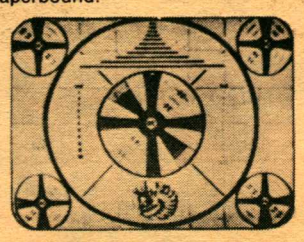

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that direction, more assured and less dependent on the Corea axis than the recent *Butterfly Dreams*, closer in content and in spirit to the culture Flora and Airto grew up in. Half the tunes are by Brazil's best tunesmiths, Milton Nascimento's "Vera Cruz" standing out as particularly stunning. Like the other Brazilian pieces it says much with few words and fewer notes while avoiding harmonic overdevelopment.

Welcome in the album credits is Miroslav Vitous, extraordinary bassist, founding member of Weather Report and, here, songwriter and synthesizer soloist. George Duke is prominent on keyboards (including deliriously lyrical acoustic piano in addition to his usual electronic axes) and Carlos Santana makes a brief but impressive appearance as the major soloist on Vitous's "Silver Sword."

This abundance of talent doesn't exactly help Flora define a bag, but neither does it overwhelm her. She floats free, wordlessly; she improvises; she breathes Brazilian torch songs with a silken style that has all but vanished from contemporary pop. Braziliana and electronic jazz/rock are an unusual stylistic mix, but who's to say Flora can't pull it off? She's in her element here, and the feeling that there will be a watershed recording—maybe even a masterpiece—from her before too long is inescapable.

Refugees
Rachel Faro
RCA CPL1-0689

by Paul Gambaccini

Rachel Faro covers a wide emotional spectrum on this LP. She keeps her perspective throughout so that the listening experience is always bearable—sometimes enlightening, sometimes entertaining. Mellow instrumental passages take some of the sting out of her more depressing work.

"Refugees" relates our shared plight: "Now if you're feeling like a stranger, far from your home country/ Remember we are all alone together. . . ./We are all refugees."* Rachel's is a tasteful, melancholy treatment of a difficult, melancholy subject. But the dreariness can be exhausting. By the time she says on "I Ain't Afraid" that ". . . It's hard enough being alone by yourself/But it's worse to be alone with somebody else"* one wonders if she is set on depressing Leonard Cohen. There is relief on three numbers, particularly "Smooth Sailing." Here she sounds optimistic, joyful at the realization that things can turn "free and easy." Her voice sails, floats and drifts, justifying the song's title. The track shows that Faro can convey celebration as well as contemplation, and her ability to do so with sensitive music and lyrics should serve her beyond this one album.

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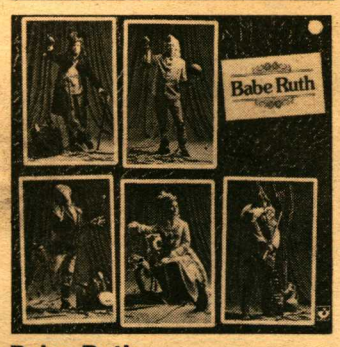

Babe Ruth
Harvest ST-11367

by Alan Niester

Babe Ruth is a band which, in one album, can sound more like Humble Pie than Steve Marriott and any four friends (as on "Dancer"); resurrects the theme song from *A Fistful of Dollars* and changes it into a bouncy, no-holds-barred rocker; turns an old Curtis Mayfield number into a Julie Driscoll-meets-Kiss stomper; and generally outboogies any ten of London's most famous rock layabouts. Vocalist Jenny Haan is one of Britain's most spirited screamers. Alan Shacklock's guitars and Steve Gurl's Moogs are all exciting, and the band's arrangements of both their own and other people's material is consistently top-notch. Babe Ruth the band is too damn good to continue relatively undiscovered, and *Babe Ruth* the album is their third straight top-class effort. This album is an unpretentious, straight-ahead romp.

Crime of the Century
Supertramp
A&M SP 3647

by John Mendelsohn

Virtually every track on this album seems to last twice as long as the actual music warrants, a vastly disproportionate amount of needle time seems to be devoted to pauses which, one guesses, the 'Tramps want us to find rivetingly portentous, but in fact are only tiresome. Because, in addition to appreciable instrumental dexterity, they seem to possess the rare ability to harmonize handsomely: One is rendered sleepless by the desire to lock them in a room with the first few Beatles albums until they're convinced that it's possible to be as dynamic and atmospheric in two-and-a-half minutes as in five.

The overlapping themes of this at least very nicely produced album seem to be the repression of individuality and the world's intolerance of eccentricity, although one is hard put to infer as much from the generally graceless and not awfully provocative lyrics which, to put it as civilly as possible, seem to be something less than the long suit of 'Tramp tunesmiths Hodgson and Davies. Should their option be picked up, they ought, in addition to instructing their tape-op to allow no single track to last longer than 200 seconds, concentrate more on melody.

Caught Up
Millie Jackson
Spring SPR 6703

by Paul Gambaccini

This remarkable exposition of a lover's triangle told from the perspectives of wife and adulteress is the high point of Millie Jackson's career to date. On one side the other woman puts forward her point of view in a biting talkathon appropriately titled "The Rap." A passionate version of "If Loving You Is Wrong I Don't Want to Be Right" makes it clear that although New Year's Eve is lonely, "J-1" is the sweetest day of the year for the woman who gets her lover back after the family holidays.

The wife presents her case on side two and surprisingly throws in the towel on the final tracks, fiery versions of Bobby Womack's "I'm Through Trying to Prove My Love to You" and Bobby Goldsboro's "Summer (The First Time)." The latter may seem an unorthodox choice for a soul singer, but Jackson makes the song her own. "We had some *lovin'* times together," she chortles, relating how at the age of 17 she was deflowered by a 31 year old. "I became a *woman*, do you understand?" she barks. Millie literally runs from a whisper to a scream on this cut, finally dissolving into an extended string of emotional goodbyes.

Brad Shapiro's production is excellent, supplying lush orchestration when appropriate and a gentle background when that is called for. But Millie's performance is even more extraordinary. She has shown she can perceive an album as an entity and sing her heart out in telling the story.

Serenade
Neil Diamond
Columbia PC 32919

by Tom Nolan

"I've seen the light," the first song begins, and Neil Diamond reads his line with the slovenly confidence of an illuminated saloon singer, a cosmic Sinatra hinting at some grand message to come. But all that Diamond has to offer are bland musings adrift on an empty sea of strings, a handful of spiritual clichés ("Plainly it is all a circle"*) pegged to a gallery of culture heroes — from Picasso to Longfellow to Christ—and sung in a variety of dialects either embarrassing or aggravating, depending on whether sympathy is placed with the singer or the listener. "Reggae Strut," the most ludicrous track, provides a kind of grim humor as Diamond delivers a grotesque Jamaican/Puerto Rican "limbo stick" rap over lumbering violins, stiff-lipped flutes and incongruous steel drums. Mercifully the album's length is a breezy 32 minutes, and during its pompous farewell—"Let me make your dreams as sweet as mine" — the sun abruptly sets on the Kahlil Gibran of the Brill Building.

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The Baker Gurvitz Army
Janus JXS 7015

by Alan Niester

In which down-on-his-luck former pop idol Ginger Baker (Cream, Blind Faith, Air Force) joins down-on-their-luck never-really-pop-idols Adrian and Ben Gurvitz (Gun, Parrish and Gurvitz, Three Man Army) for an album that is better than might be expected, but not by much. Most of *The Baker Gurvitz Army* contains the usual power trio stuff, occasionally augmented by the usual horns and strings, adequately done, but of little lasting interest. Some may want this album for "Mad Jack," the long awaited sequel to "Pressed Rat and Warthog," in which Baker garbles, in his own charming wino cockney, the story of Mad Jack, a man who races with tigers that turn out to be lions. Also, there's Ginger's ever popular drum solo (hasn't changed much) on "Memory Lane." *The Baker Gurvitz Army* has "one shot" written all over it, and should only be purchased by the truly curious who can really afford it.

Plug Me into Something
Henry Gross
A&M SP-4502

by Paul Gambaccini

Plug Me into Something sounds like the work of an intelligent young American who knows how various kinds of rock & roll are made and has decided to make some. The new album is a natural, a competent and amiable LP that contains neither shocks nor genuine flashes of inspiration. Gross and friends sound like they are only trying to recreate various rock styles, rather than extend them (in the way that the Raspberries, for example, have done).

Still, Gross leaves no doubt that he's mastered his trade as he goes from an out-and-out rocker to a Jagger impersonation to a ballad sung in trembling voice to a country & western number complete with a barking dog. Terrific: He's passed the audition. But he's good enough to contribute something more and until he does he will remain a stylist rather than the original one suspects he still can become. Meanwhile, this album remains a more than listenable collection of pop whimsies.

The Last Cowboy
Gallagher and Lyle
A&M SP-3665

by Tom Nolan

Gallagher and Lyle, formerly of McGuinness Flint, have consolidated their very pleasant folk, pop and light jazz impulses for an eminently palatable second album under their own aegis. Several lead

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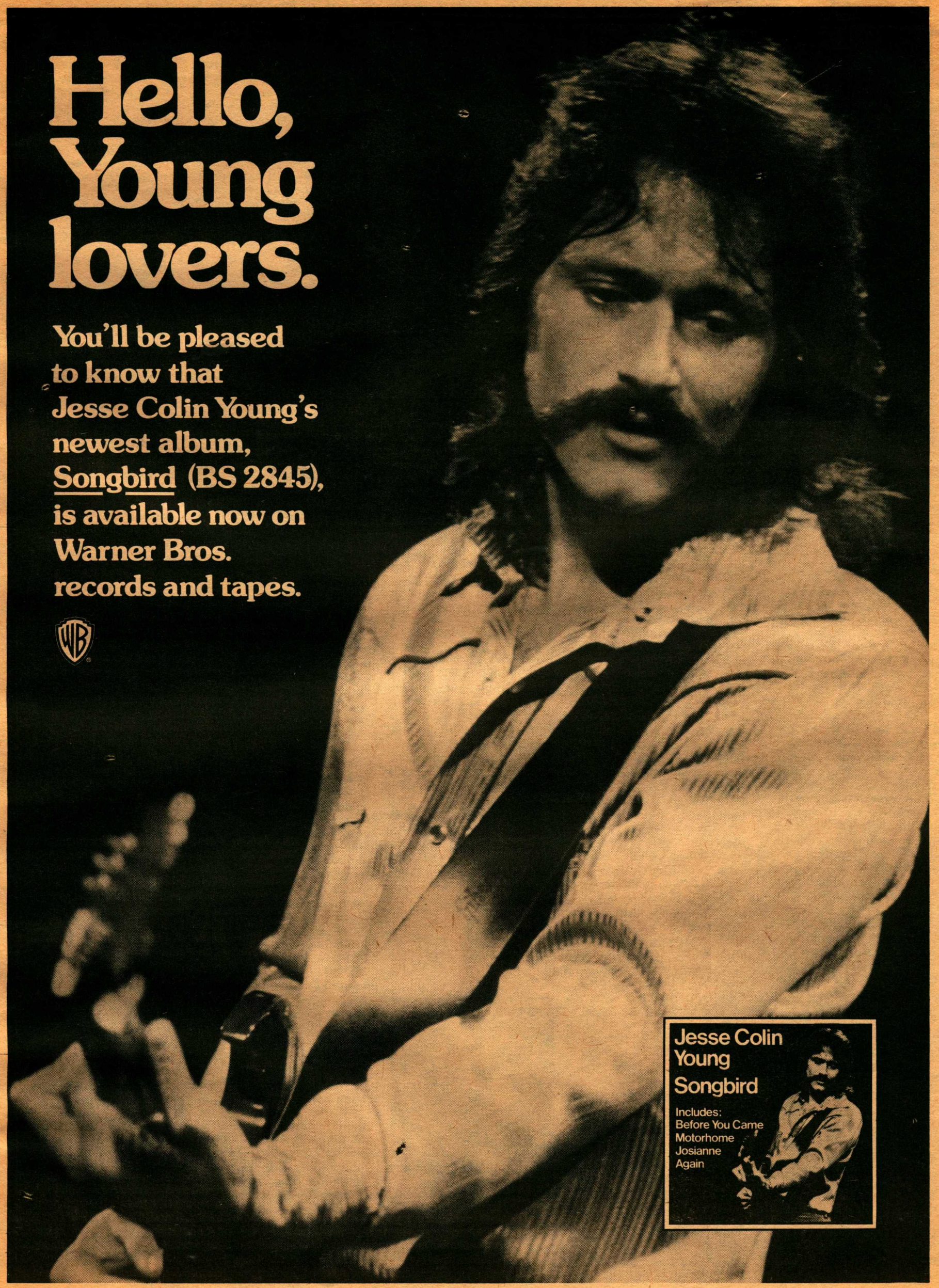


vocals are cast in a mellow Paul Simon mold, and the breathy, blowsy sax of Jimmy Jewell moves these tracks along delightfully. Other cuts are propelled by jangling 12-string dobro, harmonica, stride piano, mandolin and other folk props, all used sparingly for tasteful coloration. From thoughtful ballad, "I'm Amazed," to poignant joke—"King of the Silents," a falsetto tale of a faded screen star who squeaks like John Gilbert—carefully rendered moods are what Gallagher and Lyle have to purvey; their lyrics are secondary to their subtle and understated sounds. Their self-imposed limits are narrow, but within them, Gallagher and Lyle create many delicate and satisfying moments.

Silver Morning
Kenny Rankin
Little David LD 3000

by Stephen Holden

Kenny Rankin is an amiable folk crooner whose warm timbre, especially when set against strings, I find remarkably ingratiating. More a stylist than an interpreter, Rankin's versatility ranges from ballads to light scat. As in two of his previous three albums, Rankin intersperses his own songs with those of others. The title cut, which he wrote with his wife, Yvonne, is especially lovely, the voice and lavish arrangement rendering credible the lyric's homiletic bucolism. Rankin imparts a serenity to songs as stylistically opposed as "Blackbird" and "People Get Ready." In these, as in most everything Rankin has written and recorded, the intention is to communicate a peaceful sentimentality. Dumb and escapist though this message may be, the charm of Rankin's voice works as a genuine tonic.

Get Up with It
Miles Davis
Columbia KG 33236

by Stephen Davis

Miles's longtime audience will without doubt find this a bizarre set. Within the space of this double album Miles plays organ on half the tracks, marking the first time in a 30-year recording career that he has appeared on an instrument other than trumpet or fluegelhorn. Other oddities include three electric guitars on several cuts, Miles overdubbing lush multiple trumpet backgrounds, an upfront harmonica track here and there and a couple of tasty bits from Miles's tape collection.

Dedicated to Duke Ellington, the set begins with a dark, side-long elegy, "He Loved Him Madly." The quiet bell keening of the trumpet lays out the mournful tone for the three journeyman guitarists (Reggie Lucas, Pete Cosey, Dominique Gaumont) and Dave Liebman, appearing here on flute. This modal monody indicates some of the depth of feeling that Miles's generation of musicians had for Ellington, and the church-like air of the piece has just the right celebratory, soothing effect.

The second side includes three shorter pieces. "Maiysha" is Miles's principal organ piece and comes off as an exotic sendup of Johnny Hammond, Groove Holmes and other organists who play within a jazz structure. While his band plays a standard cocktail arrangement Miles hits outrageous and harsh organ chords that bang on the ear and mock that whole genre of music. "Honky Tonk" comes out of the Davis archive and is derived from what has come to be called his Fillmore Band. The session reads like a who's who of Seventies jazz-rock: John McLaughlin, Herbie Hancock, Keith Jarrett, Billy Cobham, Airto, Steve Grossman on soprano and longtime bassist Michael Henderson. While "Honky Tonk" jumps with the patented mojo frenzy of its era, its inclusion here seems to be Miles's way of reminding us where all these young upstarts came from. The side ends with "Rated X," on which Miles and Cedric Lawson trade keyboard riffs while sitar, tabla and the African percussion of mainstay Mtume drone away in the rear.

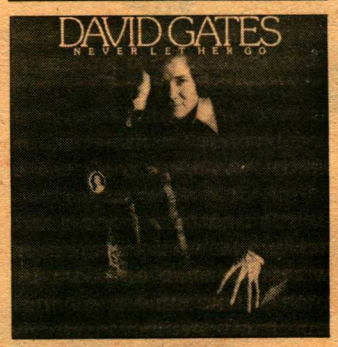
"Calypso Frelimo," a hustling rocker dedicated to the Angola freedom movement, takes up the third side. Again, Miles is to be found at the organ leading his band through its paces, relying on his great rhythm section to see the piece through. Without Miles's trumpet several of these long numbers tend to drag occasionally. His intention ostensibly is to maintain a monster rhythm band that can back his various whims and phases, play well enough by itself so that he can lay out now and again and not eventually disintegrate as its various members branch off into individual stardom. There's not much danger of that happening with this outfit—as it has with almost all of Miles's other bands. The players are all super competent and charismaless professionals.

"Red China Blues" is a hard-edged number with Miles back on trumpet. Pretty Purdie and Cornell Dupree are in the rhythm section and a wailing blues harp that would seem incongruous on a Miles album fits in perfectly. The album is rounded out by a piece called "Mtume" on which the ubiquitous percussionist gets a chance to work out, and "Billy Preston" with Miles on piano and Carlos Garnett on alto. The cut is Miles's tribute to another one of his soul inspirations and is a gas. As he has always done, this artist keeps plunging ahead, sure of where he's going and not bothering to look over his shoulder to see who's inevitably going to follow.

While You're Down There
Stray Dog
Manticore MA6-501S1

by Charley Walters

Expanded from a trio to a fivesome for their second album, Stray Dog falls short of an agreeable mix between heavy metal and more gentle tones. Take the concluding instrumental: Tuneful, classically tinged passages are unconvincingly framed (or abruptly cut off) by forceful but finally banal guitar riffs. Their purely rowdy moments fare the best. "Bits & Pieces," with perky rhythm and group vocals, cooks well and "Calamity Jane" adopts a gutsy fill from Free's "Wishing Well" — not real thievery, though, since guitarist Snuffy Walden was part of that session as well. Stray Dog fails chiefly, however, from a lack of identity; *While You're Down There* could have been done by any of several groups.



Never Let Her Go
David Gates
Elektra 7E-1028

by Stephen Holden

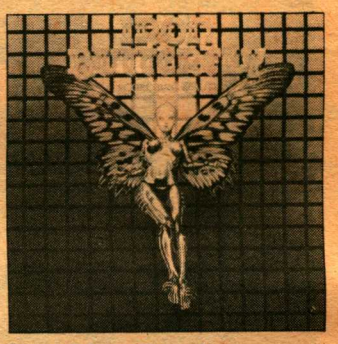
David Gates's second album consists of ten disposable confections tailored for the Top 40 MOR market. Gates's newest ballads, "Never Let Her Go," "Part Time Love" and "Someday," are less appealing than the hits he wrote for Bread or the windblown dessert topping on his solo debut, *First*. No matter their glib sentimentality, the best of Gates's earlier work communicated adolescent ardor with winning sweetness and just enough sincerity. By contrast, *Never Let Her Go* amounts to nothing more than a series of stale clichés set in a perfunctory production. Gates at least ought to have learned that his proficient crooning is best accentuated by echo and long, shimmering string lines. While *Never Let Her Go* boasts competent orchestration, it is not schmaltzy enough to qualify as good make out music. The inferior half of the album is light-to-medium rock, uniformly banal except for "Chain Me," a silly paean to romantic masochism.

Don't Cha Love It
The Miracles
Tamla T6-336S1

by Bob Palmer

The Miracles minus Smokey Robinson once seemed as unimaginable as a heaven without a god, but here they are, fronted by a new 23-year-old lead singer and sounding very good indeed. William Griffin tends to try too hard to imitate Robinson when he isn't echoing the Delfonics' William Hart, but under producer Freddie Perren's tutelage the sound of the group is so different the derivative aspects of the Griffin style don't matter much. Against all odds, an LP that might well have been tedious turns out to be stylish, remarkably consistent and affectionately true to Motown tradition.

Perren has judiciously mixed the old with the new. "Don't Cha Love It" has a minor modal A section in a contemporary vein which slides effortlessly into a sweet, harmonically rich B strain that's classic Miracles. "Gemini" has swirling strings and hand drums which are more prominent than the traps in the mix, but a Sixties-style Motown rhythm line weaves through it. "Sweet Sweet Lovin' " spreads the lead work around the group and includes direct address, complete with chuckling and asides, as well as a Miami-influenced pseudo-Latin beat. The vocals are never breathtaking but they are never less than capable, and Perren's righteous tightrope walk between memories and expectations keeps the album moving. There are ten concise tunes, several of which leave the listener hungry for more. Perren and Christine Yarian wrote most of them and they are a disparate but never facile lot. *Don't Cha* doesn't include an "Ooo Baby Baby" or "Tracks of My Tears" but by contemporary standards it's a solid success.



Scorching Beauty
Iron Butterfly
MCA-465

by Alan Niester

They may boast two of the originals (Erik Braunn and Ron Bushy) but the sound of the 1975 Iron Butterfly owes more to the Stooges of *Fun House*, the Velvet Underground of *The Velvet Underground* and 1966 in general than it does to *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida*. In fact, the album seems so truly inspired by 1966 punk rock that it becomes naive by today's standards, and it's ironic to think that a band considered so progressive in its heyday could seem so dated now, even if its sound has altered into one that is lighter (by comparison) and more appealing. *Scorching Beauty* eschews glossy production for what sounds like a Christmas morning Sanyo portable tape recorder, and it forgos lyricism for single idea banalities. They sound more like a tin moth than an Iron Butterfly, but the result is a refreshing piece of Sixties consciousness that shouldn't be taken too seriously.

POEM

BEING, ON SUNDAY

Ripely, the day
arrives:
a lost melon at my
door,
cellophane-wrapped,
crinkling,
a wind of knives.
I'm a cutting board.

I pack myself away.
The wind
slices my arrange-
ments. I eat
sandwiches made of
my intentions.

My ears are full of
scalpels.
The wind's sharp
silver song draws
me on.

—Susan Policoff

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"'Out of the Storm'...establishes him, once again, as one of the most important individuals currently working in rock." Melody Maker

"After a storm comes the sweetest weather, and after Jack Bruce's personal storm comes his sweetest music." Cleveland Exit

"A truly superb album which manages to be realistic and inspiring at the same time in its vision of the world." Let It Rock

"...one of the most highly personal, painfully anguished works recorded... 'Out of the Storm' is instantly appealing ...uncompromisingly good." Sounds

"The precision, arrangements and dynamics are compelling..." Cashbox

"This new album is unique and beautiful." Pop Top

"'Out of the Storm' combines flights of melodic invention with electrifying powerhouse performances...Some intriguing new musical ground is covered here, with the potential to make Jack Bruce's audience larger than ever before." Hit Parader

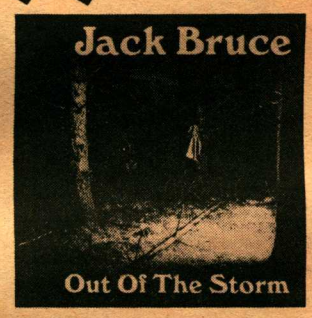
"...will satisfy his fans from the Cream days as well as the ones who enjoyed his more esoteric jazzy material...A man who never stops progressing." Billboard

"That word 'beauty' is really the best to describe 'Out of the Storm.'" The Scene

"...some of the most distinctive and refreshing music around these days. 'Keep It Down,' 'Into The Storm' and 'Keep On Wandering' are among the standout tracks on 'Out of the Storm.'" Lloyd Grossman, Rolling Stone

"Intricate songs with amazingly delicate melodies...I might study this album for months and still find it intriguing." Boston Phoenix

"If you like your rock 'n' roll with a touch of class, a loose funky polish and whole lot of sophistication, 'Out of the Storm' is an answer to sleepless nights spent frustratingly searching for some quality record to play other than those worn-out golden classics...'Out of the Storm' just might be this year's best. Welcome back to reality, Jack." Sounds



JACK BRUCE, "OUT OF THE STORM" ON R.S.O. RECORDS AND TAPES

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HERSH

[*Continued from 52*]

house we used to live in, my wife and I. We were renting a house on Macomb Street [in northwest Washington]. I remember saying to her that I was really pursuing this mad story partly because I was bored to death and also I just wanted to pursue it.

Finally I called Ft. Benning and they said the only thing they had was a Calley and the guy I talked to said that had been made public, it was even in the newspapers. He gave me a release. And he said it had run in the papers down there and the *New York Times* had run something on it too. And I looked it up and there it was in the *Times*, one paragraph on page 38 in the Saturday paper, maybe page 28.

I called an old Army colonel friend of mine. Somebody who had been helpful to me before and knew his stuff. He was a tough guy, very conservative guy, and I said: "What did this guy Calley do? What the hell's going on here?" I couldn't get a line, the people I'd called at Ft. Benning couldn't say how many people Calley had killed. Any other court-martial in the past six months, they had one or two or five killed. They set no number to this one. I didn't like that. Mushy. So I went to see this colonel and he said: "Sy, let me ask you something."

He stood up and he whacked his knee, jammed the side of his hand against it like a karate chop and he said: "Now are you telling me somebody who kills little babies and goes around saying he's killing Viet Cong knows what he's doing? He's just crazy!" I like to think I remained stone faced. I said: "Play it again, Sam"—I don't know what I said — and he amplified it by saying: "This Calley is just a madman, Sy, just a madman! He just went around killing all those people. Little babies!" And he jammed his knee. "There's no story in that," he said. "He's just pathetic and should be locked up in an institution."

Well, okay. I went from there to see somebody who worked for, of all people, Mendel Rivers [conservative Democrat from South Carolina]. He was a very conservative guy, a nice guy, and I said: "What about this story?" He said: "Gee, it's just a mess, isn't it?" He said: "Sy, don't write about this one. It would just be doing nobody any good. The kid was just crazy. You know, I heard he took a machine gun and shot them all himself."

By this time I knew I had a story. I remember sitting in my old house, saying to my wife that it was hard to believe. There was something gnawing at me and I kept going on the thing. It was probably nothing more than instinct, feeling that this guy really had done it.

Now I have to tell you some background to make it relevant, to explain my instinct. I first got to Washington in 1965 as an AP correspondent and was sent to the Pentagon. (I worked on the desk for six months, then they sent me to the Pentagon because some guy broke his foot or whatever, went overseas or something — nothing works by rhyme or reason.) Before this I had no interest in the military. So I got to the Pentagon and I'd been there three or four months and I was having a pretty good time writing stories about boats and planes. One day the secretary of defense, McNamara, called some of us up to his office. I had a great deal of respect then for McNamara, for this reason . . .

The year before we had gone skiing out in Vail, before Jerry Ford was up there, and coming back we used Budget Rent-A-Cars to drive from Vail to Denver because they only charged five bucks. And we were standing there at Budget Rent-A-Car — you know how those places are, 90 miles outside of the city, waiting for the van to take us into the airport. And up rolls McNamara, his wife and his kids in their Budget Rent-A-Car coming back from skiing with Jackie and the Kennedys and who knows who else. But there he was. In his Budget Rent-A-Car! They all rode in with us, very polite, very civil. I was very impressed with the guy . . .

So here I come into the Pentagon a year later, snowed like the rest of Washington by McNamara. His integrity seemed clear. There were some problems about the war, but what the hell! So one day he calls some of us up to talk about the war — some stuff about a big victory we had, some battle we'd had. It was off the record, background stuff. The wires were there and the *New York Times* guy was there and I was there for the AP since I was not unimportant to what can be described as propaganda. We wrote the kind of story that said, you know: "U.S. officials said today . . . praised American men today for fortitude . . . said there would be 478 Silver Stars awarded the next day."

Well, the next day a man I later got to know very well, who later became an admiral but who was then a Navy captain working for systems and analysis, crooks his finger at me at the Pentagon press room and says: "Come here!" We took a walk around the building. He was doing a very big study on the effects of the air war and had access to all the intelligence. And he says: "My God, where did you get that story?" And he tells me about what really happened at

[*Continued on 74*]

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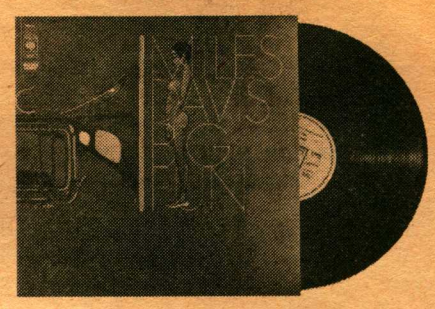

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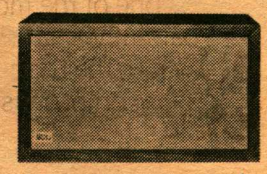

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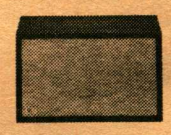

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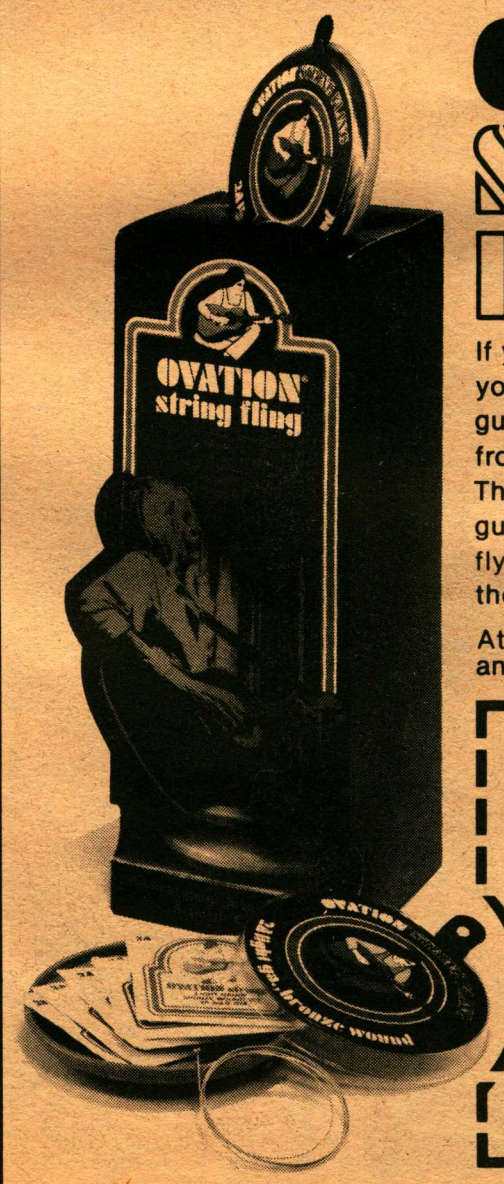

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[*Continued from 73*]

that battle: that some commander committed troops one company at a time into a hellhole and they all got chewed up. That they automatically gave the general a battlefield promotion and relieved him of command. That the cables showed a terrific loss. "Who gave you that story you wrote?" he asked. I said: "You won't believe it, it was a McNamara backgrounder." Which shook him up a little bit. Well, it bothered the hell out of me. I began to feel really sleazy.

Something else that happened later bothered me even more. Harrison Salisbury, who is a great man, went to Hanoi and wrote his great stories about the effect of American bombing. The Pentagon was furious at Salisbury. They called him Ho Chi Salisbury writing for the *Hanoi Times*. About this time, Cy Vance, then deputy secretary of defense, who was a very attractive guy whom the press liked a lot, invited a bunch of reporters up. He had a problem, he said. He had some inside information. The Pentagon, he said, had sources inside Hanoi, diplomatic sources too sensitive to be revealed. These sources, Vance continued, had reported in absolutely categorical terms that Salisbury was all wet, that the bombing wasn't as bad and the Pentagon wanted to get this out. And Vance says: "How do we handle this to protect our foreign intelligence source?" And the reporters who were there all came up with ways to help him. We worked out the language. Language like: "According to extremely reliable diplomatic reports . . ." We worked out the kind of language we'd all use. I knew I didn't like it but I wasn't aware of how much we were being taken. I wasn't that cynical yet.

Then, after this incident with Vance, there was a Christmas party or a New Year's Eve party for McNamara. There were drinks, hors d'oeuvres. It was all off the record and there was supposed to be no business discussed. Everybody was just talking socially. Sucking around is the only word for it. The papers were full of Hanoi and Salisbury. I thought Salisbury's stories were so goddamned good. I wondered if I'd ever be that good, if I'd ever be able to report that well. It was really heavy stuff if you remember. They cheated him out of a Pulitzer Prize. I finally said to McNamara: "What about Salisbury and this stuff in the *Times*? About the fact that we're bombing the crap out of North Vietnam?" McNamara was very indulgent and very polite about my serious breach of etiquette. He smiled and said very pleasantly: "When I was a captain or a major in the Strategic Army Survey, Bombing Survey, after World War II, one thing we learned then: Bombs never go where they're aimed." And everybody laughed. That conversation really stuck with me. There was profound cynicism in that comment. I later learned while working with the AP that in a single bombing mission, of 88 bombs dropped three were on target —85 were not.

I wasn't an angry young man. None of that stuff. I wasn't a bomb thrower. I did march on the Pentagon. I just thought eventually that the war was a terrible terrible mistake. There's right and there's wrong. It seems to me as a reporter that if you go along with the wrong, that's wrong. Period. Common sense is what the real factor is. If you're a good reporter you know what to do. You know where the lies are. You've got sense.

So here comes My Lai and I'm finally chugging along and I finally get a couple of guys to give me some idea. And I know I've got one hell of a story. I got a guy chopping his knee with his hands to show me they were little kids. Somebody else is telling me about grabbing a machine gun. I got to find Calley's lawyer. Finally somebody gives me the name Latimer. I call a bunch of lawyers named Latimer out of the phone book and the second or third one I get, the guy says: "Oh, you must mean Judge Latimer, he does a lot of cases."

I call the Court of Military Appeals. "He's retired," a guy says, "he's in private practice in Salt Lake City." I think—well, this isn't the man but I call him anyway. I get him on the phone. "I want to talk to you about this fellow Calley," I tell him. "Oh, what a tragedy. The government's making a grave mistake," he says. This is about four o'clock in the afternoon. "Sir," I say, "I happen to be coming to Salt Lake City. How about if I see you in your office about nine o'clock tomorrow morning?" He says: "Boy, if you want to come out here, that's fine."

I didn't have any money. I think I made a total of $8000 freelancing in 1969. I had this little 70-buck-a-month office in the National Press Building next door to Ralph Nader. I had an American Express card, though, and I called Jim Boyd with the Fund for Investigative Reporting. I said: "Jim, I got a helluva story. I can't tell you too much about it, though." "Go ahead," he said and promised to back me for a thousand bucks. I ran out and took the first plane—American Airlines—to Salt Lake. I went to a motel.

The next morning I went to Latimer's office. Before I left Washington, though, I did something interesting. Latimer had just won a big case, a rape case. A standard story: 23 GIs rape two prisoners and shoot one with 48 witnesses and it's thrown out because the clerk who filed the case didn't dot all the *i*s. You know what I mean, it was thrown out on a technicality. I went to see Latimer and the first thing I do is talk about this great case he'd just won. And he's pleased.

We talked and talked. I made my information very hard. I said: "Look, I have an awful lot. Calley did a lot of killing that day and the Army's telling bad stories about him." And he said: "Well, that's just not true. The boy was under command. Can you imagine them charging him with 109 deaths?" I said: "No, I thought it was 127." It's the old standard gambit. You always go more, you don't go less. "Oh no," Latimer said, "it's right here, 109." So he showed me the charge sheet and I read it carefully and he had to go out of the room and I made some notes off of it. I'd seen a piece of paper now: "109, Ft. Benning, William L. Calley, Jr." Latimer said: "He's a fine boy, Bill. Calley's a fine boy." I said: "Let me go talk to him." Latimer said: "No, I don't think so." I said: "Can you reach him?" He said: "Oh, yeah. I talked to him yesterday but I don't think I'll let you know where he is. I don't think that's right." Okay, I said. I knew he was at Ft. Benning. Hell, I figured I'd find him. I got the name of Calley's military lawyer, a major named Al Raby, and I said thank you. Hot-dogged it out to the airport. I hot-dogged on the first plane out east.

I got to Ft. Benning, Georgia, the next morning, rented a car and drove to the base, this huge monstrous place where the airborne does its training. I whip through the main gate and I park the car somewhere and I walk into the main PX, go into a telephone booth and look up Calley. No Calley in the phone book. I call up information. "Got a Calley?" No Calley. I ask her to double-check. No sir. I hang up. I want to be subtle about this. So I go to the bachelor officers quarters because he's a lieutenant. No Calley there. I go to the senior officers quarters. No Calley there. Uh hmm. I go to personnel. Calley? No Calley. I go to dispensement. No Calley. I go to a few offices. No Calley. I decide to find Major Al Raby. It's 8:30 in the morning and Major Raby is teaching a class in military law. Somebody goes and gets him. He comes out. He's a tall fellow. I tell him who I am, what I want. No way. "Sorry, I can't talk about it. No sir, can't tell you a thing about it. No sir." Polite. Away he goes.

Whether he ran to the phone or not I don't know, but

[*Continued on 77*]

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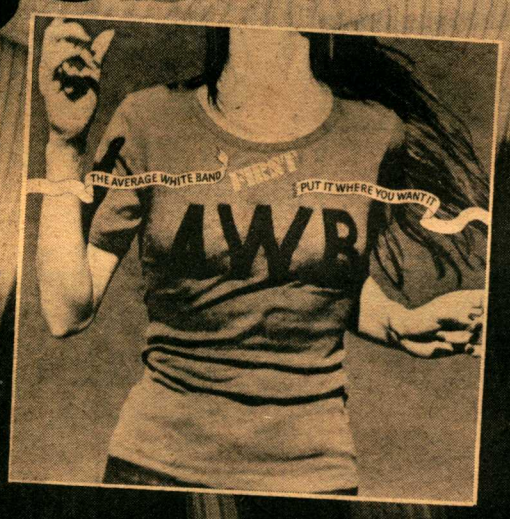

Put It Where You Want It

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MCA-475

[*Continued from 74*]

I was worried about that. I figured I had to be careful. Then I made my big move. I went to the post stockade. I figure a mass murderer like this has got to be locked up. I walk in there and I'm bold as brass. I have a briefcase. I look like a young lawyer. There's a sergeant sitting there and I say: "Sergeant, looking for Bill Calley!" "Who?" "Bill Calley." He checks his records. There's no Bill Calley here. Never heard of him. Checks with his boss. Never heard of him.

Then I figure he's locked up in one of those little jails on the post. I start driving around. There's a main stockade and there are smaller stockades. Overnight places. I drive around to a couple of guard houses where there are MP stations. I go to a couple of these and it's no go. He isn't in one of these. So I go back to the main post. I've got a real problem. How am I going to find him?

I go into the Judge Advocate General's office, the JAG office. This is a big move. I didn't want to make this one. I didn't want to tip my hand too much. There's an old sergeant in the JAG office. "Looking for Bill Calley, Sergeant!" I say. "What?" he says. "I said I'm looking for Bill Calley." "Oh, well, yes sir," he says. I say: "Yes, the name is Seymour Hersh, I'm a reporter from Washington." He says: "Yes sir, I'll go get the colonel for you right now." I tell him: "That's all right, just tell me where Calley is." He says: "I'm sorry, sir, you'll have to wait for the colonel." I say: "Well, I'll see you, sergeant." He says: "No! No! You wait here!" and I just stream out of there. He comes out the door after me and he yells: "Wait!" And I say: "No way!" I'm not about to wait for any colonel. I want to be foot loose and fancy-free, right?

Anyway, it's after lunch now. I'm saying to myself: Goddamnit, what do you do? What do you have to do to find this guy? I mean, it's a big base. Who knows where he is? I wind up back in a phone booth and I'm staring at the phone book. I know the Pentagon changes phone books every three months. The phone book I'm staring at is dated October 1969. I remember that Latimer had first met "The Boy" in Washington in July or August. I remember him saying that. Sonofagun, I say to myself. I put a dime in the phone and get the base operator and I say: "Miss, I would like you to look up new listings in the previous phone book, the July phone book, three months ago." It was a lot of hassle and finally I got this supervisor and she dug out the old phone book. Under the new listings she found: Calley, William L., Jr. You know, the efficiency of the Army, you can't beat it. I don't know why I hadn't thought of it. And I said: "Okay, I don't want the number, where is he? What's the address?" She was just wonderful. This is the South. Jawgia. And she said something like "*Haddawhooca P.C.U.P.*" And hung up. I didn't understand one goddamn word she said. It took me ten minutes to find the same supervisor to get her to go slow. You can imagine. My heart's racing. I want to get out of there. But I got her and I got the address.

Another location inside Ft. Benning, another little unit. I drive to it. It's in headquarters company. And here everything begins to get freaky. I find out where the office is, where the head battalion is. It's early afternoon when I find the place. Right out of the New Army. A three-story barracks, concrete. Really nice. Three floors with six wings, center stairway with wings on each hall with double bunks on each side. I walk into the headquarters office. I go into the captain's office. Captain Llewelyn. I say: "Captain, the name is Hersh. I'm looking for one of your lieutenants, a man named Bill Calley." He says: "What do you want?" He gets very nervous, he grabs the sides of his chair with his hands. He says: "I'm not authorized to talk about Calley. In fact, young man, I think I'll have to, I'm supposed to refer all calls to" and he names a colonel.

I say: "Look, I don't want any hassle." He says: "Come with me, young man." And we go outside. He says: "Look . . ." When I think about it, it's an incredible thing he did. He said he'd been passed over twice, three times. He was a 37-year-old captain. He'd been in the Army 13 years and was still a captain. He says: "Look, they're trying to run me out of the Army. I'm fighting it. I want to make major and you're going to ruin my career if you do this. And I really want you to stop. You've got to promise me you're not going to go around here, because I can't even have you here. Please go. I'm sorry. I'm just trying to ask you like a man." I say: "Captain, don't worry about it. If you've got nothing to give me. Calley's not in there?" He says: "No, I give you my word." He walks back inside. I pretend to walk away.

I waited a few minutes after he walked back in. Then I walked back in, tiptoed by his office and up the stairs. I thought I'd start with the second floor and walk through the whole place. I really thought I'd find Calley in there. I figured he was in some corner there. I'd track him down. So I walk through one empty barracks, one wing on the second floor. I walk through the other half. I'm walking quietly. I don't want to make anybody aware that I'm walking. I'm walking through the third floor and there in the corner is somebody sleeping. And even though it's an enlisted man's place I figure—this is it!

I go up and play it tough. I kick the side of the bed as hard as I can. Bang! "Get up, Calley!" And up pops this blond kid about 20, beautifully tanned. And he's got a name with an O in it. Olszewski or something like that. I say: "You're not Calley, are you?" He says: "Who?" I say: "Aww, forget it!" I'm so disgusted. What the hell. I thought I'd found Calley. I say to him: "What are you doing here? Sleeping at three o'clock in the afternoon?" He says: "Aww, man! This no-good fucking Army! I'm a six-monther from Iowa and they lost my records. All I do is sleep. That's it." We talked about that for a second. Then he says: "About the only thing I do, I sort mail." "Mail?" He says: "Yeah, mail."

"Ever hear of a guy named Calley?" I ask him. He says: "You mean that guy that killed all those people?" "Yeah, that guy." He says: "We used to get some mail for him, but I had to leave it over at battalion headquarters. We used to sort it but—old Smitty over there, he handles that. You know old Smitty's broken. Busted down to private from sergeant a couple days ago. You might want to go ask him about it, he might tell you." I ask him: "Would you help me?" "No way!" "Take me over there." "No way!" I give him another one of those great Humphrey Bogart moves. "What time do you have?" I ask him. I think it was five minutes to three. "Okay," I tell him, "let's sync watches. I have a blue rented Ford. In exactly five minutes I'm going to wheel around the back entrance. Exactly five minutes. You dash out, hop in the car, show me where to go." He says: "Well, okay."

So I go downstairs. I get into the car and I wait and exactly five minutes later I wheel around and he comes dashing out, looking over his shoulder and jumps in the car. I have to go halfway around the base. We finally get to battalion headquarters. The goddamned kid then wants me to drive him back. I drive him back, halfway back around the base, because I gave him my word I would. Then halfway around again back to battalion headquarters. It's old wooden barracks, one story with just a row of offices with steps.

There's this wonderful caricature of a black 20-year-lifer

[*Continued on 78*]

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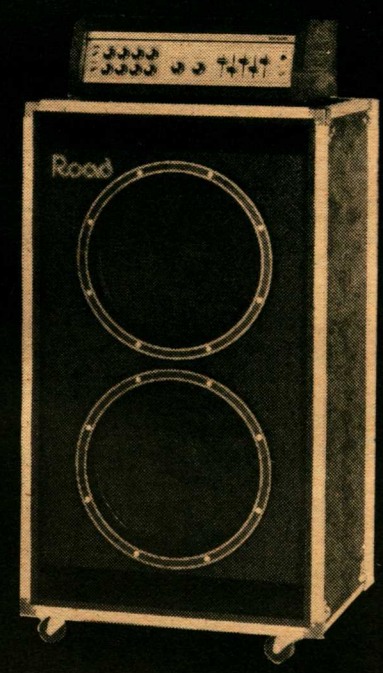

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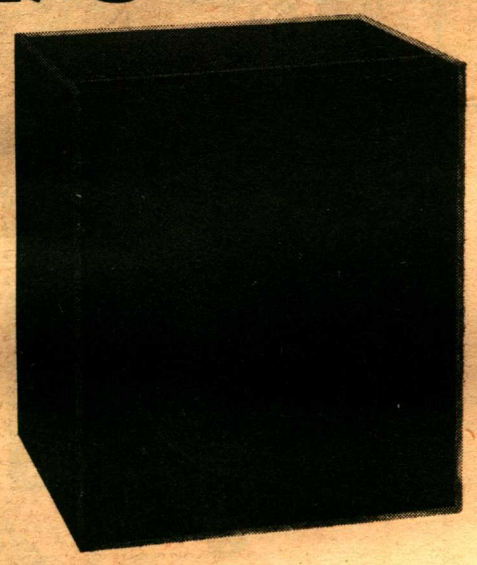

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[*Continued from 77*]

sergeant sitting in the sun with his lunch, rocking back and forth against the battalion headquarters' screen door, keeping it open with his chair tilted back. You can picture the scene. And I come driving up in my snappy car and I drive right up into the spot for the commanding officer, grab my briefcase, jump out and I start walking up the stairs toward the screen door. And I say to the lifer: "Tell Smitty I want him out here right away!" And I could see this sergeant smile. He figures: "Whoo, that Smitty has got his ass in the grass again. What's he done this time?" He says: "Yes sir!" and he goes in and gets Smitty, brings him out.

Smitty is a tall, gangly and nervous hillbilly kid. "Come and sit in the car," I tell him. He gets in the car and I slam the door hard. I tell him I'm a reporter from Washington. I tell him I've been hunting this goddamned Calley all day and I tell him I know Calley's mail is in there. "So where is he?" I ask Smitty. Smitty seems relieved that I'm just a reporter. "Mister," he says, "I'd like to help you. All I can tell you is that we used to get his mail. We used to forward his mail somewhere but I don't even see it anymore."

We're sitting there and Smitty says: "I don't even know how he gets his mail anymore." And then he adds: "The only thing I know is that we've got his personnel file in there. I'd have to steal it out of there." There is a long pause. "Come on," I tell him, "just do it. I promise I'll just look at it for a minute." Smitty says: "I don't know." I whisper: "Come on." He says: "Well, wait here." And he goes in. He goes in past the old sergeant and comes out a couple minutes later. We get back inside the car. He reaches inside his shirt and pulls out a file marked "Calley, William L., Jr."

I go through it. It doesn't have much in it. It's got a summary of the charges. It's got some data, a list of his decorations, a biography. But it's also got an address. An off-post address they forward the mail to. It's a street address in the town of Columbus, Georgia, which is off the base.

By now it's four o'clock. It's rush hour. I say goodbye to Smitty and he goes back in and I wheel out and I get into the rush hour. I get to Columbus and find the street, a street of little ranch-style houses. Suburbia. Just as I'm ready to pull into the driveway, a car cuts into the driveway in front of me. Three young second lieutenants in work clothes and fatigues get out of the car. I pull in behind them, jump out and say: "Hey, I'm looking for Bill Calley." They all freeze.

I say: "What's the matter?" One of them says: "He doesn't live here anymore." I say: "Wait a second, come on now, who are you guys?" They introduce themselves very politely. They all just graduated from West Point, class of '69, and are doing their summer training. They invite me in and we all have a Scotch and I tell them who I am and what I want and I say: "Look, what's the story? I know he shot up a lot of people." They say: "Oh, man, that isn't true. He was just going in hot. There was a lot of shooting in the area. There was a lot of contact." They tell me Calley had lived in this house all summer but was back on the post somewhere. "Where is he?" I ask them. One of them says: "I don't think we should tell you."

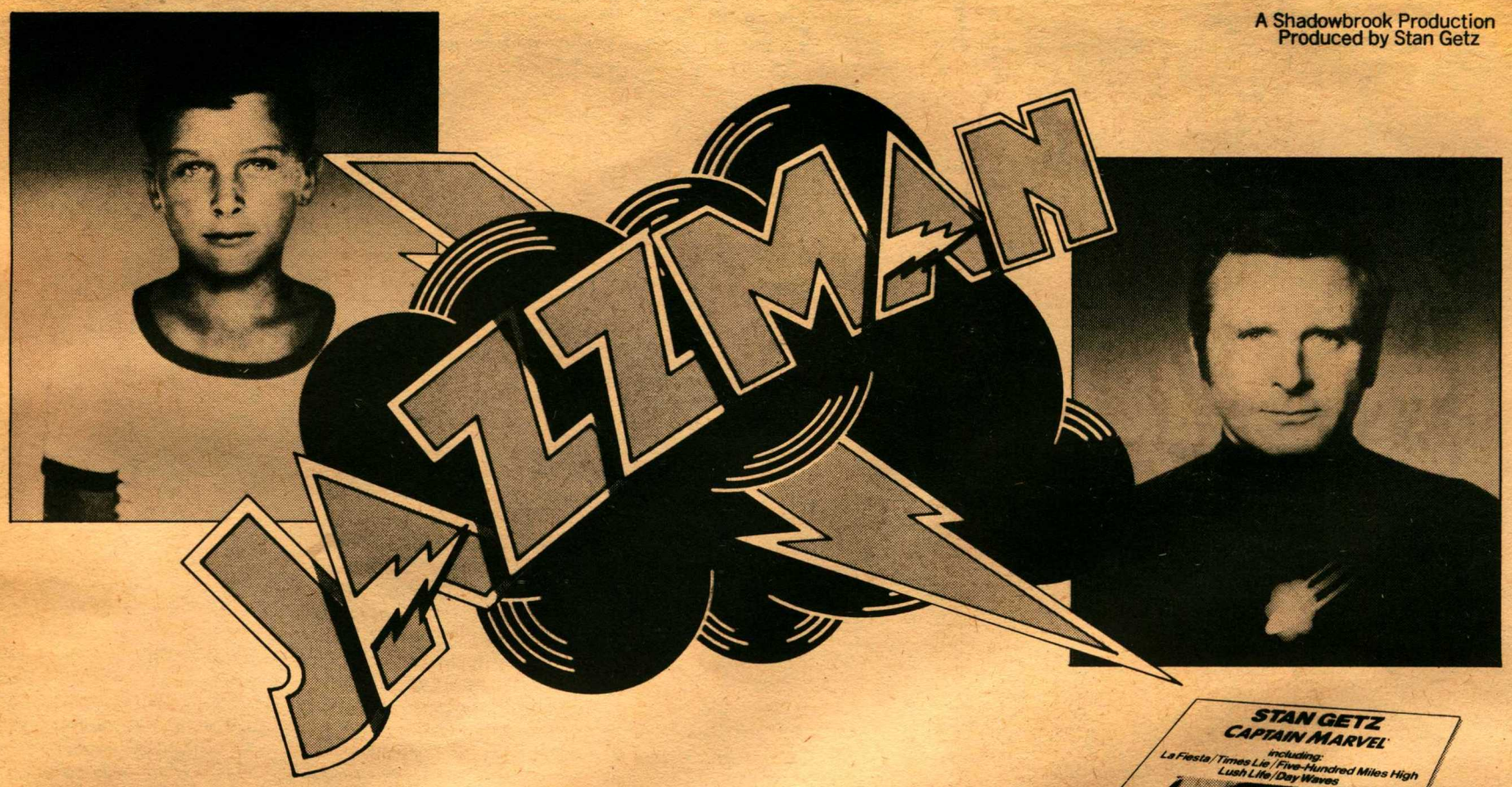
We talked. I was quite friendly with them. They gave me Calley's version. Calley was John Wayne and he'd gone to this village to defend it in a heavy shoot-up with the Viet Cong. It seemed to be a version they wanted desperately to believe. They told me Calley had a girlfriend, that she was a nice girl. We kept talking and I finally said: "Where is he?" again. "He's staying at the senior officers bachelors quarters," one of them said. "Which room?" "I don't think we should tell you that," one of them said, "you can find him. He's around."

By now it's 5:30 or six o'clock. We talk some more and I finally leave. I hot-foot it back to the senior officers quarters at Benning — three large barracks-style buildings with two floors in each of them. Doors on both sides, maybe 80 rooms in each, maybe 20 on each floor. I get to the first one a little after six and I don't know what to do. So I start knocking on doors. Knock knock knock. "Hello, Bill? Bill?" I'd say. There were 240 rooms in all. I knocked on every goddamned one of them. About 50% were empty. Twenty percent said: "Wrong door!" A lot of the guys in those rooms were drunk. I suppose if you're a colonel or a major and you're a bachelor, you're not a very happy guy anyway.

So I went through each room on each floor of each building. It took a long time. It was getting very dark. It was around nine o'clock and I was exhausted. I was debating going back to the motel and sleeping till about five in the morning. I figured I'd get up then and I'd get guys before they went to work. I was going to go right on knocking forever until I found him. Then I had another thought: I went out into the main parking lot and I flagged the cars down as soon as they pulled in and I'd say: "Hey, I'm looking for Bill, Bill Calley, anybody seen him?" I did that for about 30 minutes. That didn't work either. I'm a little bit of a madman I guess.

[*Continued on 80*]

A Shadowbrook Production
Produced by Stan Getz



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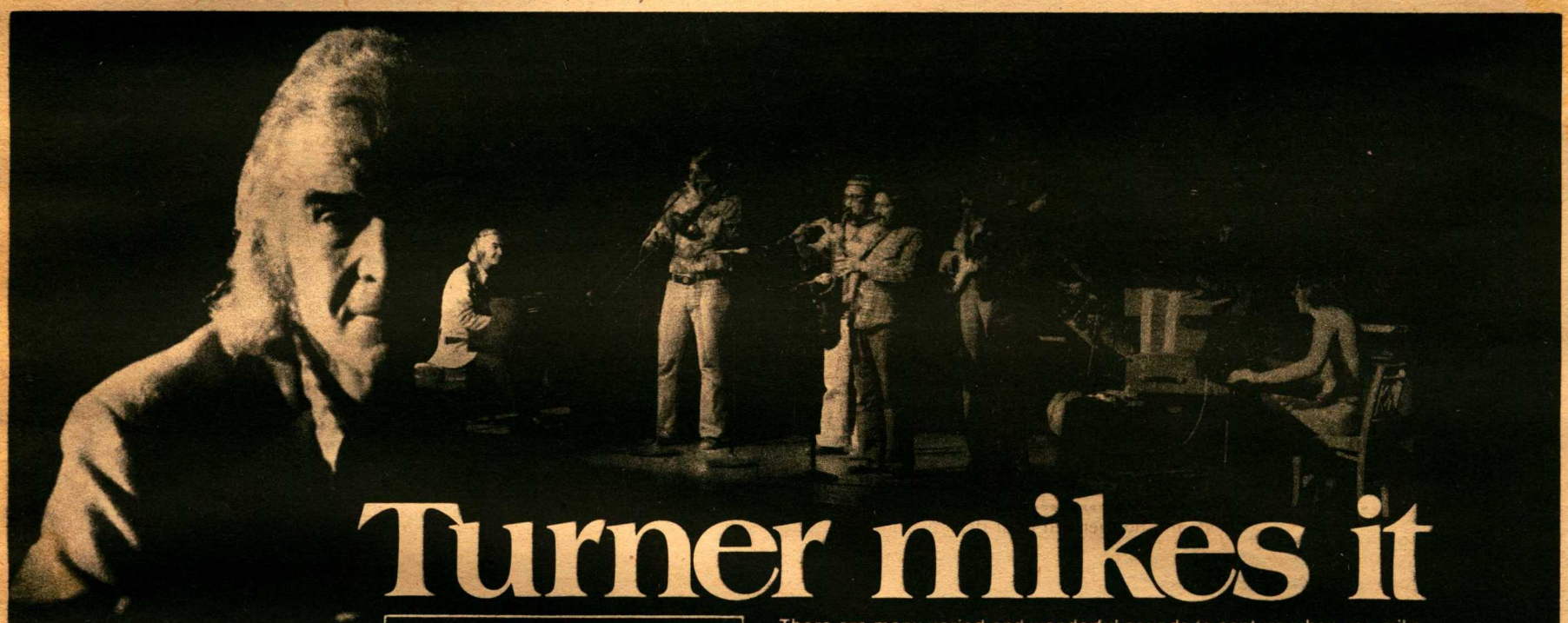

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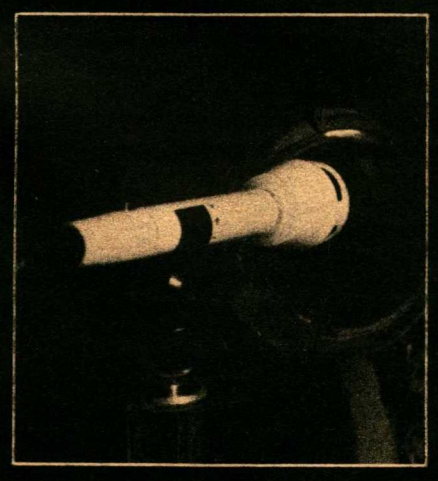

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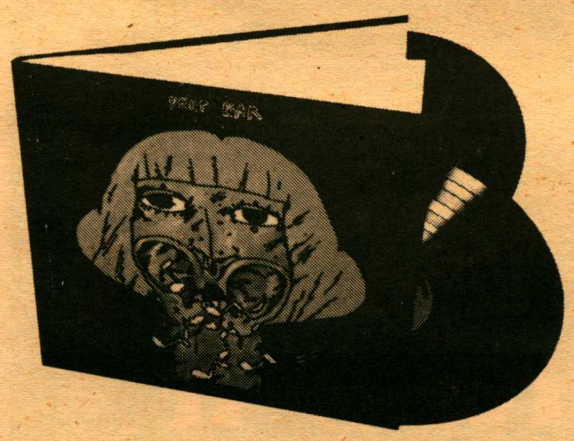

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[*Continued from 78*]

Around ten o'clock I finally decided to get some sleep. The crickets were going "whoop whoop" like crazy. I was walking to my car a couple blocks away and I saw some guys in the parking lot with the hood of a car up. I started walking by the car and I thought—this is crazy, you might as well ask them instead of going right by. I walked over and I said: "Hey, I'm looking for Bill. Bill Calley." And one of the guys said: "Yeah, he's over there. 202."

I thought about it a second. I didn't know which 202, which building. And I said: "Excuse me, which one?" And he stopped and he turned around, a guy about 45, and he said: "What do you want with Calley?" I told him and I gave him the bit: "I just want to get his side of the story." He said something to his buddy, turned off the light inside the hood, wiped his hands and invited me in. "Come in, I'll give you a drink," he said. "Calley's not here. He'll be back later. He lives right above me." I said: "Are you sure he's not in?" We knocked on Calley's door. He wasn't in.

I went into this guy's room and we started drinking and talking about Vietnam. He told me Calley's story. He used the right numbers — he used the number 109—but he said there had been a lot of killing. Hundreds of people killed. He mentioned Captain Medina for the first time, who was also at Ft. Benning. He said: "Calley, the kid, the poor kid, he's throwing up every night he feels so bad. He's puking blood. It's really been rough on him." We drank some more and Calley still hadn't come home. It was around 11:30 and a couple of drinks had just about brought me to my knees. He finally walked me out. We were standing in the doorway and I remember there was no light outside the door.

We were standing by the door. He wanted me to stay and do some more drinking. He'd just come back from a tour in Nam. "No, I gotta go," I said. And he said: "Hey, wait a second. Hey, Rusty! I want you to meet this guy." I said: "No, I've got to go." He said: "No, no. Hey, Rusty! Rusty Calley!" It was the first time I heard the name Rusty.

And here's this slight little guy. Very pale. Very nervous. I said: "Are you Calley?" He said: "Yeah." I said: "My name is Hersh." And the other guy said: "He's a good guy, Rusty." And I said: "Let's go talk. I know the story." He said: "Yeah, I know." He'd talked to Latimer. Latimer had told him I'd been out to Salt Lake to see him.

We went up to his room. It was a rather large room with a private john, private shower. It had a big single bed. It looked like an oversized college dorm room but with a john. He said: "You want a beer?" And I said: "Yeah." He said: "Look, I gotta take a shower. I gotta go over to my girl's house. You wanna come along?" I said: "Yeah, all right, I'll come." First we sat down and we drank a beer or two and he told me his version of the story. I took notes. I said: "You mind if I take notes?" He said no. He was very naive about it.

His version was a very hawkish version: There were a lot of V.C. Yeah, there might have been some women and children. Pretty much the story he told at his trial. He said: "Let's go call Ernie [Medina] up. Maybe he'll help." But Ernie said: "No, I don't want to talk." Calley thought for sure Medina would talk. He said: "Ernie will tell you. Captain Medina will tell you how I was just doing my job. I was under his orders." I mean, that's where Calley was at. Pretty naive. He told me about his life, his father. He had a very unhappy childhood. And then he took a shower.

I was watching him dry off and I remember I had this curious feeling. Here he was, very slight, sort of pale, with this almost translucent skin and I was thinking: Now this guy, this is the guy who murdered all those people. He got dressed in civvies, a shirt, slacks, and we went over to the PX and we bought a steak and some booze. Then we went to his girlfriend's place. Her name was Ann.

It was incredible. I thought about how dumb he was. I could have really ripped him off. In my own way — of course Calley didn't see it that way — I thought I was pretty ethical because I never wrote a thing about her, even though I spent four or five hours with her. She was pretty bitchy to him, actually. Cold. He would go up and occasionally put his arms around her and she would move away. He was trying to cling. Maybe she just didn't want him to do it in public. But she cooked a pretty good meal.

It was about three or four in the morning when we left Ann and went to some crazy half-assed party in Ft. Benning. I was on my last legs. Everybody was complaining because the only women there were 35-year-old divorcees. Calley was a different Calley there. He was sort of meek with Ann. He was sort of more boisterous here with his buddies and they were all talking about what a bad deal he was getting. After the party he wanted to go bowling. I couldn't hack that. I left him. That was the last time I saw Calley. "Rusty, goodbye," I said. It was friendly.

If somebody would have said to me then: "What's going to happen?" I would have said: "I'm going to go work on this a little more and write the most incredible story that's going to win me the Pulitzer Prize. It's going to be an incredible story. The best story of anybody's life." Okay? I just knew it.

I went back to Washington, got a little bit more insight into what happened, talked to some more people and wrote the first story. We had a hell-uva time getting the goddamned thing published. Even before I went to Calley, I'd gone to *Life* magazine. I was afraid of newspapers because I thought that newspapers would be afraid to take this on. I thought: My God, a newspaper would want me to prove it, they'd want me to "balance" it. Balance for the AP — they've gotten away from it, they're a little more sophisticated now — used to be, let's say: "Two doctors published a paper in the *American Heart Association Journal* saying that cigarette smoking is definitely linked to cancer." That would be paragraph one. Graph two would be: "The findings were published in the *Journal* by Dr. Albert Witzenberger or whatever . . ." Graph three would be: "However, a spokesman for the American Tobacco Institute in North Carolina said there's no evidence . . ." Graph three was "balance." Balance always used to be a lie. I didn't want to have to write that sort of paragraph: "However, the Army said: 'Atrocities simply do not happen or are forbidden by the Geneva Convention.'"

We went to *Life* and the guy told me: "No way." And a little later I learned that Ronald Ridenhour, the kid who started the Army investigation, had gone to *Life* earlier. *Life* had it two ways — me from the outside, Ron from the inside. They still didn't want the story. *Look* said they had too long a lead time. Another very good magazine, a liberal magazine, told me they liked the story, it was terrific, but: "Be sure and get some politics in there so the reader knows what to think about this piece." I said: "No way."

So finally my neighbor, David Obst, got involved. He's now everybody's agent, from Dan Ellsberg to John Dean to Woodward and Bernstein. Obst lived down the alley from me then and we used to play a lot of basketball and touch football. He had a little news service I occasionally wrote articles for as a freelancer called Dispatch News Service. I had done two or three things for him over the summer of '69. I'd make two, three, four hundred bucks. It was more than I could make for the same piece in the *New Republic*. David said he could sell the story to newspapers. David's father was a Los Angeles advertising man and he's a dream son, he's got the gift of the golden tongue. David talked to the editors and they ran my first story. Thirty-six out of 50 papers ran it.

The *Post* rewrote my story. The *Times* didn't buy the story but it did its own story. They had a reporter, a guy named Bob Smith, who was a very good reporter, and Smith managed to pick up all the pieces very quickly. I think they got a tip on my story. I think one of the people we sold it to relayed it to them. It wasn't as good as my story but they got it in the first edition —which I liked. Made me feel better. A lot of people made it the lead story. I remember at the moratorium there was a sign that said: "What about the Pinkville 109?" That sign pleased me.

I was wondering what to do next, how to follow it. We sent the story on the wires on a Wednesday and it was published Thursday with terrific success in terms of publication but no great impact. *Newsweek* and *Time* weren't pushing it then. I was over at Obst's house Sunday night and I saw two paragraphs out of Phoenix as a kicker to a Vietnam story saying this kid named Ronald Ridenhour announced at Claremont College that he was responsible for initiating the Army's inquiry. I jumped up and I said: "The kid! The kid! The kid!" You see, I couldn't figure it out. I couldn't figure what had made the Army begin an inquiry into the whole thing. And it was this kid.

I got on the phone to Claremont. I got him on the phone and he told me only a couple of reporters had called. Nobody had even come to see him. I said: "Hey, let me see you!" He said: "Yeah, great! You're the guy that broke it!" So I arrange to see him the next morning. I took an early flight to L.A., got in a car and drove out to Claremont. I got him between classes. We went out to lunch in a restaurant in Claremont and he gave me the names of everybody he'd interviewed including a guy named Mike Terry, a Mormon from Utah. I said "Goodbye, Ron," ran to the airport and caught a 3:45 plane to Salt Lake City. I couldn't find Michael Terry in the phone book for Orem, Utah. Just couldn't find him. I said: "Screw it, he's here. Ron says he's here, he's gotta be here."

It was snowing. I got to Orem around midnight or one o'clock. Orem, Utah, is not much, let me tell you. I finally found a place open, a gas station. I got the kid's street address and finally after an incredible amount of hassling and over an hour's worth of traveling in bad snow, I got to his place. It was an old rickety house—not even a house, just a couple rooms with an oil heater. I knock and knock and knock and knock and finally somebody opens the door. There's a bunch of kids living in this house with their mother or father. "I'm looking for Mike Terry," I said, and out comes this kid from bed. I said: "I'm sorry to come so late. Are you the Michael Terry that served in the Army?" He said: "Oh yeah." I said: "I want to hear about the shooting." He said: "Well, you want me to tell you the same thing I told the colonel?" I knew the Army had just seen him, that some colonel was investigating. I said: "Yeah." He started off with a wonderful line. "It was a Nazi-type thing," he said.

He gave me some more names of guys who'd been at the village. I booked a flight from Salt Lake to Philadelphia to see a guy named Michael Bernhardt. I flew all day cross-country on my American Express card. I had no cash. I never actually needed any. I rented cars and went to restaurants where I could use my credit card. I found Bernhardt waiting outside his barracks. We had a beer and he told me the horrible story from beginning to end. Bernhardt kept saying he was watching all of it from the side. He kept on saying: "It's like I missed a couple days in basic training. And this was the way war was but they never told me." It was like an old joke: You miss something in second grade and you never learn to spell. Bernhardt said: "I got to seeing everybody killing everybody. I thought to myself, maybe this is the way it is."

I left Bernhardt about eight, caught the last plane to Washington. I was typing the story on the plane—I wrote them all on an airplane. I was more than shocked at the details I was getting. I mean—I'd cry thinking about it. They were talking about shooting kids and executing people, children hung up. They all remembered something. Each one had a vignette about children being slaughtered. It was horrifying.

I got back from Philadelphia late at night, got a good night's sleep and I gave the story to David Obst. We got a guy in Western Union to punch it up first thing in the morning. We paid him extra. The second story—"It was a Nazi-type thing" and eyewitnesses and Bernhardt—was a dynamite story.

I think David was getting $5000 for it in Europe. It led the *London Times*. Big headlines. And that did it. That turned the corner a little bit.

I kept on going. I got more names from Bernhardt and the other guys and I flew out to California that afternoon to see another guy. I drove about 30 miles out of San Francisco to Alameda. I remember I got a speeding ticket and I never paid it. I interviewed some guy in the most hostile interview I had. His father was saying he did nothing wrong. He was scared to death. Then I went up to Ft. Lewis, Washington, where I talked to another guy. He was feeling very guilty, a wonderful kid from Portland.

I kept hearing about this guy named Meadlo and the guy at Ft. Lewis knew where Meadlo was. New Goshen, Indiana, near Terre Haute. I got on the phone and called Indiana. I found a Meadlo. There were a bunch of them. First I got his father, then I got him. "Are you Paul Meadlo?" I said. "Yep." I said: "I've been talking to a lot of your buddies." I named the buddies. "I think I ought to talk to you." He said: "I don't know, talk to my mother."

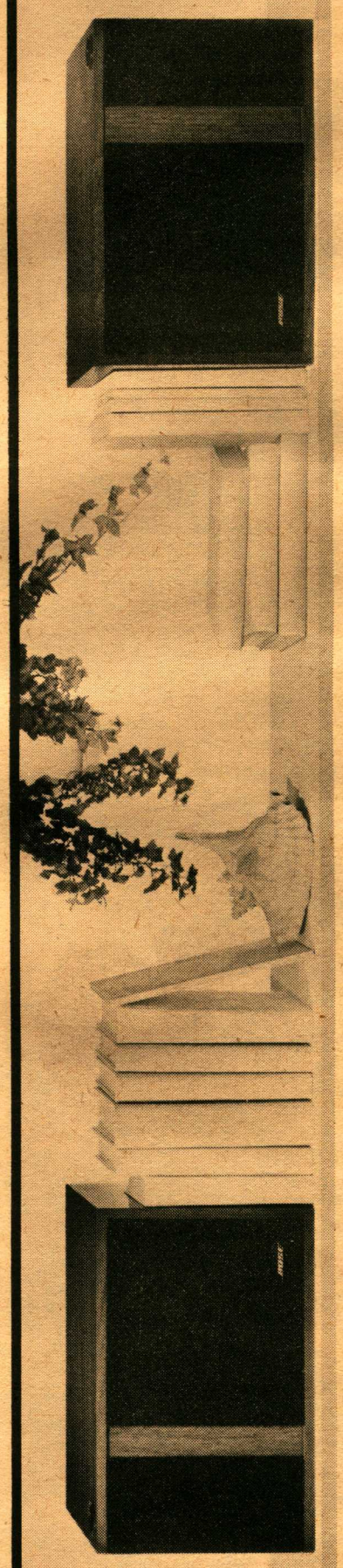
"Look," I told his mother: "I know the story. I know he did it. But I want to hear his side." She said: "You sure you won't hurt my boy?" I said: "Well, what can I say? I want to write the story." I flew into Terre Haute and I rented a car again and drove out to New Goshen, the funny place where he lived. I talked to his parents and they liked me. I can be very personable. Paul came in and I said: "You might as well tell me the story." He said okay: "We went into the village and I was guarding all these people and Calley said: 'Waste 'em,' and I said, 'What do you mean?' and he said, 'Waste 'em,' so I just fired on them." I said: "How many clips did you fire?" He said: "I think about four or five." I said: "Yeah, that's right. How many did you kill the first time?" He said: "Oh, maybe 70." His mother said: "Oh, Lord!" I went through it very calmly with him twice and then we all went out for dinner.

Then a marginal thing happened. A thing I didn't like so much. CBS was all over us. They wanted to buy Meadlo. There was a lot of pressure on us to sell him. And we did. It involved me telling the kid: "If you want to go on TV to tell the story, they'll pay a lot of money. No, they won't pay you a cent. They'll pay us a lot of money. You get nothing. All I can do is give you a free ride." And he wanted to.

I remember that night. I slept in his house that night on a couch and we had to take a seven o'clock plane and his wife told me something that night. They had a little baby and sometimes when the kid cried Paul would go over and start hitting him. I remember he cried out a lot that night I slept in the house. Obviously my being there had provoked it. Anyway we flew to New York and he went on TV and that broke any resistance to the story there was.

Anyway that's the story. And I went on from there to fame, fortune, prizes and glory. Period.

Part II: Hersh flunks out of law school, sells liquor and becomes a Clark Kent superhero — in Pierre, S.D., among other places . . . Hersh in Washington: getting the goods on Watergate, the CIA and "heinous" Henry Kissinger.



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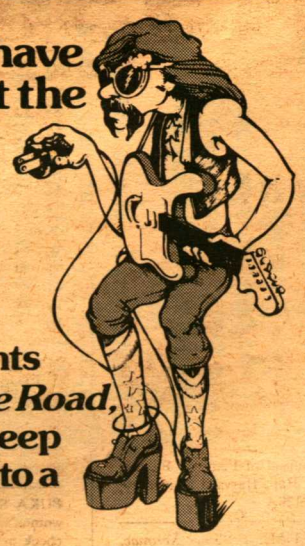

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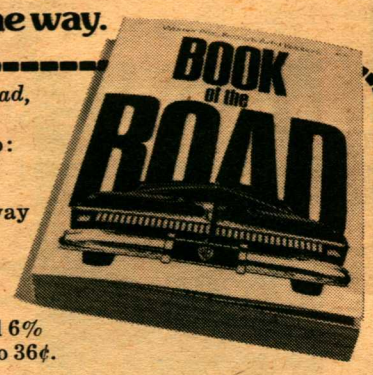

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ACOUSTICS

Hi-Fi Happening: Show of the Ear

BY LEN FELDMAN

A new kind of hi-fi show is about to take place in San Francisco at the Civic Auditorium on April 3rd through 5th. The show is being billed as "The 1975 High Fidelity Music Festival" and may be the beginning of a whole new approach to hi-fi exhibitions.

Recent shows in New York and Boston sponsored by the Institute of High Fidelity confirmed what many manufacturers of audio equipment had suspected for some time. The music lover who wants to find out about the latest hi-fi gear is turned off by crowded hotel corridors, jammed hotel rooms where any attempt at meaningful listening or looking is hopeless. Many of those who attended these two shows (and attendance was lower than at previous shows held in those same cities) complained about having to pay a fairly stiff admission price to be jostled by crowds and hyped by salesmen in the various exhibit rooms which were often filled more with fancy display and advertising material than with equipment to which one could listen effectively. All of which was a far cry from the shows of years ago, when you could calmly chat with an Avery Fisher, a Saul Marantz or a Sidney Harman and learn what was new and why they thought theirs was better than the next guy's.

So the industry did some Sunday morning quarterbacking and decided that future shows ought to concentrate more on what high fidelity is really all about—music.

The first step was to move out of the crowded hotel rooms and into a place in which music could be blended with equipment displays without one interfering with the other. The next thing was to arrange a program that would appeal to the broadest spectrum of music lovers—not just to the technically minded engineering type audio buffs. The Civic Auditorium was selected because it has a seven-thousand-seat hall plus a good selection of individual large-sized rooms on the third- and fourth-floor levels. The rooms will be used pretty much as they have always been, by individual manufacturers who will set up their wares and be available to talk to visitors.

As for the auditorium, that's something else. For the first time, the music industry and the high-fidelity industry (which depend on each other for survival and success) will be joined in one giant festival. On Thursday and Friday evenings there will be two hour-long concerts in the auditorium by top-rated artists. On Saturday, April 5th, there will be a concert in the afternoon and another one that evening. Even more exciting, each concert will be coupled with an "Artist of the Year" award and the artists to be honored, as well as those making the presentations, are mind-boggling. Earl Scruggs will be there to receive an award. Dizzy Gillespie is going to be honored and will perform, too. Miles Davis is going to present the award to Gillespie on Thursday night. These events promise to be so exciting and infectious that both honorees and awarders will probably end up doing a little of their kind of music for the crowd, in addition to the planned performances. Aretha Franklin will be honored for her outstanding contribution to the music industry at the Friday concert at which Taj Mahal will perform, and Elton John will be honored at the Saturday night concert with the Jefferson Starship performing.

Just about every major record company is getting behind the event and the Institute hopes the whole thing will turn out to be a low-key, sophisticated happening centered around music—and not the circus kind of thing that such happenings might generate. The price ranges from $3 per day for the entertainment and exhibits to $1.50 for the hi-fi show only.

Music fans who come to see the all-time greats and the performances will be able to spend an hour at one of the concert events and, either before or after, roam through the more than 45 exhibit rooms to look at and feel the equipment that enables them to listen to these same greats in their own homes. It's a natural marriage of talent and equipment and one that, if successful, could be the beginning of a whole new kind of hi-fi show in cities all over the country.

It will be a place in which to really learn the basics about hi-fi equipment, too. Completely separated from the individual exhibits, in a small auditorium seating about 250 people, will be a series of seminars and rap sessions covering such things as what you ought to look for when you go shopping for hi-fi equipment, what equipment specs are really important, how to budget for your system, new trends in sound equipment and an exciting multimedia show which will demonstrate the latest in four-channel recording and reproduction of sound and take some of the mystique and confusion out of four-channel audio. Since the people who will be presenting these sessions represent experts selected by the Institute of High Fidelity (and not specific manufacturers), visitors can be assured of an unbiased source of useful information on hi-fi.

If all goes well, some of the concerts may even be recorded "live" each day and the master tapes will be moved over to the smaller seminar room. There, visitors interested in recording studio techniques will have a chance to watch professionals as they "mix down" from the raw master tapes to a final stereo or quadraphonic master—using studio type mixing consoles and tape decks. Altec Sound Products is going to set up the sound systems for the concerts and the seminar playback, and professional Tascam boards will be used in the recording session mixdowns.

Almost as if by coincidence, I received a letter from a reader who commented on my last column having to do with hi-fi shows (RS 178). Casey Wolff of Pittsburgh reported on his visit to the London Audio Show held last fall. He writes, in part, "Square footage was ample . . . and the production was professional. Firms . . . showed their true professional colors in their display and demo areas. PR men were accompanied by engineers and technicians who both knew and loved their trade.

"I still see the annual audio show as a challenge to exhibitors and a trip for spectators. . . . The strongest argument for these shows is competition —matching speaker for speaker, receiver for receiver, etc., with all those manufacturers present. This overview is necessary before specialization. Once the possibilities are narrowed down then it is off to the dealer for details."

Anticipating Casey Wolff's thoughts, the audio industry may be on the right track in this new method of music and equipment presentation. As for that trip to the dealer after the show, not only will that give visitors a chance to zero in on equipment they favored at the show but it will bring a buck rebate to everyone who paid to get into the show and then visits a participating dealer.

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Prisoners Dialog

Due to the tremendous response to this feature, we must hold off accepting any further names until we can catch up with those already submitted. No more names are solicited until we've accommodated what we now have.

Burton Amsbary, No. B-49154, CMC East, RM-8246, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409
Bob Barnes, No. 128625, Box 900, Shelton, WA 98584
Joseph Bowers, No. 50131, Box 244, Graterford, PA 19426
Nathaniel Britt Jr., No. B-22179, Box A-E 4368, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409
Emmit Brnger, No. 87378, Box 1500, El Reno, OK 73036
Ernest Brown Jr., Box B-39081 CTFN, Soledad, CA 93960
Frank Cabona, P.O. Box 55284, Soledad, CA 93960
Douglas Callis, No. B-35570, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130
I.L. Carter, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376
Lennie Ciarmoli, 485 Best St., Buffalo, NY 14208
Rex Cleveland, Box R, Buena Vista, CO 81211
John Cole, No. 7340093, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130
Russell Crabbe, No. 11767-116 M-Unit, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, CA 93436
John Louis Victor Dennis, Drawer A, Fort Leavenworth, KS 66027
Mitchell Dixon, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130
Gordon L. Dollar, P.O. Box B-35102, Tamal, CA 94964
Alexander Edilman, Box 147, Fox Lake, WI 53933
Greg J. Gable, No. 74357, Box R, Buena Vista, CO 81211
Michael Garske, Box 147, Fox Lake, WI 53933
Brian Gibson, No. B-54946, C.M.C. East Rm. 7391, P.O. Box AE, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409
Mike A. Godinez, No. 137579, 2400 S. Sheridan, Muskegon, MI 49442
Jim Guy, No. 32149, Box B, Florence, AZ 85232
Charles M. Harper, No. B-50581, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, CA 91630
Terry Hays, Box B-32050, Florence, AZ 85232
Brad Hickman, Box 4000 R, Fort Grant, AZ 85643
Stephen Kaufmann, No. 31834, Box B, Florence, AZ 85232
Gary Kessler, No. B-34573, P.O. Box 535 W/C No. 38, Corona, CA 91720
Tim Kowalsky, No. 87939, Box 514, Ceranite, OK 73547
Kenneth Massey, No. B-52810, Rm. 8263, P.O. A-E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409
Paul McLoughlin, Ullersmo Landsfengsel, Box 2, Klofta, Norway
Stan Miller, No. 31081, Box B, Florence, AZ 85232
El Pidio Morales, No. B-37535, Dorm A-85, 500 Orange Circle, Belle Glade, FL 33430
Robert Alan Muzet, No. 012728, P.O. Box 667, A-68, Bushnell, FL 33513
Danny Norton, 2-B-2, 2310 Atascocita Rd., Humble, TX 77338
Calvin Perry, P.O. Box 608 No. 7-76, Tehachapi, CA 93561
Ed Phillips, No. 70080, Station A West, Nashville, TN 37203
Wayne Philyaw, No. 018211, P.O. Box 667 A-69, Bushnell, FL 33513
Nick Pieck II, No. 32332, Box B, Florence, AZ 85232
Joe Ramirez, Box 4000 R, Fort Grant, AZ 85643
Walter E. Randall, P.O. Box 2000 M-203, Vacaville, CA 95688
Sam Rangel, B-52644, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130
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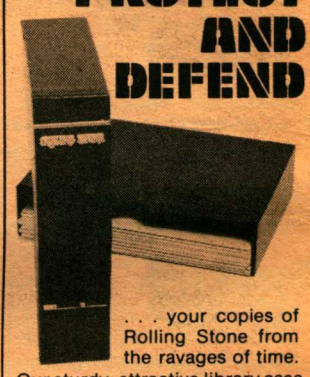

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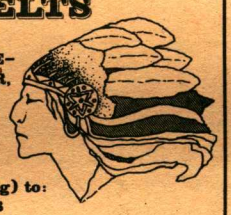

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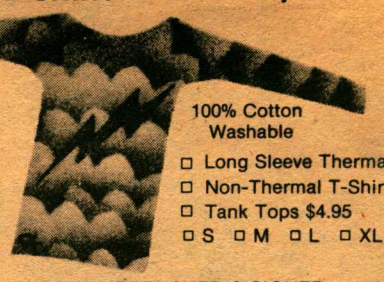

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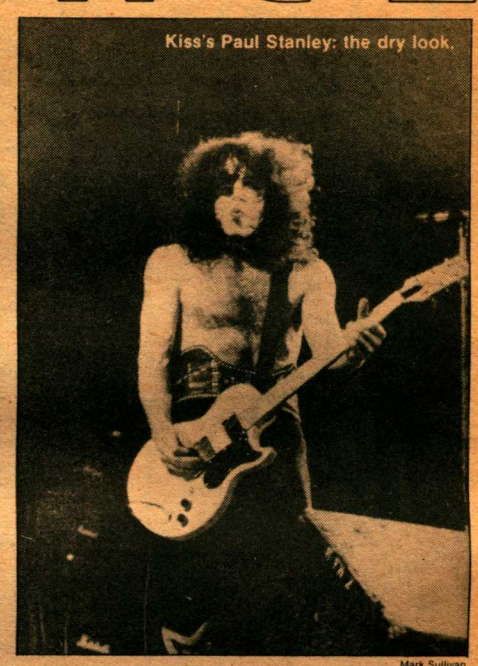
PERFORMANCE

Kiss's Gene Simmons: wethead.
Mark Sullivan

The Hello People.
Tom Hill


Kiss's Paul Stanley: the dry look.
Mark Sullivan

Kiss and Hello People: Whiteface Rock

Man
The James Gang
Kiss
The Aragon Ballroom
Chicago
February 21st, 1975

by David Witz

'Twas the first semiwarm day of the year and the teens were leaning just a little too heavily into the plate glass window next to the Aragon. So when the cherry bomb went off by the curb; well, accidents will happen. It's only rock & roll.

Inside, the seething representatives of Chicago's working class freakdom put up with Man, bounced and jounced with the James Gang and blew themselves away with Kiss.

Opening was Man, whose progressive approach worked better for them when they fronted the Hawkwind tour last year. Deke Leonard and Micky Jones spent most of the time feeding guitar lines through various appliances. All very musically satisfying, but with zero flash. The applause stopped right when they did.

Then came the James Gang, the epitome of a solid road band. Roy Kenner's tough-cracker vocals got right to the heart of the house as he exhorted the party minded to do just that. Running through numbers from various Gang incarnations, they did a powerful set which filled in any musical holes that Kiss might leave unclosed (and, believe me, they had canyons). They even pulled off a high volume "Cast Your Fate to the Wind," and by the time they played "Funk #49" the place was theirs. But a missing something (it might have been Joe Walsh, but with this audience it was probably a lack of smoke bombs) continued to keep the Gang from being headline material despite their hard-rocking approach.

Kiss couldn't miss. The last time they played here was as an emergency top-of-the-bill over former headliners T. Rex. Marc Bolan had done his all—electric star platform, plenty of strobes and a sexual attack on his guitar—but Kiss had come out thermoblasting and that had been that.

For their first official headlining, the place was crammed. Word of mouth must have done the trick; it couldn't have been the records (it *couldn't*!). You know: "Hey, there's all this fire and he spits blood . . ."

Well, the fire was there, enough of it to pop half the corn in Indiana. There were powder charges, smoke bombs, flamethrowers and other goodies, enough pseudo-napalm to justify the extinguishers tucked nervously around the apron. And Gene Simmons, the malevolent-looking bassist with the sky-high steps, flash Kabuki top-knot ensemble and 17-inch tongue does indeed slobber something bloodish when not belching flame. It's this kind of frolic which is the band's open secret. Kiss's show depends almost entirely on show, with the music (a combination of Blue Oyster Cult played slow, Black Sabbath played fast) acting as a bottom line for the effects.

On this winter eve, they had their automatons-from-hell riff down pat. When rhythm guitarist Paul Stanley and Simmons faced off, it was *Star Trek* glitter meeting kung fu dancing. Peter Criss's drum kit, swathed in smoke during "Black Diamond," actually did rise into the air. From the black-and-chrome costumes to those blinding bombs, everything Kiss did was custom-tailored for neon-loving, volume-eating rockers.

Of course, the crowd responded in kind. Audiences toss roses at Melanie, but tonight's bouquets consisted of M-80s, ladyfingers and just plain firecrackers. Ah, love.

The Hello People
Alex Cooley's
Electric Ballroom
Atlanta
February 17th, 1975

by Tom Dupree

The regular crowd at Atlanta's preeminent rock nightclub is that typical Southern audience which thinks nothing of shouting "Boogie!" whenever the volume level drops below a certain point. Imagine then the courage of the Hello People, who calmly set down their instruments and performed mime in dead silence.

Inspired by the tennis-playing pantomime in the movie *Blow-Up*, this charming band became popular seven or eight years ago via tours and appearances on the *Tonight Show*. But due to legal complications the group, originally from New York, moved to California and went into semi-retirement. Now four of the original members (Greg "Ajax" Geddes on guitar and soprano sax; Bobby "Tuffy" Sedita as bassist, rhythm guitarist and lead vocalist; Norman "Captain Thump" Smart II on drums and Laurence "Willie" Tasse on keyboards), fresh from recording *The Handsome Devils* under the production supervision of Todd Rundgren, have donned whiteface clown makeup and once again taken their merry show on the road.

Coming onto the stage, the Hello People immediately demonstrated their most important musical trait: perfect harmonies rivaling the best of the Hollies. Each proved a fine vocalist and their original material, songs like "Future Shock" and "Creego," seemed splendidly suitable, as did some rousing instrumentals, a great version of Rundgren's "Just One Victory" (their new single) and a medley of appropriately acted acapella renditions of old rock songs like "Book of Love." But the crucial point of the set came after their second number when, their musicianship established, the Hello People silently approached the front of the stage for their first mime routine.

Characters were quickly defined: The gangling Willie was a clown, Tuffy played the short victim, Captain Thump appeared as Mr. Macho and Ajax took the role of the cool observer. The routines were hilarious, poignant and fascinating, especially one which involved an apple tree too high for Tuffy to reach. The others tantalized him by picking and enjoying the imaginary apples, gleefully spinning them on their fingers and tossing them to each other just out of Tuffy's grasp. When Tuffy finally got his apple, he discovered a worm inside which Willie then stretched into a string bass. The whole skit led into "Jelly Jam" with a marvelous, topsy-turvy logic.

One cannot pay a higher compliment to the Hello People's performing ability than to say that cries of "Boogie!" were not heard in the Ballroom after the first mime routine. Instead the crowd sat quietly, enthralled and delighted by the rare blend of pathos and music offered by this singular band.

CALENDAR

Aerosmith: Fort Wayne, IN (3/26), Chicago (3/28), Schereville, IN (3/29).
Beach Boys: Daytona, FL (3/28), Lakeland, FL (3/29), Hollywood, FL (3/30), Louisville, KY (4/1), Knoxville, TN (4/2), Atlanta, GA (4/3), Greensboro, NC (4/5), Charlotte, NC (4/6).
Jimmy Buffett: Johnson City, TN (3/25), Buies Creek, NC (3/28), Cullowee, NC (4/3).
Rita Coolidge: Seattle (3/25), Portland, OR (3/26), Vancouver, BC (3/27).
Charlie Daniels Band: Miami, FL (3/26), St. Petersburg, FL (3/27), Asheville, NC (3/28), Dayton, OH (3/29).
Miles Davis: St. Louis (3/27), Milwaukee, WI (3/28), Chicago (3/29-30).
Doobie Bros.: Miami (4/4), Tampa, FL (4/5), Jacksonville, FL (4/7), Baton Rouge, LA (4/9).
Peter Frampton: Medford, OR (3/27), Portland, OR (3/28), Seattle (3/29).
Graham Central Station: Las Vegas, NV (3/27), San Bernardino, CA (3/28), Los Angeles (3/29), Oakland, CA (3/30).
Herbie Hancock: St. Louis (3/27), Milwaukee, WI (3/28), Chicago (3/29-30).
Alex Harvey: Moorhead, MN (3/25), Grand Forks, ND (3/26), Creston, IA (4/2), Lamoni, IA (4/3), Vermillion, SD (4/4).
Quincy Jones: Philadelphia, PA (3/27), Cincinnati, OH (3/28), Washington DC (3/29), Chicago (3/30), Pittsburgh, PA (3/31).
Gordon Lightfoot: Miami (3/28), Jacksonville, FL (3/29), West Palm Beach, FL (3/30), Carbondale, IL (4/4), Urbana, IL (4/5), Berkeley, CA (4/10).
Lynyrd Skynyrd: Miami (3/26), St. Petersburg, FL (3/27), Pensacola, FL (3/29), New Orleans (3/30), Lake Charles, LA (4/1), Shreveport, LA (4/2), Dallas (4/3), Houston (4/6), Oklahoma City, OK (4/9).
Man: Los Angeles (3/26), Sacramento, CA (3/28), Kansas City, MO (4/4).
Queen: Tulsa, OK (3/25), Kansas City, KS (3/26), Santa Monica, CA (3/29), San Francisco (3/30), Sacramento, CA (3/31).
REO Speedwagon: Los Angeles (3/26), San Diego, CA (3/27), Sacramento, CA (3/28), San Francisco (3/29).
Leo Sayer: Cleveland, OH (3/25), Memphis (3/28-29), Atlanta, GA (3/31), Denver (4/1-6, Los Angeles (4/8-13).
Seals & Crofts: St. Paul, MN (3/25), St. Louis (3/26), Nashville (3/28), Pittsburgh, PA (3/31), Cincinnati, OH (4/1), Lawrence, KS (4/3), Manhattan, KS (4/4), Bozeman, MT (4/6), Seattle (4/8), Portland, OR (4/9), Boise, ID (4/10).
Phoebe Snow: Queens, NY (3/26), Philadelphia, PA (3/27-28), Pittsburgh, PA (3/29).
Tower of Power: Cincinnati, OH (3/28), Washington DC (3/29), Detroit (3/30), Philadelphia, PA (4/1), Youngstown, OH (4/3), Cleveland, OH (4/4), Dayton, OH (4/5), Akron, OH (4/6).
Robin Trower: Cleveland, OH (3/26), Columbus, OH (3/27), Chicago (3/28), Detroit (3/29-30).
Johnny Winter: Atlanta, GA (3/25), Memphis (3/27), Johnson City, TN (3/28), Cleveland, OH (3/29), Boston (4/1), Toronto, Can. (4/3), Ontario, Can. (4/4), Ottawa, Can. (4/5).
Jesse Colin Young: Phoenix, AZ (4/3-4), Tucson, AZ (4/5), Albuquerque, NM (4/6), Amarillo, TX (4/7), Houston (4/10).

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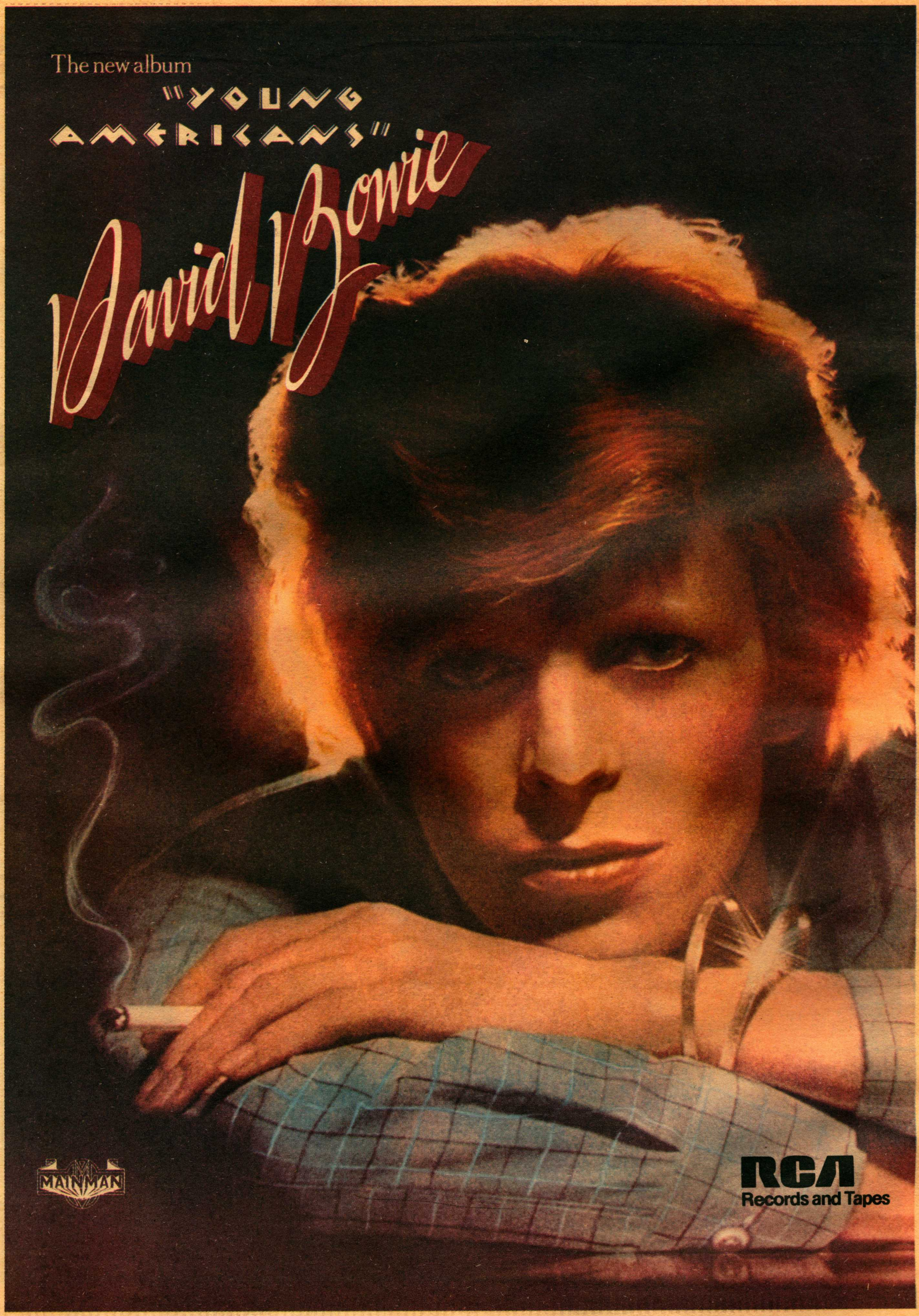
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